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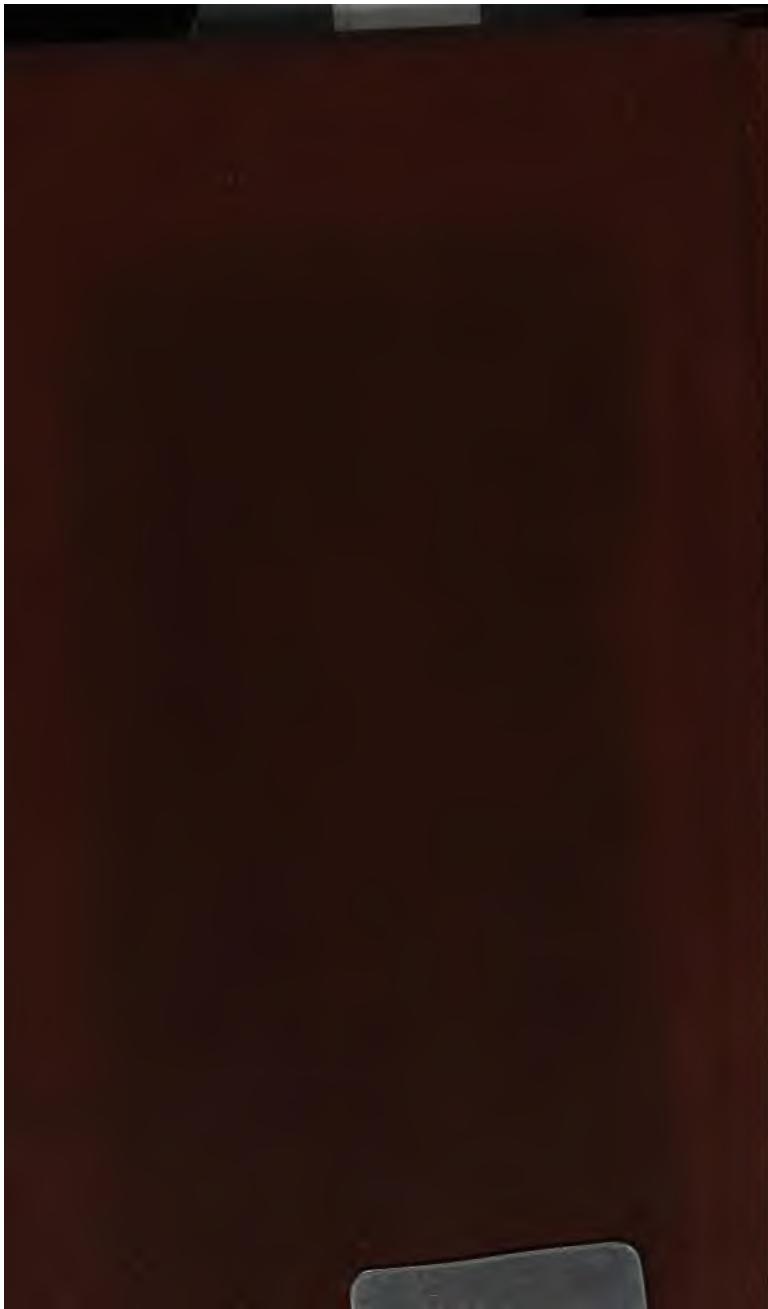
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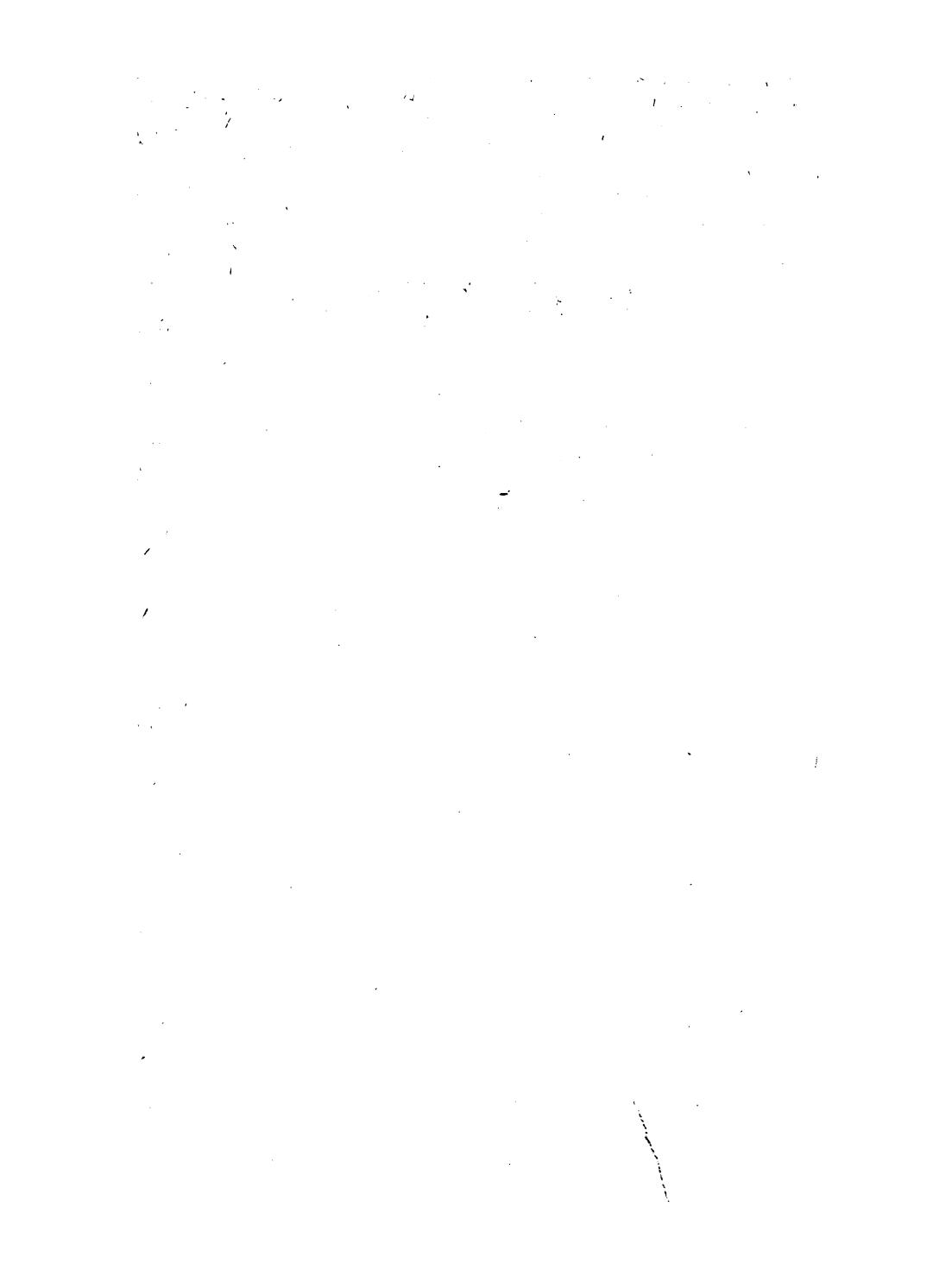


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- Indians, N.H. - Dakota Indians - Fiction

a.H.

Mrs. O. O. M. Elroy.

NCW
Sharon



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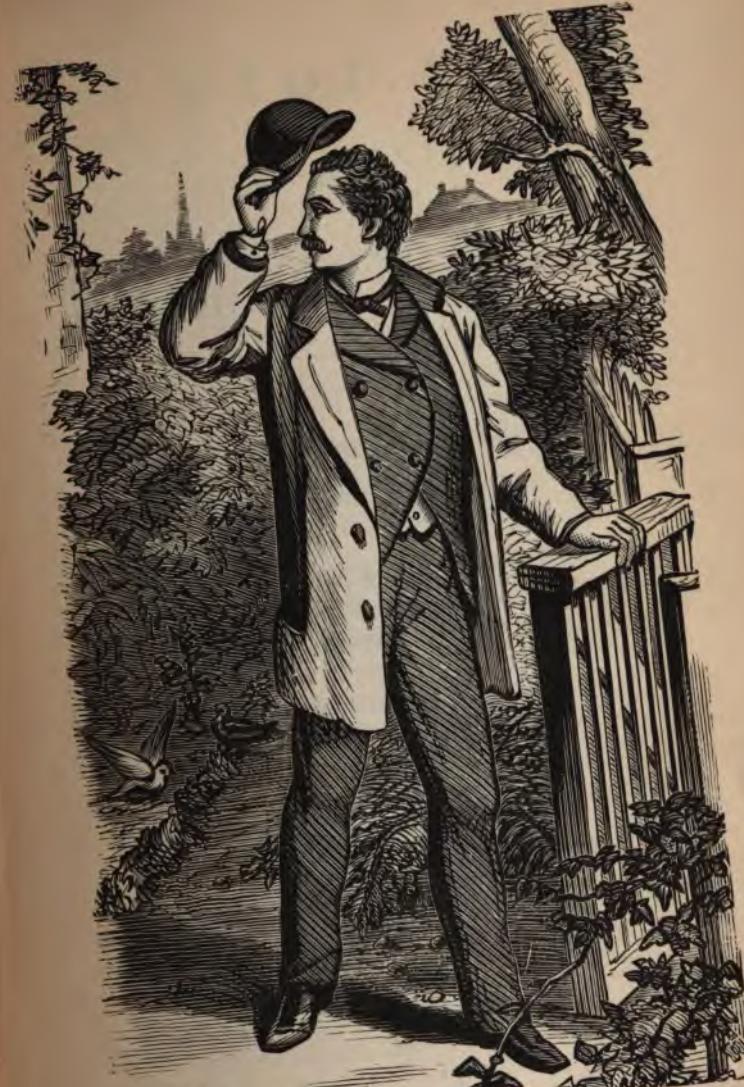
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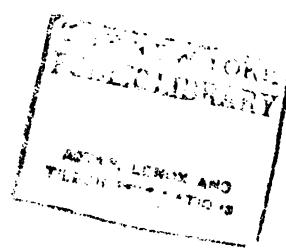
VIOLA.







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V I O L A ;

OR,

Life in the Northwest.

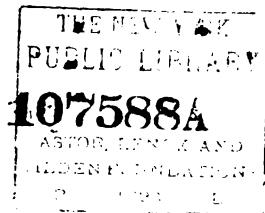
BY A WESTERN MAN.

This Book illustrates the Peculiar Habits and Customs of the People, Political Life, Government Transactions, Monopolies, and nearly every form of Fraud, Deception, and Intrigue, with Incidents of the Minnesota Massacre; by historical Sketches, Anecdotes, and Burlesques, all written in an original and interesting style.

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THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS DEDICATED TO THE

TOILING MILLIONS OF AMERICA,

IN THE BELIEF THAT

THE TRULY GOOD ARE THE TRULY GREAT.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

This Book is designed to give the peculiar characteristics of Western and Indian life, from the standpoint of experience and observation. The author makes no pretensions to scholarly knowledge or polish of style, having never been favored with the advantages of even an old-time common school education. He has, however, learned much by experience and from observation, in backwoods settlements, with the Indians, on Kansas plains, in Texas ranges, in California mines, in the hunter's camp, and in the soldier's tent.

The Book is as full of peculiarities as are the varied scenes of life, all written in the original, unpolished style of an independent thinker and a close observer, among the common people.

The reader will find much to amuse and to excite mirthfulness, in the anecdotes, burlesques and quaint phrases, descriptive of Indian customs in peace and in war; also much of interest in caucus musses, election farces, delicate positions of candidates and embarrassment of officers, in political life; while the hardships, perils, and other peculiarities of new settlements, can but enlist his sympathies.

Considering religious creeds and practices as constituting a part of the history, habits and customs of a people, these are also introduced, and a deep moral and religious element pervades the whole work, so that the most sedate and devoted may be interested and profited, by the sketches of life and the death scenes which it presents. It contains many cutting rebukes of shrewd, sharp practices, in political, social, business and religious departments of life, which can hardly fail of practical utility, though frequently given in sarcastic language and ludicrous anecdotes.

In the life of *Viola*, captured by the Indians, in the Minnesota outbreak, is an illustration of patient, enduring Christian heroism.

In editing the work, the sentiments, figures and language of the author have been studiously retained, so far as practicable, regardless of peculiarities in views, style and phraseology.

The work is commended to the favorable consideration of all classes.

C. D. P.

Menasha, Wis., June, 1874.

INDEX TO CHAPTERS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
Up the Father of Waters,	18
CHAPTER II.	
Island Home,	26
CHAPTER III.	
The Claim Difficulty, and the Mormon,	31
CHAPTER IV.	
The Iowa Family,	37
CHAPTER V.	
The Hoosier Wedding,	42
CHAPTER VI.	
The Picnic,	46
CHAPTER VII.	
The Fire,	50
CHAPTER VIII.	
Corporations,	55
CHAPTER IX.	
The New Post,	58
CHAPTER X.	
The Sioux Indians,	62
CHAPTER XI.	
On the Ice,	64
CHAPTER XII.	
Starting South,	66

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XIII.	
With Quantrrell,	68
CHAPTER XIV.	
A Fearful Ride—A Terrible Fight,	71
CHAPTER XV.	
Going into Camp,	74
CHAPTER XVI.	
The Report,	77
CHAPTER XVII.	
Night at Judge Bartlett's,	79
CHAPTER XVIII.	
The Prisoner,	86
CHAPTER XIX.	
Difficulties in Getting to West Point,	87
CHAPTER XX.	
After the Conflict,	92
CHAPTER XXI.	
Righting up Affairs,	95
CHAPTER XXII.	
Paul—Meetings—School,	100
CHAPTER XXIII.	
"New Jersey"—Crossing the River,	105
CHAPTER XXIV.	
The Aerial Ride,	109
CHAPTER XXV.	
The Protracted Meeting,	112
CHAPTER XXVI.	
The Young Minister's Trial,	116
CHAPTER XXVII.	
The Sunday-School Boat-ride,	118
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
The Disappointment,	121

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XXIX.	
The Gathering Storm,	125
CHAPTER XXX.	
Interesting Exercises,	130
CHAPTER XXXI.	
In the Snow,	134
CHAPTER XXXII.	
The Parting,	135
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
Preparing for a Conflict,	137
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
The Terrible Sunday,	139
CHAPTER XXXV.	
The Awful Sunday Night,	143
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
Burying the Dead,	158
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
Preparing for Flight,	164
CHAPTER XXXVIII.	
A Day and a Night on the Prairie,	166
CHAPTER XXXIX.	
Second Day and Night on the Prairie,	169
CHAPTER XL.	
Other Refugees,	178
CHAPTER XLI.	
News from the Fort,	182
CHAPTER XLII.	
The Capture,	187
CHAPTER XLIII.	
Frightful Personal Encounter,	193
CHAPTER XLIV.	
The Mind Reels,	199

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XLV.	
The Log-House,	205
CHAPTER XLVI.	
The Night Callers,	210
CHAPTER XLVII.	
Immortal Indian Friendship,	214
CHAPTER XLVIII.	
An Unselfish Girl,	218
CHAPTER XLIX.	
Indian Loneliness,	220
CHAPTER L.	
German Fugitives,	222
CHAPTER LI.	
Last Night in the Log-Cabin,	228
CHAPTER LII.	
Prisoner's March,	235
CHAPTER LIII.	
An Indian Funeral,	241
CHAPTER LIV.	
In the Prisoner's Camp,	244
CHAPTER LV.	
The Monarch,	249
CHAPTER LVI.	
About the Camp,	253
CHAPTER LVII.	
The Band of Wild Sioux,	262
CHAPTER LVIII.	
The Irish Woman,	264
CHAPTER LIX.	
The Letter in Prison,	266
CHAPTER LX.	
The First Indian Council,	271

	PAGE.
CHAPTER LXI.	
Prisoner's Reflections,	291
CHAPTER LXII.	
Death of "Old Creek,"	296
CHAPTER LXIII.	
The Flag of Truce.	301
CHAPTER LXIV.	
"Crow" and the Prisoners,	305
CHAPTER LXV.	
The Doctor's Interesting Letter.	310
CHAPTER LXVI.	
Married White Man's Fashion,	315
CHAPTER LXVII.	
The End of the Truce,	318
CHAPTER LXVIII.	
Second Council of War,	321
CHAPTER LXIX.	
The Gentleman and Lady of Color.	327
CHAPTER LXX.	
Letter from Paul,	328
CHAPTER LXXI.	
Plan of Escape,	330
CHAPTER LXXII.	
Difficulties of the President,	335
CHAPTER LXXIII.	
Visit at Old Sundown's,	339
CHAPTER LXXIV.	
Programme for Escaping,	347
CHAPTER LXXV.	
The Prisoners' Boat-ride,	353
CHAPTER LXXVI.	
Indians Preparing for Battle,	356

	PAGE.
CHAPTER LXXVII.	
Escaping Prisoners Embarking,	361
CHAPTER LXXVIII.	
Secreted in the Bulrushes,	368
CHAPTER LXXIX.	
A Night on the Waters,	373
CHAPTER LXXX.	
A Day on the Island,	377
CHAPTER LXXXI.	
Thunder-Storm in the Night,	383
CHAPTER LXXXII.	
The Wreck,	386
CHAPTER LXXXIII.	
The Rescue,	389
CHAPTER LXXXIV.	
In the Norwegian Cabin,	392
CHAPTER LXXXV.	
Burying the Drowned,	396
CHAPTER LXXXVI.	
The Old Norwegian's Surprise,	403
CHAPTER LXXXVII.	
A Ride in the Country,	406
CHAPTER LXXXVIII.	
The Joyful Meeting,	410
CHAPTER LXXXIX.	
Sketches of Personal History,	412
CHAPTER XC.	
The Wedding,	415
CHAPTER XCI.	
The Reception Party,	417
CHAPTER XCII.	
The Conclusion,	421

VIOLA;
OR,
LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST.

CHAPTER I.

UP THE FATHER OF WATERS.

On board the "War Eagle," I was first impressed by the number of passengers she was carrying. There were about five hundred men, women and children, and all seemed as merry as morning larks. Children were hopping and singing, while good-looking misses were listening to the adventures of their friends, or to the soft words of their would-be beaux; old men were viewing the ancient bluffs on either side of the Father of Rivers, and mothers, too, were not idle, but, with an eye on their big daughters, were busy with their knitting.

As I walked along the spacious saloon, all seemed to belong to one family except myself. I felt like a cat in a strange garret. After traversing the entire length of the noble steamer, I came to the conclusion that there was a regular rush to Minnesota Territory.

As we passed up the river, we looked at Maiden's Rock, and thought the fair Dakota good at jumping, and admired the lovely little ville under the bluff, in honor of her name. The universal question asked was, "How far to Hastings Landing?" or, "to St. Paul?" At the time of which I write, settlements did not extend back or west of the bluffs more than fifty miles, except along the St. Peters river, where might be found a few straggling settlers up as far as Mankato.

The only answer I received when I asked the question, was "Yes, we are going to Minnesota." They seemed to care very little, so they gained the promised land, what county or place. Many of them thought if they only set foot on that favored soil, it would be all that was required.

The emigrants were of American birth, from the Eastern States and New Jersey. As I was seated at the table, on my left sat a man so tall that he had to sit down to rest his hands and face; and it was so far up to where the man became one, that I thought of the birds in father's marsh that used to pump the thunder.

On the end of each leg was a ponderous foot demanding large number two's, say sixteen inches in length, to accommodate or protect them. He was dressed in a coat of antiquated style, of a bright blue color, with narrow tails, split up almost to the middle of the back. It had large brass buttons, two upon the back and another set upon the tails.

On his knees rested a stove-pipe hat, that, had it been large enough, might have served for a sentinel box in the war of 1812.

The man was twenty-eight or thirty; had mild blue eyes; was of a good-natured turn of mind; and, after one had his acquaintance pushed up as far as his face, was found to be quite entertaining. He knew all the world; in fact he had been everywhere: born in New Jersey, moved to Ohio, thence to Indiana. He was well acquainted in Wisconsin and Iowa; had trapped and hunted the entire length and breadth of Minnesota; had been to Lake Superior; lived with the Indian tribes; could speak Chippewa, Dakota, and Winnebago. He knew every county in Minnesota, and thought it the country that Adam and Eve were kicked out of. He was ready to give all the information any person wanted; knew where the best timbers and water were; where the best grass lands were to be found; and all about the loveliest lakes in the world. He knew how to catch the beaver, otter, and wild-cat; had followed and killed panthers; said game was very plenty; as to deer, prairie-chickens, and water fowl, there was no end to them. He knew of the loveliest spot on God's footstool, out in Central Minnesota,—only for the cursed Sioux. They had been bought out and sent up the Minnesota; but they would come back and hunt and fish, and drive or scare the whites away.

“One word, if you please,” I said. “After supper I would like to talk with you.”

"Yes, sir; with all my heart," he said. "I shall be happy to communicate anything to you."

So, after a hearty supper, the afore-mentioned man of vast proportions and your humble writer took a walk to the stern of the boat, and seating ourselves, after one more look at the gigantic form before me, I said:

"I wish half an hour's conversation with you concerning that lovely spot in Central Minnesota — where it is, and how I shall get there. I am a single man, and if the Indians kill me, there will be no one to care. So, sir, if you please, direct me the shortest route, and point it out on my little map," at the same time taking out a sectional map of the territory and passing it to him. Taking a pencil from his vest pocket, he ran it along on the map, and said:

"There is the spot. It is thirty-six miles east of South Bend; one hundred or more from Winona. But you can go with me to Hastings Landing, and there we can engage a wagon out as far as Faribault, on Cannon river. From that place you must walk south, following up Straight river twenty miles; then turn west twelve miles, and you will come to a number of little lakes. There is a small stream emptying into Straight river on this side. Follow that up, and it will take you to the spot."

After thanking my friend for his information, we took our state-rooms for a night's rest. When I awoke in the morning, the sweet voices of the

children singing, playing, or even crying, made everything seem natural and home-like.

Breakfast being over, we found we were nearing Hastings Landing. The scenery was beautiful beyond description. On either side, the towering bluffs had gradually become lower, and, at places, we could see the smooth country to the west.

As I said before, our company was made up of the better class of American citizens, all wishing to improve their condition. I did not seek to monopolize any more of my friend's time; but plenty of questions were asked him. There were gray-haired and venerable-looking men inquiring about the land, young men just starting out in life, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and school teachers, all seeking employment; and among the company might be seen adventurous and strong-minded women of uncertain age, traveling for luck or seeking their fortunes. Our elongated friend had a good word for all, and assured each one that "there was a right smart chance for them," plenty of work, land enough and money for those who were willing to earn it. "Land!" said he; "there is enough for all creation to work."

The day was a lovely one in July, and everything looked beautiful, as we neared the levee at the landing.

In an hour's time we were safely on shore; and I thought, "what a blessed thing is civilization." Among the five hundred men, women and children there was no strife and no excitement; but perfect

harmony prevailed. Could any other nation furnish so pleasing a picture? The following old Yankee song came to mind:

“The Yankees are all brothers;
Have they but pumpkin-pie
They'll share it with each other.”

We were now to part, some going north, others west, and a few to cross the river to Wisconsin. But my antediluvian friend and I had not parted, and were in search of a wagon to carry us to Faribault. As we were looking over the little burg, I thought of Gulliver among the giants, and how it strained his eyes to look up at them, when I, now and then, looked up at my new-made friend.

At length we found a man who would take ten of us sixty miles for twenty-four dollars. I thought to myself, if my friend goes through for a tenth of the price, he shouldn't complain; but who were the ten? “New Jersey” said that was all right. At the dinner table we found six, and on going out two others accosted me with —

“Cap, are you the man that's going to Straight river?”

I answered, “Yes.”

“Well, we want to go with you, two of us.”

I said, “I am only supercargo; there is the captain — that little fellow over there.”

“What,” said my questioner, “that stack-pole of creation? He will have to pay double fare.”

I was afraid of grumbling in that direction myself. Our complement made up, John informed us

that he should start at six o'clock that afternoon, and drive all night—news which, to me, was not altogether pleasing; but there was no help for it.

So we spent the balance of the day in watching the packing up, or unpacking and pitching of tents; the gathering together of household goods; the watchful care over the little ones, lest they should stray away; the starting off of teams, hired or rented for the occasion, loaded with women, children and goods, packed on in every conceivable way, with two yoke of oxen or a heavy pair of horses to each wagon.

But supper was announced, after which we were to bid good-bye to the Father of Rivers.

Our first drive was about eighteen miles over one of the most beautiful prairies the human eye ever beheld.

The wild flowers were in full bloom, and their fragrance floating on the evening breeze, while all nature was praising the Great Creator. If God so clothes the grass that is but for a day, how much more will He do for us if we but acknowledge His wisdom and goodness! We were closely packed in the wagon and the horses were fast passing over the ground. Our company proved to be a jolly set of young men. It consisted of a doctor, a preacher, two lawyers, two farmers, a school teacher, and a peddler.

This of course does not include myself nor my friend with the large number two boots, who said he was going to lie down in the wagon. Suiting

his action to his word, out he stretched, with his head to the front, and feet reaching well toward the back board. Drawing his blankets under his head, he said: "Gentlemen, good night."

"Doctor," said I, "I have a question before our friend goes to sleep. If I step on his toes, how long will the sensation be in traveling to his head? or will he know it before we reach Faribault?"

The lawyer thought it too long a question, while the doctor said his practice had been too short for so lengthy a subject; but his advice, in all out-spreading questions, was to experiment.

The preacher said to the lengthy individual: "Sir, I fear if you lie there all night there will be work for me in the morning."

The school teacher inquired if he had his life insured, and said, if not, he had better do the business at the next station.

The peddler called to him, and said: "I want our trade completed, if you intend to lie there all night."

Without a word in reply, our friend was soon fast asleep.

Our course took us over a smooth prairie. The beautiful moon was ascending a cloudless sky, and the gentle breeze from the south, freighted with the odor of ten thousand sweet-scented flowers, which are scattered over these western prairies in such wild profusion, made the night truly enchanting. Well may Minnesota be called the land of flowers. As I watched the "queen of the night"

in her graceful ascent, the words of Mrs. Hemans came to mind:

“What is it gives the mild Queen of the night
Her sweet but intelligent grace?”

Morning at length came, and we had ridden, John said, at least forty miles, when we halted for breakfast at a place where I counted twenty covered wagons which had been in camp during the night. We crossed the Cannon, and came out into the broad, level prairie again, but here having a nice belt of timber on the north.

There I took my first lesson in land speculation.

Our sleeper had awakened, and after a few stretches, a shake and breakfast, was himself again.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “do you see that house? Well, that are house has sent more to the devil than he will be able to accommodate. You see the — you see the laws,” he continued, “make a fellow swear he has a house on his claim, and so much land broke, and so much fenced, and a well dug. Well, I sometimes think we send only fools or knaves to Washington, they make such foolish laws. You see, when one fellow enters his claim and swears he has a house and fence, another fellow just gives ten dollars for the use of that load of rails and that shanty, and with four yoke of oxen moves the whole rig onto the next claim; and I’ll be tanned with rattlesnake’s oil and braided up into whip-lashes, if that very rig has not entered fifty thousand acres, and is not still good for as many more; and members of Congress and United

States land-agents are in it, breaking the very laws they helped to make."

We now entered a small belt of timber, consisting of maple, basswood, and butternut, with here and there a black walnut, and soon came in sight of old Faribault's house. Crossing Straight river, we came upon a few houses which constituted the far-famed city. At this place we were to separate. We were all in splendid condition for a hearty dinner, after which, a few words of advice from my counselor, a short good-bye, and I must try it alone.

But, in accordance with a custom somewhat prevalent in that country, we called upon our new-made friend to give us a story, before leaving.

"Well," said New Jersey, "did you ever hear of that story about the trial of the new gun a fellow invented, out west, in a fort where we were fighting Indians?"

"No," said I. "Let us have it."

"Well," continued New Jersey, "there was one officer who thought he knew it all, or that if there was anything that he did not know, it could not be worth the knowing.

"One day, he told Col. B— S—that he had invented a new gun that would put a speedy end to Indian wars. 'In fact,' said Capt. Tom, 'I have got the real "dead-wood" on all Indians. With one hundred men, fifty mules and as many guns, I can clean out all the Red Skins in creation.'

"Col. B. immediately sent his statement to Washington. The secretary of war ordered several of

the guns made, and sent them out to the fort to be tested by Capt. Tom, under the eye of Col. B. In the meantime, Capt. Tom was all the go in the fort—the real lion of the hour. But alas for the captain! like all other would-be great men, the hour of trial came, and with it, his downfall. But I will try to give it to you just as it happened.

“On a beautiful morning in autumn, when the grass was turning brown, and the leaves were falling upon the ground, we found ourselves all astir, on the banks of the river, at eight o’clock.

“The gun had seven chambers or compartments, and as one charge went out, another reported ready, went out, and others followed in the same manner, till the seven were discharged. Two of these guns were to be bound to the back of a mule. While one was blowing away at the Indians, the other was to be loading, or getting ready, so that the captain’s calculation was to keep up a steady stream of fire upon the enemy. But the captain made one mistake in his calculations, which was in treating the mule part of the invention as a mere machine, to be stretched, if he was found to be too short, or to be clipped, if he was found to be too long, in his mental faculties. The mule thought differently, and, as he had never surrendered his free-agency, he proposed to use it on all proper occasions.

“Well, as I was saying, we were all out and ready. The place selected was on a beautiful prairie, about forty rods from the fort, and a rod or a little more from the bank of the old Arkansas.

"Col. B. and six other officers, as many non-commissioned military gentlemen, and several high-privates constituted the testing and reporting committee.

"All things being in readiness, the mule was led forth with the infernal machine on his back, with one gun already loaded. These guns were set in a sort of a swivel, so that when one was empty, it would swing the muzzle to the head while the muzzle of the loaded one would swing to the tail of the animal, and so the process was to go on. Each gun carried a ball of four ounces weight, or, in close fighting, grape equal to that weight. A target was set up on a small island two hundred yards out in the river. The colonel and his command were three or four feet from the head of the mule. The rest of us were sitting on the bank, with our legs hanging over the side toward the water, which was about ten feet below, and we were about twenty yards to the left of the gun. The colonel's horse was standing ten or fifteen yards to the right of the mule, held by an orderly.

"At the word of command, the fuze was lighted, and 'fizz,' 'fizz,' went the match. The mule, who had seemed to be an idle spectator of all that was going on up to the present time, pricked up his long ears, when the match was applied; and, as the fuze kept up its infernal 'fizz,' 'fizz,' he broke away from all restraint. As the 'fizzing' was on the left side, the mule naturally turned to the right; first, a little faster than a walk, but as

the fuze burned close up to the gun, he became perfectly furious, turning faster and faster. At length the first shot went off, followed by the second, the third and the fourth, and still the mule kept turning. I lay flat on the ground. Not so, however, with our noble colonel. He sprang for a noble pearmain, making good use of both hands and feet, till he was twenty feet from the ground, where he hung, perched on a small branch, while the captain crawled to the bank and sorter rolled over, in double quick time. The other shoulder-strapped gentlemen could be seen creeping on all fours, and in all directions, till finding some hollow place in which to lie down.

“But the mill kept up its turning with slight but steady oscillations toward the bank, till the seventh shot went off, when the animal went off also. The last I saw of him, he was going over the bank, backward. I heard a splash in the water below, and all was still again. The colonel’s horse took fright at the first fire, while the holder laid flat on the ground.

“After the smoke of the battle had cleared away, the results were found to be considerable, though not just such as the gallant captain had anticipated. The colonel was the only one who could give anything like a full report. He said the first shot struck the chimney of the barracks, the next three struck the ground in close proximity to the men in the hollow. The sixth went near the water, and the seventh reached the river, as the mule tipped over.

Looking down into the water as soon as we dared to do so, we saw the poor mule's nose just above the surface of the quicksands, which quickly closed over him forever. He rests from the terrible perils of war and the more fearful experiments of our young officers.

“I believe the colonel never made any report to Washington upon either the trial of the gun or the loss of the mule.”

CHAPTER II.

ISLAND HOME.

My object in coming to Minnesota was to find a point, ahead of emigration, for the purpose of starting a trading-post and making myself, with thousands of others, a home in the West.

I had a Sharpe's rifle, a pair of blankets, a large traveling bag filled with clothes, and a small stock of provisions, the whole making about sixty pounds luggage.

At two o'clock, with a warm sun overhead, I was off. Traveling south the remainder of the day, over a beautiful valley, slightly rolling, with here and there an oak tree to shade the ground, I could almost imagine myself passing through an immense orchard. The grass—a kind of double top—was from one to two feet high. Such was Straight River Valley in 185—, when I first saw it.

But here was the creek; I was weary and it was

night. So, after a cold lunch, I spread my blankets and soon was fast asleep.

The sun was up before me. Shaking the dew from my hair and beard, I hung up my blankets to dry, and soon had a good fire burning.

Coffee ready, with sugar and Boston crackers I made a good breakfast, and was soon again packed and ready to continue my tramp.

Striking out on the trail, with my face to the west, I followed the bed of a nearly dry creek where, from appearances, sometimes flows quite a river. The country to the south is a high rolling prairie, and as far as the eye could stretch, nothing but sky and waving grass could be seen, after leaving Straight river bottom.

To the north could be seen timber, in patches or groves miles away ; and, as I advanced, I could see timber in the west at a distance of, perhaps, ten miles. But I was weary with travel and my watch said it was two hours past noon, when I had reached a point within a mile of the timber, where I shot a hare and a couple of prairie chickens on which to dine. After dinner I had stretched myself out on the grass to rest my limbs, when I heard so sharp a noise, like the buzz of a bee, and so near my head, that I sprang to my feet—but not a moment too soon, for a large yellow rattlesnake had his great red eyes fixed upon me. Seizing my rifle, I soon relieved myself from uneasiness in that direction; but it taught me to examine the premises, before making my bed, during the remainder of my camp

life; and ever since that I have taken the greatest pleasure in blowing other members of the same family home to the Father of snakes.

In another hour's time I was standing on the shore of a sheet of water — the bright, sparkling and clear lake that "New Jersey" had so carefully described to me. There it lay, with its beautiful border of timber, like a diamond set in emerald. It was about one mile across to the island that my heart had been set upon; but I had no means by which to reach it that night, so was obliged to defer possessing the promised land till morning.

After starting a fire under some burr oaks, I, gun in hand, and wishing to improve the time in prospecting, walked along the banks of the lake for, perhaps, one fourth of a mile, when I discovered something swimming close in to the water's edge. On firing, I was rewarded with a large coon, whose hindquarters served me for a supper and breakfast.

The latter eaten, I determined to make a survey of the lake, or lakes, as it might prove. So, hanging my satchel and other traps in a tree, I hung my axe in my belt, shouldered my gun, and took the south shore, soon to find that the prairie came down to the edge of the lake on the south, and that I came in on the east shore. Continuing my survey I found timber growing less, until I finally emerged into the broad open prairie, gently undulating, and dotted over with small groves of burr oak. I saw at a glance it was what I wanted, if I could secure

the timber on the island and start a trading-post by the time emigration reached me. I could locate settlers and sell them their supplies.

This I had settled in my mind, and was sure a rush would follow in my trail.

And then the Indians' fur was an object, and this was the place to secure it.

I found during the day, that there were three lakes grouped together here, and that the island could be reached from the main land, at this season of the year or at low water, by passing over a neck of low marshy ground; and instead of one island there were several islands. But at high water, when the marsh was flooded, the smaller ones were under water. To the first lake I gave the name of Clear Lake; to the one northeasterly from it, Rice Lake; and to the one northwesterly, Mud Lake.

The next day I reached the island by means of the neck of land; but if the turf had not been tough, I should have gone down in many places. Even walking as fast as I could, the turf would bend beneath me so that the water would rise nearly to my knees, at times.

Once on the island, with axe and gun, I determined to explore it. I found the timber to be maple, basswood, and black walnut, the best I had seen in the territory, and I determined to preempt it. I found it contained about two hundred acres.

At the south end there was an Indian camp and planting ground. I found no Indians on the island;

but from appearances, I concluded they had recently paid it a visit.

I was determined not to go back the same way I came, if I could help it. So, after staying two days, in which time I built me a pre-emption shanty, living on what I killed with my gun, I set out to find some other way off, intending to build me a boat or dig a canoe, come back and fill the remaining conditions of my claim. I followed a ridge of land, resembling a hog's back, to the south end of the island, where I found a dam, thrown up by the action of the frost, on what had been a bar. This I followed to the main land, scarcely wetting my feet, and soon found myself at my old camping ground. The island was about a mile and a half in length, from southwest to northeast, about half a mile wide in the middle, and running to a sharp end at the southwest. On the northwest was a small bay putting in from Mud lake, where the Indians usually landed when going onto the island. The wild rice was in full bloom, covering over hundreds of acres along the shores and small bogs of the southeasterly lake, and fully warranted the name I had given it.

After a stay of thirty days, alternating fishing and hunting with work on my island home to perfect my claim, I went to Winona, procured my duplicate, and reported what a fine location I had found.

Then I went East and brought back a number of young men with me. We built a large log

house, a little south of the crossing to the island, and about forty rods from the banks of "Clear Lake."

CHAPTER III.

THE CLAIM DIFFICULTY, AND THE MORMON.

The settlers began to come in fast and faster, and my trading-post was started none too soon. Prairie schooners were in sight from morning till night, and business with me was lively enough.

I kept a compass and chain and located settlers as they came. Thus time flew past till cold weather set in. The Indians had come, gathered the rice, and gone again. They belonged to the Great Sioux family, and were a tall and manly looking race. The band that visited us was led by a chief called "Big Creek," and his son "Little Creek." The old man was about sixty-five years old, straight as an arrow, six feet four inches high; high broad shoulders, full chest, high forehead, cheek bones very prominent, eyes of a piercing black, an honest but determined countenance, a soul to love or hate, and was by far the best specimen of the Indian type I had ever seen. As I looked him in the face I thought of old "Red Jacket." When "Old Creek" spoke, he had words at command and spoke with the vehemence and eloquence of a Roman orator. He must have been, in early life, the ruling spirit of the whole tribe.

He came to the post often, and would spend hours in telling me his history and relating the exploits of his braves and himself, in his many wars, and would always wind up by saying, "I hope there'll be no more in my day." He wore a black coat, red leggings, and a belt, with twenty stars, passing over one shoulder. His moccasins were artistically worked with porcupine quills, and he said, "Little Creek made 'em; old squaw dead; Little Creek got no squaw." He spoke pretty good English, and wanted Little Creek to learn to read and write. "Me too old," said he.

One day I asked him how old Little Creek was. He answered, "Eighteen; my baby be in five battles already. You see them five eagle feathers?" "Yes;" I answered. "Them mean five fights. He be brave chief, quick like catamount, tough like one bear."

Our first winter passed, but not without some suffering and many hardships. The settlers were illly prepared to withstand the cold bleak winds of a Minnesota prairie. To the south of us the country had been dotted over with log cabins, and the timber, bordering on all the lakes, had been taken. The settlers had "got out" a large number of rails, and, with a single exception, all appeared to be working together in harmony.

The exceptional case was as follows:

One morning about sunrise, just as we were turning out, a man came up to the door and said:
"Is the captain at home?"

One of the boys, to whom the question was put, answered, "Yes."

"Well," said the man, "he has no time to lose, for there is trouble over, four miles west of Wild Goose lake. They are going to hang a man if the Cap. don't get there quicker than you can say scat."

Overhearing the conversation, I took a bundle of land laws and my compass, started, and in an hour's time, was on the spot.

I found about twenty men sitting or standing around a man, with a rope around his neck. The rope passed over the limb of a tree, while two or three hard-looking customers had hold of the further end. As I came up, a common-sense-looking man approached me and said:

"Good morning, captain. There is some trouble about claims, and we want you to settle it for us. Our claim laws make hanging the penalty for claim jumping. This is Mr. Barton; he is a stranger, does not understand our laws, and further, he denies jumping any claim."

I inquired if they were willing to abide by my decision. After a little talk among themselves, they said they were.

"Well," said I, "before going any further, please put up your revolvers, and take that rope from that tree and that man's neck. Now," continuing, "the man who first settles on a quarter section will hold it. We are governed by United States laws, yet, although we're pretty far west, I admit. First give

me some breakfast, and then if you'll select chainmen, I will survey the disputed claim."

After running it out, the parties concluded that there was land enough for both, and further, that Mr. Barton's claim was the older by ten days. After filling about a dozen claims, I left them, well satisfied with my decision, and got back to the post by dark.

One day as I was out on the prairie, in the direction of New Ulm, I saw a man approaching on horseback. I supposed him to be a new settler on his way to the post, in pursuit of me to locate his lands, as I was engaged in that business; and so I sat down by the side of the road, to wait for him to come up. As he neared me, I became a little more doubtful respecting the nature of his business. He was dressed in black and rode a poor old horse.

When sufficiently near, I hailed the traveler, saying, "A hot, dusty day, stranger."

"Yes," was his reply; and gazing into my face for several seconds, added, "I believe I know you, sir!"

"May be. Which way are you traveling?"

"To the Sioux Agency, by the way of the post, at the side of Grove lake. Don't you know me? My name is Brown. You and I spent some time together, in Lockport. I have forgotten your name. But I am glad to meet you. You are just the man I want. You doubtless remember old Brown's Bible-class and our disputes on the different points of theology? We were all wrong. I have often

felt lost to think how foolish we were to hold on to them old-fogy ideas. But they did some good. They set our young minds to thinking, and that is the starting point of everything, you know. And, sir, I will say again, I am glad to see you, for you stood at the head of that old Bible-class, and you are just the man for the place—well posted and a good talker; that is it, all hangs on that. Yes, sir, you are a good talker and I can put you in just the place to which you are adapted."

This discourse had been delivered in a sort of sing-song, sanctimonious, stringing style. "Well," said I, "what am I to understand by what you have said, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown was a tall, thin, cadaverous looking man, about thirty years of age, dressed in a very shabby black coat of the old surtout style, black pants patched on the knees, and a well-worn black satin vest. He had on a pair of coarse boots with patches on the toes, was closely shaved, and had a white neck-tie around his neck with two knots in front.

While delivering his speech, he dismounted. Taking off his well-dented beaver, he wiped his half-bald head, and coming close to my side, as I was leaning against a large boulder rising about three feet above the prairie grass, said "Yes, I am very glad to meet you to-day. It is ten years or more, since we saw each other. I now remember your name. It is S."

"Yes, Mr. Brown, that is my name; and now

allow me to call your attention to the fact that you were perfectly convinced of the soundness of your orthodoxy. May you not be as far from correct now as you were then. But, sir, I should like to know your new faith, as I cannot comprehend your meaning. Will you please explain?"

"I belong to what we call the Latter Day Saints. We are vulgarly called Mormons."

"Indeed, I understand. And Mr. Brown, how do you know that you are on the right track now? or what evidence do you give?"

"Why, sir, we can heal the sick, raise the dead, drive out unclean spirits and work other miracles, and," looking me directly in the face, "if you will join us, you will soon rise to the first rank."

This being my first contact with Mormonism, and feeling a little amused, I thought I would test the brother a little. So, after a few preliminary remarks, I asked Brother Brown if he really believed that the Latter Day Saints could work miracles.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I have wrought a thousand, since being an elder in the church. It is the only true church. We can do anything that the old church could do."

"Well, Mr. Brown, you can make me a brother very easy—as St. Paul says, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.'"

"I am happy to hear that," said the would-be Elijah; "and," continuing in a most solemn tone, "what must I do to save you to the church, for you will be a shining light?"

I now looked the seer squarely in the face, to satisfy myself whether he were sane and in earnest, and then said to him, in the most solemn tone of which I was capable, "Brother Brown, I am hungry. I want you to smite this rock, and let there be two bowls and two spoons, and let the two bowls be in the rock filled with milk, and let the two spoons be in the two bowls, and after we have taken a good lunch together, I will be your disciple. But if you can't do that, then we will label you 'Hum-bugs,' and you may go on your way."

The pilgrim fixed his eyes steadily upon me for a moment, when I repeated, "Yes, elder, by your fruits we must judge you!"

Slowly the traveler re-mounted his horse and rode away, forgetting to say "Good-bye." Said I, "Elder, it is a good time to make converts." But he said not a word.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IOWA FAMILY.

As spring came on, a tide of emigration set in from Iowa, and on one of the first days in May, might have been seen a canvas-covered wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, approaching the post at a slow pace. On coming up, a man called out "Is this the place to get pre-emption papers on land?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "I can furnish you papers if you wish."

“Will you keep us to-night?”

“I reckon I can,” was my answer.

In a moment more the new-comer was off his wagon and unhitching, and a good-looking woman of twenty-eight or thereabouts, and a bright young girl of say eleven summers, jumped from the wagon and walked into the house, to find a bachelor’s retreat. I walked after them and said, “Ma’am, my wife is not in—I have to run this establishment without a woman.”

There were four or five of my men within, one cooking supper. The cook spoke up, “Though not quite as tidy, we live just as well;” and the rest chimed in, laughing: “We object to the captain’s getting a woman, for she would interfere with our bachelor way of doing things.”

The two ladies had taken seats, when I said, “Please step into the other room and lay off your things, for you must be tired, riding all day in that old wagon.”

“Yes, I am very tired,” said the woman.

“Please rest yourself till supper is ready, and we will call you,” said I.

In a few minutes the man came in, and, supper being ready, I told him that I guessed his wife had lain down and he had better call her for supper.

Going to the door, he said, “Hallo, Bessa! up and cook supper; we can’t afford to buy grub.”

Said I, “The lady is tired, have supper with us.”

In a moment more we were all seated at the table. Before I had time to take a survey of things, the

man bawled out, "Bess, you're beat this time, out and out, making tea." The lady smiled and said it was very good. She guessed there was plenty where it came from. I saw that the man took the hint and kept still.

After having time to make survey of my visitors, I found the man quite an ordinary looking person, possessing no great degree of intelligence and less energy.

The lady was just the opposite—good-looking, full of life, a keen eye, and really was quite a contrast to her husband. The girl was all mother,—full of life, full of love, and handsome as a rose-bud when opening to receive the morning dew. After supper I showed them their room and bade them "Good night."

The next morning, at the table, I asked them where they came from, for they looked like Eastern people.

The man replied, "We are from every place but this, and I reckon we'll soon move from here."

The lady blushed slightly, and said, "Sir, we are from Iowa now, but were formerly from New York."

"I thought so. From what county?"

"We were from Essex county, not far from old Fort Ticonderoga. We did not like Iowa because it was sickly there. We lived there only one year, and hearing this was such a good country, we thought we'd try it. Can we get a claim near here?"

"Yes, ma'am, plenty of them. How much land do you want?"

"One hundred and sixty acres, if we can get some timber," was the reply.

"You can get prairie," said I, "adjoining the timber, but the timber is nearly all taken."

"We are poor people," she continued; "we have spent nearly all we had in moving around."

I had just made the remark, "The stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss," when she continued, "Is there any work here if we get a claim?" I said "plenty."

"Well," replied the man, "I want to get where there ain't any work."

"Well, I can work," said the lady, "enough for us both, and take care of my little girl, too."

Breakfast over, I went out with the man and found him a claim, and by dinner time, had returned and the proper papers were made out.

In the evening I told the woman if she would like, she could take charge of my house for the present. I would pay her a fair compensation, board her child and husband for what it would cost, and he could work on his claim.

The man, whose name we shall call "Joe," inquired my price for flour, pork, etc. I told him flour was ten dollars, pork twenty-six; sugar, twelve cents; tea one dollar.

"Then," said he, "what do you charge for board?"

I replied, "Four dollars per week."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Bess will keep house for you; you board sis and me, and that will let me work on my claim, and sis can dance for you."

"Oh, no, pa, you know I never dance. I belong to the Sunday-school," said the girl.

"Well," said the father, "old David danced."

"Well, if he did, Jesus never did, and I love Him better than any one else," replied the girl.

"You are a noble girl," said I. "I don't believe in dancing nor fiddling either. I shall be happy to get acquainted with you. What may I call your name?"

"Viola," she said, with a modest little bow.

"That is a very pretty name, and I hope, Viola, you will always love your best Friend as well as you do to-day."

"I hope so," said she with a trembling voice, and the tears standing in her eyes.

The person making this reply was a child of but eleven years, rather large for one of that age, and her large blue eyes beamed with love and trust. She spoke with the sweetness of the harp's purest strain, and a rare harmony pervaded her whole nature. When I asked her if she could sing, her mother said, "Yes, sir. Do you wish to hear her?" All in the house answered, "Yes." Without one word of excuse, she struck up and sang to the end that well-known hymn,—

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fixed my hopes upon."

As she sang, her countenance shone with brightness, and her voice was meltingly clear and tender. Stillness reigned in that trading-house when she closed. The silence was broken only by old Joe's "I guess you will get sick of this old Methodist wife of mine." As the child sat down, she quietly remarked that she did not know any other pieces but religious ones. Said I, "My dear girl, I never would learn any others;" while her mother remarked, "they will wear the longest."

"Have we made a bargain or not?" asked the man.

I answered, "Yes. I shall be away much of the time, and your little daughter can keep store for me when I am gone. I will have from two to four men at work most of the time, and meals to be furnished to travelers whenever called for. The boys will help your wife when she needs it."

"Bess is a whole team and a hoss to let," said Joe. "The only fault I find with her is, she wants me to work, and I don't like it. I tell her she is to blame for all this hard work. It was all well enough till old Mother Eve took up stealing, and I think the women ought to do all the work."

"I think," his wife said, "some of them have to do their full share of it."

CHAPTER V.

THE HOOSIER WEDDING.

Spring had now fairly opened, and breaking-teams were at work in every direction. Corn was dropped

into the furrow or chopped into the sod with an axe, according to the fancy of the planters. The Indians had returned to the island, and pleasant little sailing-parties were of frequent occurrence.

After matters became a little settled at the post, and as I was sitting in my store one day, a heavy lumber wagon, containing three persons, drove up to the gate-post. Something seemed to suggest the idea of a wedding, I having been recently authorized to attend to such jobs.

The old man clambered out of the wagon and came up to the door. I saw at once that he was a Hoosier.

"Is the man here that makes two one?" he bawled out in a heavy, stentorian voice.

I stepped forward and said, "Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, stranger, I reckon these young folks would like to see you."

"Come in, if you please."

The young man took me aside, and, placing a small flask of whisky in my hand, said, "Let us off just as easy as you can, squire, for we are not much used to this business, and Adelia is most scar't to death already; and I am almost sick of the job, having to drive twenty miles in this hot sun. And you will not charge much, stranger, for money is awful scarce in these parts?"

"I will do the best I can," I replied, and followed him into the store.

"No time for fooling or backing out," shouted the old man.

Before I could interpose a word, the young lady sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, in a loud, masculine voice, "Now is your time, John, or never."

John slowly arose, came up to me in a kind of sauntering gait, and whispered in my ear, "Be as quick as possible, for I feel dreadfully queer."

I now arose, and said, "Miss Adelia, what is your maiden name?"

The blooming bride responded, "King, but I reckon it won't be that any more."

After ascertaining the young man's name, I said:

"Mr. H., are you willing to take this young lady as your wife?"

He nodded assent.

Then turning myself to the expectant wife, I asked a similar question respecting her willingness to accept of John as her husband.

"I reckon I have been willing, ever since I saw John," she answered.

Then said I, "By the powers intrusted to me, I pronounce you man and wife — married;" and waiving the right to kiss the bride, all closed with the good old benediction, "Go in peace."

"Is that all?" exclaimed the astonished bride. "John, warn't you skeert? I ain't skeered a bit;" and, putting on her loose garments, started for the wagon, saying, "It is all over now. But, John, you was awful skeert, wa'nt you?"

"Yes," was all the poor young man could say, as he clambered up into the wagon.

Old Creek and his son came in one day, and, on

seeing the women in the house, Old Creek says, "Oh, you got squaw!"

"No," said I, "these are the wife and daughter of a man that has a claim here. We will have a sail next Saturday, if you and Little Creek will come and bring your best boats. There will be eight of us. We want to attend a picnic at Long Point. I will pay you what is right. We want only you and Little Creek."

"We come. Bring two boats. We want powder, shot, caps, red shirt, some tobacco, black cloth, and a book for Little Creek. My people plant corn on the island. Is that all right?"

"O yes; that is good. Put in all you want to, and if you have no seed, come and I will give you plenty," said I.

"Thank you. You be one good white man. Up to reservation, take all poor Indian have. Never give poor man anything. Me think Good Spirit must have come to you some time."

After giving him a bushel of seed corn, I dismissed him with a loaf of bread for himself and Little Creek. On receiving the bread from the hands of the little girl, they thanked her, and said, "Good by," while their cheeks were wet with tears.

"Viola," said I, "there is a good mission field for you. You must make a trial at leading those Indians to Jesus."

"Yes," said her mother, "they are good subjects for any one."

“ Oh, mother, my own heart is my greatest care!” said the pure-minded girl.

“ But,” said I, “ while we are conquering our own hearts we may make good impressions on the hearts of others.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE PICNIC.

At length picnic day came — the 25th day of May, 185—. We were all ready for the excursion at an early hour. Old Creek and his son were on hand at sunrise, and soon after we were floating over the smooth waters of Clear lake. The sky was without a cloud, and the sun rose from the bosom of the distant prairie in all his Minnesota grandeur.

It was a pretty sight to see the canoes shooting off from the shore in all directions, and all heading for Long Point. A gentle breeze was fanning us from the north, and the tiny flags, which more than twenty little boats carried, waved a greeting that found an echo in the hearts of those sturdy sons of toil, on that lovely morning.

Old Creek was captain of our boat, while Little Creek commanded the other. In our boat were Joe, his wife and child, Old Creek and myself, and the other carried the young men. Our boat was a “dug-out” from a pine log, made very thin and light. Old Creek said, “ Me make this canoe; soon me not want it, then me give it you.”

I said, “ Where are you going to?”

He replied, "Me don't know; be all dark to me."

"Do you mean that you are going to die?" said I.

"Yes; me soon die," said he.

I said, "If you trust in Jesus you'll never die, Creek."

"Me can't. Me don't know how," said the old man.

"There is a child that can teach you," said I; "but you are too proud; you will not learn."

The old man shook his head, and said, "No, no; me not proud; Indian don't know how."

"The Bible is God's word, and from it we learn that out of the mouth of children cometh perfect praise, Creek. Let this little girl tell you how she learned to love Jesus."

"Oh, yes; me listen; me love to hear about Jesus," said the old man.

"Come, Viola," said I, "take up your cross and tell this good old man how you expect a crown some day. I am not a Methodist, but I love to hear any one talk of the blessed Jesus; for I want to go to heaven myself, and I love to hear about the land where I expect to dwell."

She looked at her father with eyes suffused with tears, then at her mother, then at me, and finally at the old man in the stern of the boat, and said, "I learned to love Him because He first loved me." She continued, "I found out that Jesus died for me and for every one that would accept Him. I learned at the Sunday-school and from the Bible how Jesus came into the world a long time ago;

that He preached salvation to the people, and told them that they should dwell with Him in His Father's kingdom, if they would believe on Him as their Savior; and that He died for all men who wanted to be saved from their bad and wicked hearts. And when my teacher told me that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for the sins of the world,' I believed her, I believed the Bible, I believed in Jesus Christ; and that moment I felt that He was my Savior, and that He had saved me from my sins."

At this time a sweet calmness had settled over her countenance, and a heavenly smile played around her lips, as if a silent prayer was going up for that poor savage.

The old man, having ceased to ply the paddle, sat motionless, and we were drifting before the gentle breeze. At last he said, "That be all good for them that understand. Me no understand."

The tears rolled down the father's face, while a Christ-like image shone from the mother's.

I spoke and said, "This is a lovely day. See, the boats are landing!"

"Yes; my boy first in," said our old guide; then turning to Viola, he said, "Me want you to teach Little Creek to read — to read the Bible; and you tell him all about Jesus. Me too old."

"Oh, no, Creek," said I, "we are never too old. But you had better keep up, or we will drift into the brush."

In a few moments more we were on shore. Groups

of children had already gathered, and were planning sports for the day, when I appeared among them with a long rope. Its use was quickly divined, for up went two stout boys, each into a neighboring tree, the ends of the rope were soon made fast to a limb, and a swing was in motion. Amid the noise and apparent confusion, one could detect nothing but perfect harmony all that day.

The baskets of good things which every family had brought were packed away in one place, and a guard stationed over all. The guard we relieved every half hour until noon, when rude tables were constructed or clean cloths spread at the foot of overhanging trees, and "Dinner!" rang through that island as it never rang there before. Everybody's good nature was visible that day.

The spot selected for the picnic was a charming little head-land jutting out near the head of Long Point, with smooth sand beach and sloping shore. After dinner, and things were again packed away, the young people made the woods ring with shouts and song, and, although many gray-heads were present on that occasion, all seemed young as they joined in the chorus of some familiar piece, rendered sacred from its association with other happy scenes, in their own youthful days.

About one hundred persons were at the picnic; and fully one third of the number were ladies, who seemed to think it the loveliest spot they had ever seen.

The time set for leaving the island was four

o'clock. Where all is enjoyment, time soon slips away; but as the watch-word "Home!" was sounded, we all joined in that dear old song, "Sweet Home," and parted with many a hearty shake of the hands and promises of meeting again. I remained on shore till all others had left with their precious treasures.

It was for me to contrast this day with one a single year ago, when I first visited the place. Then, I heard naught but the howl of the wolf, the growl of the bear, or the whoop of the savage. Now, I contrasted the happy songs of civilization with the wild war-dance of the savage who so recently held with undisputed sway all this beautiful scenery.

To-night, the sweet song of Zion floats on the evening breeze, o'er that little lake and along those wild shores, and I felt myself suddenly lifted out of the solitudes I had so recently penetrated.

We all reached home in safety. Business went on as before, until harvest. On most of the claims were small patches of wheat and oats, besides the corn crop which all put in, and which promised a good yield.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRE.

One day, about the beginning of harvest, I took my gun and crossed over to the island. There were about two hundred Indians encamped there. They had sold me their furs some time before; but until

now I had seen no time to go and examine them. They gathered about me, and their curiosity was much excited over my gun—a Sharpe's rifle. After awhile, I told Little Creek to set up a block, about a foot square, against a tree some fifty yards off; and, as I was well provided with cartridges, I seated myself on a log, dropped the breech, and commenced firing at the rate of twenty shots a minute—or, in other words, there was a continual stream of fire. As the gun capped itself, all I had to do was to feed it with cartridges, and pull away. It had the desired effect: the Indians began to retreat; first one went, then four or five; and in two minutes there was not an Indian in sight. After I thought I had wasted gunpowder enough, and had astonished the Indians until they undoubtedly thought me capable of doing almost anything with my gun, I ceased firing, and took a walk around the island. I found that the squaws were busy gathering rice, while their lords were lounging around. I could compare the Indians to nothing better than drones in a bee hive; and I almost felt that the squaws could hardly be censured should they, like bees, "thin them off."

I had walked about half a mile, meeting several Indians on the way, who kept a proper distance from me, when I started a flock of partridges. I at once commenced blazing away at them—some on the ground, and others in the trees. After killing several, I seated myself on a log for a moment, when I thought I heard a crackling among the leaves. Looking about, I discovered the leaves to be on

fire, and, as there had been no rain for five or six weeks, in an incredibly short time, the woods seemed all ablaze. Higher and higher rose the flames, and my own escape seemed a matter of doubt. The smoke rolled far above the tops of the trees. To advance was out of the question, and, as I was almost to the north end of the island, I could not go back, and to stay where I was, was impossible. So throwing away my cartridge box, I made a rush into the water, and in it I remained, with only my face out, to get breath, until I was more dead than alive with cold and smoke. As a last resort, I ventured to crawl on shore, with a now useless gun in my hand. The shore was steep, and I was so numb that it was with considerable effort that I could get fairly on land and able to stand. I found the ground completely burned over, the woods dark with smoke, and the fire still making fearful headway southward, although quite a strong wind was blowing from that direction. This made it all the worse for me, but better for the poor Indians' corn, which was at the extreme south end of the island, where there were some twenty acres of thinly timbered and cleared land, and where the Indians' camps were. I now had time to think of the consequences of my awful fire, and feared that some poor human beings must have been burned up. But I certainly had one consolation: the working "bees" were all in the rice boats, and if any were lost, they must be the "drones."

Slowly I retraced my steps over the now black-

ened ground to where I had been shooting in the morning, not stopping to look for either my cartridge box, or game. On approaching the spot, just before getting out of the heavy timber, I heard a cough or noise resembling a growl. On looking up into a scraggy oak, I saw about a dozen black forms, bearing no very close resemblance to human beings; but on a more careful examination, I counted full fifty Indians, perched in the tops of the trees, near the place where they left me in the morning. The air was still filled with smoke, and it was with difficulty that I could distinguish objects in the trees. A little to the right of me, I heard a hoarse voice or call, which I answered; and after a few efforts to make himself known, I saw Old Creek backing down a leaning basswood. He seemed terribly frightened, and said: "You burn up poor Indians." "No," said I; "I was shooting partridges and the leaves took fire, and I had to jump into the water. Don't you see that I am all wet?" He took hold of me and articulated his invariable "Ugh!" I told him that I was very sorry if I had done any harm. By this time, the Indians had nearly all come down from their roosting places and had collected about me. Little Creek, perceiving the facts in the case, made a speech to the Indians, assuring them that I was not to blame. We now fell into line and advanced as fast as we could, to see if the corn had been damaged. On getting near the clearing, the wind veered a little to the west, and I could see the tops of the corn unscorched. Being so wet, I felt

safe in making a rush through the narrow line of fire, which I did without harm, and was soon followed by all the Indians. I was now safe in the old Indian trail from Indian Cove on the west and running to Rice lake to the east.

I then told them that the wind was in their favor, and that as fast as the fire came up, to whip it out and save their corn. This they did with little trouble. The island was still enveloped in a cloud of smoke; and at a little distance it looked like a smoldering heap. The squaws now approached the shore with their rice boats, and I, wet, weary and hungry, started for home, where I found myself eagerly looked for. The first person who saw me was Joe, who sang out:

“ Halloo, Cap! I guess you civilized the red devils this time. I’ll be hanged if we didn’t think hell had broke loose on your island to-day. We could see the blaze forty feet high. I was sorry the squaws were in the rice boats; for I should have liked to have seen them all sent to hell together. Blast my stars, if I didn’t wish all the Indians in Minnesota on the island, and I could have struck the match that would have sent them all off together!”

“ And me, too?” said I.

“ Oh, no. I calculate a white man knows enough to keep out of a trap of his own setting,” said Joe.

“ Well,” said I, “ Joe, it ain’t so bad, after all. I haven’t cooked a single red-skin — only smoked them a little to keep them from fading out.”

On hearing my story, all in the house laughed.

But Joe said if he had known how matters stood, he would have gone out kangaroo-shooting any way.

After putting on dry clothes and eating a warm supper, I felt more like laughing than crying over the excitement of the day; and, turning to Viola, said, "Did you think I was spoiling your mission-field by burning up the heathen?"

Now Viola had been doing her best all summer at teaching Little Creek, and she had succeeded so far that he could read and write a little, which was encouraging progress considering the time spent, from the last of May to October. Viola had received many presents from Old Creek, to reward her for her faithfulness.

The Indians were about to leave for the winter, and I was very anxious that nothing should happen to mar the happy relations existing between the young missionary and her charge. Joe, always ready to express his opinion of the Indians, said, "If you had succeeded in burning the varmints up or smoking them to death, it would have been the only civilization they are fit for."

Said I, "Joe, all that makes us differ from the heathen is the Bible, and I am afraid we don't prize that precious book enough."

CHAPTER VIII.

CORPORATIONS.

The beautiful prairies, fine openings and fertile soil of Minnesota had lent such attraction to settlers,

that it had been admitted into the Union as a state. The railroad questions began to be agitated, and a band of speculators had surrounded the legislature. The result was, several million dollars voted as "state aid." This was almost a death-blow to the young state, constituting one of the most outrageous acts of which a legislative body could be guilty. The state was almost bankrupt, and thousands of the new settlers abandoned what they could not dispose of, and left, some for Kansas, and others for Iowa and Wisconsin.

Railroads, like banks, have become a necessity. But when these and other giant corporations become our rulers, dictating to us the terms upon which we may enjoy or dispose of any portion of the products of our own labor, they become our oppressors, and, as such, are a curse greater than that slavery which has already come so near breaking up the government; and unless the people arise in their strength, and that soon, too, and by proper legislation limit the power and liberties of these giant railroad corporations, a war, costing more blood and treasure than all the other wars of the country, may follow.

Railroad corporations, with their loose charters, will rob you of the very land for which you have a government deed in your pocket. They will pitch you off their trains, and make it too terrible for you to hope for justice. They already control many of our higher courts, and with their influence they will cause juries to do their bidding. I have known

corporations to turn poor men out of their homes, to secure which they had toiled hard for twenty years. I have known towns, cities, counties, and states almost bankrupted by voting aid to railroads, through the various frauds practiced upon the people and the importation of voters for that purpose. And corporations to-day are pushing their worthless bonds onto nearly every town, city and county in the West, with the audacity, almost, of highwaymen. With their money they will buy up the press and a few leading men, and thus ruin a whole community.

Could I take the thinking portion of American citizens over Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, and show them how much of those states are bonded and mortgaged to railroads, and how much is even owned by them, they would not sit as they now do, with their eyes closed and their tongues mute, but would sound a note of alarm before the last vestige of freedom is stolen from the people.

But hoping some abler pen will succeed in arousing the people on this momentous subject, I will close this chapter on railroads by saying, I disposed of six hundred and forty acres of the best land in the state rather than become a vassal to a railroad corporation, and in the spring moved my post fifty miles west, near the St. Peters river, on the banks of a beautiful lake not far from New Ulm.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW POST.

In my new post I soon found many of my old neighbors, including Old Creek and Little Creek, who had been out hunting in the Big Woods, and on their way home, came in nearly out of supplies. Old Creek seemed greatly pleased to see me, and said:

“ You come up near Indians? That’s good. Little Creek learn heap down at Shemung. Viola come, too?”

“ Yes,” I said, “ we all moved up together. We won’t farm any more, but I will be glad to trade with you, and sell you everything you want — except whisky. I’ve got plenty flour, pork, blankets, cloth, beads, tobacco and pipes, and I want to buy all the beaver, mink, and deer you got.”

I put up my trading-post not far from the lake, and on the southeast of a large grove of timber. One could stand in the door and look south as far as the eye could see; and it was one vast ocean of prairie and little groves. The timber did not extend south more than two miles from the lake.

The interior of Minnesota is noted for the great number of beautiful little lakes, and I was fortunate in locating near one of the most lovely of them. I was only a few miles from the Sioux agency. I had a good chance to fish and hunt. And Joe said he could do better at hunting and fishing than he could below, and he had made a claim in the grove

that some day would be very valuable, and pay him better, he thought, than working his old claim, which he had abandoned after getting his deed.

As I have before intimated, Joe was no friend to work, but held it, in all its forms, in almost utter abhorrence. I think he was only second to the man, who, as the story runs, had never been known to do any kind of labor, although, to all appearance, strong and healthy. This man had, for many years, been a public charge upon the town. At length, the town authorities determined to give their charge a choice among the following propositions: "To work," "To travel," or "To be buried." Some time was allowed him for consideration, and when called upon for his conclusion, he said:

"I will not work, neither will I walk, and I will not die so long as I can live. If the town wants to bury me, that's the town's business, and not mine."

Accordingly, a day was set to bury "Old Jenkins." He was snugly tucked down in the coffin, and the procession was slowly moving toward the grave, when "Old Berg" was met. Berg inquired who was dead, and, on learning the particulars of the case, said: "It is a shame to bury a man alive. I will give twenty bushels of corn toward his support."

While the offer was being considered, "Old Jenkins" slowly raised himself upon his elbow, and in a sepulchral voice inquired, "Is the corn shelled?" and on receiving a negative reply, he continued:

“Drive on, boys,” and meekly regained his position in the coffin.

Now Joe was pretty good at fishing, and he would hunt some, and he was considered a good shot with the rifle; but it would come hard on him to shell the corn. His wife, on the other hand, was a pattern of industry. I have known her to knit six pairs of socks in a week, besides doing her house-work. And little Viola would frequently make three or four dollars a week with her needle.

Not long after I got settled in my new home, Little Creek made his appearance, and after taking dinner with us, he said his father was coming soon, to make a bargain with Viola to teach him more. He wanted to learn to read better, and he wished to learn geography, so that he could travel on rail-roads and steamboats. I wondered at that, for Dr. Williamson had a mission-school not more than twenty or thirty miles away; and for nearly thirty years he had been doing all a scholar and a Christian could do for the Indian race about him. But, as he afterward told me, he at times got nearly dis-couraged, the Indians were such obdurate hypocrites.

Old Creek soon came in, loaded with furs. “Plenty mink this time, so I come to you. If I go to agency, bad Indians make me spend all the money, and I want you to let me have blankets for cold winter coming on. Traders at agency charge twenty dollars for pair blankets, you ask six; I pay, last week, five dollars for pound tea, you sell for one. Mink, you pay dollar, they pay fifty cent.

Agent cheat poor Indian; and bad white man sell Indian whisky, make Indian crazy—"fraid trouble come." This Old Creek said with one of his characteristic shakes of the head, and turned away.

There were many "half-breeds" at the agency, or rather settled in the country around. Several of these came to trade with me at different times. Some of them were kind men, somewhat intelligent, and two of them were professed Christians. I informed a Methodist preacher that squatters were coming in quite rapidly, and that I was in favor of having preaching at the post. I also said to him, that if he would come up and preach to us occasionally, I would see him compensated. He accepted the proposition, came up, and the sound of the gospel was heard in our new settlement. In less than two years, the population had so increased, that large congregations gathered on these occasions. But they were made up of half-breeds, quarter-breeds, and "no breeds at all," and before the speaker, appeared the coal black, the copper color, the pale white, and those of all intervening hues. Singing was natural, hearty and cheering. No hymns were given out. But when the preacher said "sing," they struck in, one after another, with a hearty, good relish, and the clear Minnesota atmosphere echoed with the pure ring of true worship.

CHAPTER X.

SIOUX INDIANS.

Old Creek and Young Creek would come in, bringing many others with them. The old man came because he wanted his son to learn how the whites do things. The other Indians generally came because their old favorite wished them to do so. Creek had been chief for many years, and many of his tribe loved him dearly; and not a few called themselves "Creek's braves," because of his popularity. The Sioux or Dakotas are a large tribe, having their headquarters on the St. Peter's or Minnesota river, but extending into Dakota and Nebraska, and north to the British possessions. They hunt in the "Big Woods" near Mankato, and stroll over the state generally. They are a savage set of fellows, very stout built, broad-shouldered, round or full chested, and averaging nearly six feet in height. They are sullen and treacherous, but not remarkably cunning, nor are they specially given to thieving. They are very jealous and superstitious; and all cherish the hope that something will yet turn up to drive all white men from their soil. They have always been dissatisfied with treaties made with them by the United States, nor is it probable that any treaty can ever be made that will prove satisfactory, because of the manner in which they are carried out by the government agents. The mere fact that the government pays

them a small bounty on what improvements they make, and annuities for the surrender of their lands, tends only to aggravate them.

They cleave, with Indian tenacity, to their wild hunting-grounds, and their birch canoes. They are slow to adopt the customs of white people, though they seem to feel that they are aping superiority in doing so. On one occasion, I gave Little Creek a suit of clothes. He felt very proud in them, and after strutting about till he supposed all had become fully aware of the great change which had come over him, he started off to show himself at the agency. On his way he turned aside to surprise Little Crow, a "big chief" among the Dakotas. Crow, though at the time himself dressed in a similar coat and breeches, laughed at Little Creek, and offered a dollar to any one of his braves who would besmear him with mud and dirt.

Winter had fairly set in again, and the snows were drifting fiercely all around. Joe had been out on a hunting scout two days. As the shades of the evening were gathering around, he appeared at the door, dragging some heavy substance through the snow behind him. All were glad to see him, and charging upon his game, found a monstrous wolf of the white species. He measured seven feet from the point of his nose to the tip of his tail, and weighed more than two hundred pounds. Joe declared that he had a terrible battle, though he came out ahead—a fact which his shattered equipage and the dead wolf abundantly confirmed.

Joe was too lazy to run, and hence must fight. These animals are not very numerous, but they are exceedingly ferocious. They do not ordinarily collect in large packs, but two or three are generally found in company. They do not hesitate to attack the most powerful animals that roam in the Western forests.

C H A P T E R X I.

ON THE ICE.

In mid-winter, business called me to the agency. When on my way, and while crossing the lake, a singular and strange sensation, first of cold and then of heat, came over me. Looking up, I saw or thought I saw, upon the ice just before me, all sorts of birds, beasts, insects and creeping things. But they all seemed to have wings, and, whether I moved fast or slow, they kept just about the same distance ahead of me. Finally, making a desperate effort to overtake them, after running some time, I became exhausted and sank down helpless and insensible upon the ice. After lying I know not how long, I was partially aroused, seemingly, by freezing sensations creeping along my nerves. I was about one mile from the shore, and the snows were fast drifting over and around me. Discovering a house in the distance, I resolved to make one last, desperate effort to rescue myself from the cold hand that seemed to be closing around me. Mak-

ing an effort to rise, I found myself unable to stand, so I crawled for awhile on my hands and feet. But my feet failed me, and I could only roll myself over upon the snow. Suddenly, a slight thrill of warmth passed along my veins, and I was enabled to stand up and walk quite steadily, till I saw, indistinctly, the form of a man in the distance. I lifted my hat from my head, and waving it feebly toward him, sank to the ground insensible. When consciousness returned, I found myself lying upon a bed in a house, suffering intensely from the effects of badly frozen feet, hands and nose. My feet seemed to have been exchanged for those of some darkey. Fortunately, the gentleman had recognized my sign of distress, though not less than twenty-five rods distant, and hastened to my relief; but finding me stiff, and cold as the drifting snows around me, brought me in supposing me to be dead. Friction and a warm fire, however, set my heart to beating once more, and restored me to consciousness. In three weeks I had so far recovered as to be able to return to the post, though suffering severe and permanent injuries, from which there is no hope of recovery, and to learn that, during the day of my perils on the ice, the mercury stood at thirty-eight degrees below zero. For ninety days the cold remained intense, the frost never yielding to the power of the sun during the whole time.

At length, however, spring returned, and on the 10th of April the lands were free from ice and snow. My friends at the agency and scattered

through the country, returned, and trade went on as before the Indians had taken possession of the "Big Woods."

CHAPTER III.

STARTING SOUTH.

Five years had passed, nearly four at my upper station, and I still found myself a citizen of Minnesota. The spring was fast running into the summer, and new settlers' claims in all directions were clothed in beauty and brightening with promise. But a terribly black and fearfully threatening cloud had arisen in the Southern skies; and stunning peals of thunder caused the very granite hills of the North to quake and tremble. Sadness gathered around the previously joyous homes from Minnesota to Maine, and strong men's hearts came near failing them for fear.

For some years I had been thinking of going to Kansas about this time. But the dark cloud of rebellion disarranged all plans and threw the whole country into confusion. The consolidated resources and the combined energies of the whole loyal country were demanded to save our glorious republic from desolation and ruin. So, after seriously thinking over the matter, I said to Joe and his wife, one evening, if they would carry on the post, I would go down South, and lend a helping hand in chastising Jeff and his lawless bands. They con-

senting, in June I bade them farewell and turned my footsteps southward. Passing Union men and rebels, I made my way through Leavenworth, Jason county, and Wausau to Springfield, where I owned lands, taxes upon which I wished to settle. When at Leavenworth, the commander of the post requested me to keep my eyes and ears open at Springfield, and report at headquarters when I returned. On reaching the rebel lines, I presented myself at headquarters, where I was told that I could pass through, but would not be allowed to return. I replied, "All right," and Gen. P—— gave me a pass to go by way of Wausau to Springfield. General Jackson invited me to dine with him, an invitation which I cheerfully accepted. After dinner, he asked me if I was a citizen of Missouri. I told him I owned lands at Wilson's creek, a good farm in Bates county, and also some lands in Vernon, and that Judge B—— was a friend of mine, who would vouch for me, if the word of a gentleman, which I claimed to be, was not sufficient. He then asked me if I had a wife there. I told him that, at present, I did not enjoy that luxury, but that I expected to as soon as I met my affinity. The general then wrote me a pass, of which the following is a copy:

To whom it may concern: The bearer is a gentleman attending to his own business. All officers will please pass him through their lines, as he is the first man I have found in Missouri of that class.

By order of Gen. W. W. Jackson, in command at Springfield.

—————, Adj.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH QUANTRELL.

I immediately mounted my horse and rode with all possible haste, and without interruption, till coming to the Osage, where I found a strong line of rebel pickets and about two thousand men under arms. The first guard commanded a "halt," and detained me till calling his sergeant, who examined my pass and said, "All right, I guess," passing me on to headquarters. Here I found an old man, with shoulder-straps and bright brass buttons, looking more like a whisky-barrel in a suit of soldier's clothes, with two legs driven into one end and a calf's head on the other, surmounted with a cap and feather, than anything else I could then call to mind.

"Your pass, young man," said he. I handed him the envelope, which he opened. Carefully examining the pass and then closely scanning me, he says, "Where do you wish to go to?"

"Any place I please in this state, sir. I belong to no clique nor party. My property is in Bates county," I replied.

"I am General Quantrell. They call me the great guerilla chief. I don't think much of passes. You had better stay in camp a few days, as we are about making a move on the enemy," he responded.

"General, if you have no objections, I would like to go up to Walnut creek."

“Well,” said the general, “if you will run your own risk, you may go. But the Union scouts are all over the ‘Big Prairie’ from here to the Walnut, and they have a line of pickets on the river Merre de Zines.”

“Are there any more Confederate troops between here and the Walnut?” I asked.

“No,” said the great chief; “my command extends to the Yanks’ line.”

“Please put your name on my pass,” said I.

“No,” he replied; “it will do you no good. You can stop in my tent if you please.”

I thanked the general kindly, and added, “I wish some corn for my horse.” He immediately directed his servant to “feed the gentleman’s horse,” and then asked me to take supper with him, which was in readiness. After making a meal upon corn bread and ham and a cup of muddy coffee, in company with Quantrell and about a dozen under-officers, the chief says to me, “Are you acquainted in Mine Creek settlement?”

“Yes, sir,” was my reply. “I own a farm four miles this side, on the Walnut.”

“Well, do you know old Bartlett, the judge?”

“Yes,” said I; “he is a judge, I believe.”

“Well,” said the chief, “the old fellow is in the Union interest, as I heard by Captain McHenry; and,” addressing himself to his under-officers, “boys, you must attend to him.”

Now, Judge Bartlett was an old friend of mine, and I whispered to myself, “He must be saved at

any cost." So I resolved to start out early in the morning, as I had Quantrell's permission to go as far as Walnut creek, and the judge lived one mile beyond, or just across the river. If I reached that point in safety, I could report at leisure, as it was four miles from the judge's residence to Kansas line, and two miles from the line to the headquarters of the Union army. From the point where I then was on the Osage, it was twenty miles to the Union lines, or headquarters; so the reader will understand that I had to ride nearly twenty miles across a high rolling prairie, with no protection except the word of Quantrell, the guerilla chief. Had it been but three or four miles, it would have been but a trifle for my noble horse; but twenty miles in the heat of July was quite a different thing, and, to keep up appearances, I must go by Butler, the county-seat of Bates county.

I lay that night in the tent of the chief, and, when I was fast asleep, as they supposed, heard them plan an attack upon the Union men on Walnut creek. Quantrell wound up his counsel by saying, "I think this man is all right, but I would like to have his horse; but, so long as he is attending to his own business, we cannot take it from him. Now, I will tell you how to manage: Let a couple of the boys put on Union clothes or uniforms, and swap horses with him, when he gets out on the prairie; for the Union fellows will take it, if we don't."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEARFUL RIDE. — A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

Morning came, and with it our corn dodgers, muddy coffee, and hard-tack. After breakfast, I shook hands with the officers at headquarters and mounted my horse. She was a noble animal, dark chestnut, a splendid mane, a heavy tail, a mild eye, seven years old, and weighing about eleven hundred pounds. She seemed to understand her position and her business well.

“How will you trade horses?” asked the chief, just as I was turning away.

“I don’t wish to trade — I am no horse jockey,” I replied.

“All right,” he responded.

“Do I need a pass to take me through your lines, general?”

“No,” he answered; “my sergeant is going out about two miles with a relief, and you can go along with him.”

In a few minutes we were pacing out of Pepinsville, in a northeasterly direction. After we “got clear” of the timber, we came to a camp of one hundred men, with horses feeding on the prairie, and their saddles lying on the ground. The orderly said to the officer in command, “This is a gentleman going North. He has passes from General Price, and also General Jackson at Springfield. He belongs to no party and interferes with nobody’s business. Pass him through.”

“All right,” said the commanding officer, and in a moment more I was pacing over the prairie toward Butler. After traveling four or five miles on the Butler road, I was overtaken by two splendidly mounted soldiers, who came in from a side road. We saluted each other in a friendly manner, and rode along together. Soon they commenced to berate the rebels most severely, and, turning to me, said, “You just came from rebellion; what did you see down in Dixie?”

“Just about what I see here — plenty of prairie grass.”

“They are all starving down there, are they not?”

“I did not see anything of it. I had plenty to eat and drink.”

“We did not suppose they would let any one come North.”

“Well, they let me come and go, and treated me as well as they could, which is all I know about them,” was my reply. I could not avoid observing the tallest of the two men, whom I at once recognized as the officer who was in command at the outpost this side of Peppinsville, in the morning. He was nearly six feet in height, at home in the saddle, had a flashing black eye, and a high forehead as white as alabaster. I judged him to be about twenty-five years of age, and his form and movements reminded me of descriptions I had read of old cavaliers. Both were dressed in Union blue and wore Union caps. But in one, I saw my companion who rode out with me that morning, only

his gray had turned into blue, and the mule upon which he rode, into a black horse, and his tall guerilla hat into a Union skull-cap, fitting tight to his head. They were dressed about alike, only the largest one kept his cap pressed close down over a low, sensual-looking face, looking as though he would not hesitate to cut any man's throat, at any time, for a sixpence. The other—I will call him captain—looked as though he were incapable of doing a mean thing. Presently, in a low, coarse voice, the sergeant said, "We belong to the Union army, and are pressing all the good horses we can find, and I suppose we must take yours."

"You will not take my horse, for I am neither Union nor disunion," I replied.

"Well, then, we will have to take you a prisoner." "I have committed no crime, and I shall surrender to no man, until I know the cause." Without further parleying, they undertook to close in upon me. Quickly drawing my revolver, I said, "You will keep at a proper distance," when crack went the sergeant's revolver. I felt a jar, but did not wait to learn the effect, before, with deliberate aim, I emptied his saddle. Almost the same instant I heard the buzz of another shot in close proximity to my ear. I now turned my attention to the captain, saying, "Sir, we are now in for it," discharging my revolver within ten feet of him. His arm fell by his side, and his revolver dropped from his hand. Then placing my revolver close to his face, I said, "If you move, you are a corpse."

He looked at me a moment, fearful and awe-stricken, and then said, "I surrender."

"Give me your sword, and I will dress your arm." He complied. I jumped to the ground, tied his horse and that of the sergeant to mine, packed up the revolvers, buckled the sword around me, and said, laughing rather maliciously, "We will report at the Union headquarters. I guess we have no time for delay, sir;" and, in a moment, we were galloping away.

CHAPTER XV.

GOING INTO CAMP.

Having followed up the river, as fast as possible, about ten miles, I saw several Union soldiers driving some stock. My prisoner now spoke for the first time since the tying up of his arm, saying, "I am a guerilla, sir; don't deliver me up to the Union men, for they will shoot me, on the spot. *Do let me go!*" This plea was made in plaintive tones, with tears rolling down his manly face.

"Does your arm pain you badly?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "indeed it does; I can scarcely stand it. But that, you know, we must bear. I once counted the cost, but find I did not figure it high enough. *Will you let me go?*"

"No, sir. I knew you were a guerilla when you and the sergeant came up. You are the officer who had the command outside of Peppinsville, when I

passed through this morning, and that was the sergeant who rode with me whom we have just left behind."

"Yes, sir, you speak truly; but that was not a sergeant, but Lieutenant McHenry, one of the most desperate guerillas in Quantrell's band."

"And what is your grade? for you had command this morning."

"I am a captain, and we thought you to be a spy, but could not detect you last night, and were sent out to see if you would not betray yourself to-day."

"Well, you found out, I guess, didn't you? Did you think you were smart enough to catch a Yank?" I responded, and, smiling a little sarcastically, said, "They are half horse, half alligator, with considerable of a sprinkling of snapping turtle, as you ought to have known."

"I am out-winded this time, anyhow," he responded.

We had now overtaken the stock-drivers in blue.

"Halloo, boys! have you been confiscating?"

"Oh, no; only borrowing a couple of fat steers. What in thunder have you got?"

"Only this Confed. He and I concluded to settle this whole matter ourselves. How far is it to headquarters?"

"About a mile, *sure*."

I at once saw they were a pair of Irish soldiers, returning from a foraging expedition. The oldest was quite talkative, and exclaimed, "Bedad, you've

lopped the wing of that gentleman intirely; and have ye been a-fightin'?"

"Oh, yes, Pat, we had a little bit of a spat."

"Is your arm broke?" he continued, addressing the groaning captain.

"I don't know; it feels very bad."

"Bejabbers, this shooting is dangerous work; they are very careless these times. Did ye git any scratch, mister? Divil a scratch have ye got, or ye wouldn't be laughing so."

I now said to my prisoner, "We will go ahead and have your arm dressed, for I see you are suffering severely."

"Yes," he replied.

We advanced across the bottom to Dickey's ford, crossed the river, passed the guards on the hill, and in a few moments were at Colonel Jameson's headquarters.

"Where is the surgeon?" I quickly inquired.

The gentleman being pointed out to me, I immediately directed his attention to the shattered arm of my prisoner, whom I now saw to be fainting from the loss of blood and the pains he was suffering. Jumping from my horse, and with the assistance of others, I caught him, and we put him into an ambulance standing near.

The surgeon had him taken into a tent, examined his wound, and said: "I must take off his arm, I guess."

"Pshaw! doctor," I exclaimed, "we can save that arm, I think."

“ Well, if you think it best, I will try,” was the good-natured reply.

The wound was soon dressed, and the sufferer laid down to rest. I left him in the care of a colored gentleman, while I went to see the colonel.

Just as I was leaving the tent, a tall, well-dressed officer met me, plump in the face, exclaiming:

“ What is the matter, boys, here?”

A young officer responded: “ We don’t understand this ourselves, and are waiting for a report.”

“ Well, gentlemen officers, I am ready to report, if you will give me a good dinner, as I have had a hard forenoon’s work,” I replied.

“ There is our commander at your right, sir; you can report at any time,” said an officer.

I turned, touched my hat, and said: “ Colonel, do you wish me to report before all in the tent?”

“ Yes; we Kansas boys are all in company,” he replied, stroking his long black whiskers. I proceeded as follows:

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REPORT.

“ Gentlemen, I am a man attending to my own business, as these passes from Generals Jackson and Price affirm. Four weeks ago, I left my pleasant Northern home to lend a helping hand in whipping Jeff and crushing out his villainous rebellion. Reporting at Fort Leavenworth, the commander of

that post thought I could best serve him by taking a trip as far south as Springfield, by way of Wausau—returning when, how and where, as I best could do, reporting discoveries. Now, *here I am!* As to this fellow: I stopped last night at Peppinsville, with General Quantrell. Looking at my pass, he said all was right, and invited me into his tent to take supper with him. After supper, he pressed me to spend the night with him; but saying that his conveniences were not of the first class, though they were the best he had and the best he could get, as the 'd—d Yanks' burned the town before he got possession of it. About twelve o'clock several young officers came in, and in a consultation which followed, an attack was planned for to-night, upon the Union men at Walnut creek. All arrangements for the attack being made, the chief called the attention of his officers to my case, saying he thought I was all right, but he wished to have my horse, and they arranged for two officers to follow me this morning, dressed in Union blue, to further test my character, and to take my horse, at any rate. But I guess they caught a Tartar. When about four miles out of Peppinsville, two guerilla scouts, dressed in loyal blue, overtook me. After a little parleying, they demanded my horse in the name of the American Union; which I sternly refused, saying that neither Union nor Disunion should have it. Revolvers in hand, they approached me. I warned them of danger. Whang! went the revolver of the leader, and I was obliged to empty that fellow's

saddle in double quick time! Crack! followed the pistol of the other, and a ball passed so near my ear that I heard a buzz like a bee. My next shot lopped the right wing of my prisoner. I was very sorry to be obliged to fire that last shot, as he is a very noble-looking fellow—self-defense alone prompted the raising of my arm. Following the example of the Irishman, I then surrounded the prisoner, captured his horse and that of his companion, together with their revolvers, swords and other equipage; all of which I now turn over to my country. And now, doctor, I have one favor to ask of you: Be kind and faithful to your charge, for I know he is a noble fellow, though he may be a mistaken man."

"Bravo! bravo!" they all shouted, hastening, at the same time, to give me a warm, hearty shake of the hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

NIGHT AT JUDGE BARTLETT'S.

"Colonel, if you will let me have a few of your men, I will ride over to Judge Bartlett's this evening, as I think there will be a nocturnal call upon him soon."

"All right," said the commander of the post; "but are you not afraid of your old host?"

"Oh, no; he wanted my horse, and I will give him a fair chance to get it; but he must trot out his

best nag, if he gets my pony. I guess I will go over and take tea with the judge. I have not been there for several years. He has a large family of first-rate girls; they are all good Christians and sweet singers, and they play finely, for frontier people. Colonel, would you not like to go over with me? I shall be happy to introduce you; and if you are trying to live in the fear of God, you cannot fail to enjoy the visit very much."

"Thank you," said the colonel. "I shall be very happy to accompany you. If you please, what is the time?—my time-piece is not running," he continued.

Putting my hand to my pocket, I found my watch all in pieces, and with the pieces the first ball fired at me by the tall guerilla whom I had left on the plain. The ball had struck the time-piece fair upon the back, ruining it forever, but saving the life of the wearer.

"A loud call," said the colonel.

"Yes, sir; but 'a miss is as good as a mile,'" said I, smiling. "Colonel, God is the same Being to day that He was when Daniel went down into the Lions' den. Those who serve Him faithfully now are just as safe, and just as sure of His constant protection amidst dangers, and of final 'deliverance' from the hands of the wicked, as were those who served Him 'continually' then."

"It does me good to hear you talk so," said he. "My mother taught me the name of Jesus when I was a child; but camp life is not the best place for

Christian duties, nor for religious enjoyments." Looking up at the sun, he said: "It is time we were off," and ordered the horses.

While the horses were being put in readiness, I stepped in to see how my prisoner was getting along. I found him alone. Approaching the bedside softly, I took hold of his uninjured hand, saying, "How do you find yourself?"

Opening his eyes, he said, "Quite comfortable. Do you think they will shoot me?"

"No, sir; you will not be hurt. I will get you a parole. But keep quiet, and feel at home. I will call and see you again before I go North. But I must go over and meet your friends at the Walnut to-night."

"You heard too much last night," he said, smiling.

Returning to the door, I found the horses in readiness, an orderly holding mine, and the colonel already mounted upon his. We were soon making good time for the Walnut.

After passing the outposts, said the colonel: "There will be two hundred over after dark, to pay their respects to the worthy chief."

Soon we met four very respectable-looking darkies. The colonel, addressing them, said, "How far have you come?"

"About twenty miles, massa."

"See any secesh?"

"Oh, golly, massa! down on the Osage mor'n twenty thousand! These nigs had to crawl on hands

and knees up to the head of that are branch, and then keep in the ravines clear up to the Walnut."

"Did you see any one this side of the Osage?"

"Only two, massa,—bofe on hossback, goin' like to old mission in de woods."

"All right, boys. Good bye," said the colonel, and then, turning to me, said, "Those are two Union scouts; I sent them out to keep track of Quant's band. If my men come up to-morrow, I will settle the matter with the old fellow, on his own ground, in a few days."

"Colonel, I am going North, and if my prisoner is sufficiently recovered, I want you to give him a parole and let me take him North with me."

"All right," he replied, "if you think he will prove true."

Just then an orderly came riding up in great haste, and handed the colonel a note, which he opened and read, and then, smiling, remarked:

"You need not be afraid of Quant. He has taken the hint from your capturing his scouts. Captain Billings says here, that his whole band is on the move."

Just as the sun was going down, we came in sight of the house of the judge. We were soon at the door. The judge met us with a hearty shake of the hand, and gave us a warm welcome to his fireside. "Business before pleasure," said I, and at once informed the judge of what I heard at Pepinsville, the evening before. The family were startled.

“Never fear,” said the colonel; “Companies A and B will be here in two hours, and we can hold our position till that time. My cavalry are anxious to try old Quant’s foundation; but I guess our friend has spoiled the play, or else he has hastened it up.”

Turning to the young ladies, who were now all in the room, I said, “Ladies, I have brought my friend, the colonel, over to hear you play and sing.”

“Oh, sir, you know we don’t sing anything but sacred music.”

“Well,” said the colonel, “that is just what I want to hear.”

All passed into the parlor, the eldest daughter took her seat at the piano and struck that good, thrilling old tune—

“Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee.”

The whole family joined in the singing, the colonel carrying the bass most bravely. All sang heartily, and sweetly in the spirit, and for a few moments that home seemed as the very “gate of heaven.” The singing was followed by an earnest, fervent prayer by the colonel, in which all hearts joined, and then the whole house echoed to the sweet words and sweeter music—

“It is a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know.”

Suddenly, there was a sharp rap at the door, followed by a familiar voice saying, “Colonel, look out here and see what this means.” The colonel, the

judge and myself passed out at the door, and in the dim light we could discover men coming up from the timber, each one leading a horse. Our men were already in line of battle, with one piece of artillery planted within forty feet of the house.

"All is right—only request the ladies to keep out of harm's way," said the colonel.

I was quickly in my saddle, with my captured sword and revolvers by my side, making quite a military appearance. Said the colonel, "I have given orders to let the scamps come up to that outside fence. My pickets are close along this side. You will see fun! We better go down the lane as far as the gate, and I will move the old peace-maker down as far as the hog pen. Keep close by me."

In an instant, there was the flash of a gun, and in another, twenty rods of fire streamed along the ground! One company had dismounted, and the men lay in ambush along the outside fence. The rebels hardly thought of danger till the twenty rods of fire flashed in their faces, and flying lead whistled around their heads and amongst their brains! Then the work began in right good earnest. I joined the mounted part of the command. Some half-dozen shots from the "old peace-maker" had made terrible work in the enemy's ranks, when their commander ordered them to charge upon the gun. Our captain ordered a charge on the rebels' rear, which we made in double quick, cutting off all supports. Seventy were soon made prisoners; but the work was not yet done. The rebels had left their

horses at the edge of the timber across the bottoms, where we first saw them. It had become very dark, and a few scattering shots were still flying in all directions. Our captain ordered a "right wheel," and we plunged into the darkness seventy rods or more, when, spat in our faces came about forty shots! In an instant, we were upon them—the flash of their guns directing our way. One round from our revolvers, and we captured forty horses and seven of the guards.

But all this was not accomplished without cost. They had spoiled my hat, put two balls into my horse, wounded six men, and killed four horses. The horn sounded, and we reported at the house of the judge. The scene here presented was awful to behold. Our first fire had proved more terrible in its effects than I had supposed. About thirty men had been gathered from the field, wounded in almost every conceivable manner. It was so dark that the wounded and dying were found only as their groans and cries announced their presence, and guided seeking hands and feet. Our losses were twelve men wounded, ten horses killed and several wounded. The loss of the enemy was ten killed, including four officers, thirty wounded, and about eighty taken prisoners, together with a large number of horses and other army supplies captured. A leap and a fight in the dark!

Near the close of the fight, our main force came up, which occupied the ground till daylight. Morning came, and breakfast was over, when the colonel

said he would clear the country of these cut-throats. By ten, we were in our saddles, marching by companies for the Little Osage. When we had crossed the river, and were sweeping down the banks, our scouts brought in word that the enemy left before daylight, going south, and that they had already crossed the Mamatan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRISONER.

After three days of continued marching, counter-marching, and fearful fighting, we returned to our old camping-grounds. I was glad, indeed, to get back, and favored myself with one day's rest with the judge and his family, after which I returned to our camp, somewhat anxious to learn how my prisoner, in whom I was becoming strangely interested, was getting along. I found him rejoiced to see me, but saying he suffered very severely, and that he thought the doctor did not interest himself for him very greatly. I told him I would attend to him myself, and then informed him respecting our battle in the dark, and our interview with his late companions. I then examined the wound, cut away the stitches, bathed it with arnica, ordered a carrot poultice, and sent the darkey off to the river bottoms for slippery-elm bark. In two hours he was greatly relieved. For seven days I remained by his side, caring for him to the best of my ability,

when orders came to send all the wounded to Fort Scott. My sick friend had so far recovered, and had gained such confidence in me, that he conversed quite freely. He told me that his name was *Paul*; that he came from old Virginia; that he had been in Quantrell's band only one week; that he held a captain's commission in Virginia, and that his father was a near relative of John Randolph, though he claimed none of Pocahontas' blood.

"Well, Paul," said I, "an order to send all prisoners to Fort Scott has just been received. Now, if you will take the parole oath, I will take you North with me."

He thanked me for my kindness, adding, "I would gladly go North, or anywhere else, to get out of this scrape;" and continuing his remarks, said, "I felt that I had a friend in you, when I heard you tell the doctor my arm must be saved. I thank you a thousand times for your firmness on that occasion."

"Paul," said I, "I am going to Fort Leavenworth to-day, to be gone one week. When I return, if all is right, we will start North."

CHAPTER XIX.

DIFFICULTIES IN GETTING TO WEST POINT.

Calling at headquarters, and bidding the colonel "Good-by," I was soon on my way to West Point.

I took dinner that day in company with two suspicious-looking young men.

While at dinner, eyeing each other rather closely, one of them said to me, "Are you traveling?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what direction?"

"Into Kansas."

Said the other, in Spanish, "Ask him from what county, and to what point he is going."

The youngest, who acted as spokesman, after a little delay and a few indifferent questions, asked those proposed.

I answered, in rather a careless manner, "To Lawrence."

Dinner over, I was soon on my journey, taking the main road by the way of the Little Sugar, after having learned the right road to Paola, which lay over a high rolling prairie, some fifteen miles distant. It was a lovely day, with a gentle breeze, and all nature looked as gay as a May morning. A light shower had fallen the evening before, laying the dust; the waving grass appeared in the most beautiful robes of green, and the wild prairie flowers sent up their sweetest incense to the god of day. There were no inhabitants of any consequence, along this route, after leaving the Little Sugar, till reaching a small belt of timber near Paola. I was making good time, and when ascending a hill, or a swell, on the prairie, I was overtaken by two mounted men. At first, I thought them to be soldiers; but when they came up, I rec-

ognized the two men with whom I had that day taken dinner. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, I was well out on the prairie, and there was no house in sight. Then I first fully realized that I was *alone*. I was well armed, however, that time, though dressed in citizen's clothes. I had on the cap and sword of my wounded friend—a small, blue skull-cap, and a very nice sword, though too light for hard service. The revolvers were Colt's best improved, which I had nicely cleaned the night before. I felt quite assured, and was humming a verse of the hymn:

“Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
The promise assures us the Lord will provide,”

when they rode up by my side.

After passing the time of day, the speaker at dinner addressed me, saying:

“You must have ridden pretty fast to have got such a start of us. How will you swap horses?”

“I don't swap horses,” was my reply.

“That is a splendid horse of yours.”

I made no answer, but took a survey of the two gentlemen. My impression was that they were bushwhackers—only I could hardly conceive how they would dare venture so far inside our lines. And then the thought came up that they might be two of Quant's men, dogging my tracks, or, possibly, border-ruffians, scouting on their own hook. “Well,” whispered my heart, “we must fight it out once more!” and, I confess, I did not like the shape that

matters were taking. The spokesman, renewing his remarks, said:

“We would like your horse, and we will pay you a fair price for him if you will not trade.”

“I wish neither to trade nor to sell my horse, sir.”

“You are a hell of a fellow,” grumly exclaimed the heretofore mute companion; “then we will borrow him.”

I knew well what that meant, and replied: “The price will be more than you can afford to pay, boys.”

“We can take the mustang,” shouted the same grum voice.

“But it may cost you more than she is worth.”

“We can fool no longer,” he cried out, revolver in hand.

We had ridden several miles, and my horse had fallen a very little in the rear. Timber was visible in the distance. The oldest, suddenly pointing his revolver to my breast, cried out:

“Surrender, or take the consequences!”

My revolver was already raised, when a shot from the younger cut the flesh upon my left side. Next, the oldest received the contents of my revolver directly in the face! He fell to the ground, when the younger exclaimed:

“That’s your game, is it?” and discharged three shots, all grazing my shoulder.

I still, however, held my saddle, and he received a ghastly wound from my second shot, directly under the eye, the ball tearing away nearly the whole cheek.

“ Do you surrender?” I now shouted.

“ No!” cried he, “ not so long as you are alive,” and raised his revolver for a fourth shot.

“ Good grit,” said I, and a left-handed blow upon the side of the head with my sword, spoiled his balance and brought him to the ground. The first having partially revived, now took deliberate aim at me, which I could not prevent, he being about twelve feet distant, and fired, the ball striking the hilt of my sword and knocking it ten feet in the air, and wounding my hand. My next effort was to make my horse finish the work. But another shot from the younger brought both me and my horse to the ground. My revolvers, refusing further service, I now threw, first one and then the other, at the head of the oldest villain, the second striking him in the face and knocking him flat on the grass.

“ Take that, old guerilla,” said I, “ and wait for more!”

Seizing my sword in both hands, and exclaiming, “ I will now attend to you, young man!” I struck the villain a full blow over the head, breaking my sword, but doing him no material injury, he having a band of iron in his cap. A blow from my broken sword knocked his revolver from his hand. Grasping it and turning it upon him, a shot in his breast, from his own revolver, sent the rebel forever to rest. Approaching the other, he cried out, “ I surrender! but I wish you would shoot me, my sufferings are so terrible.”

"Can I do anything to relieve you?"

"Oh no; it is all over with me now. You killed our lieutenant and took our captain prisoner. We swore we would have you, or die in the attempt. Are you badly hurt?"

"Not seriously," I replied.

He now handed me his watch, saying, "I know one so brave must be honest. Will you give this and what little money I and Sam have to my mother?"

"Are you brothers?" I asked.

"Yes, by my mother we are. She lives in Boonville. Please keep what I give you till you have an opportunity of seeing her yourself. Her name," he continued, "is Mrs. Hannah Moore. You will try and find her, won't you? She was a good mother; and when this cruel war came on, and we joined the guerillas, she tried to persuade us not to do so, saying that the 'Union was right, and God was on that side.' I hope God will forgive me. There is a little brandy in my brother's pocket-flask — will you moisten my lips with it?"

I did so, and he passed away, lisping, "*Mother, come nearer! Mother, come nearer! I cannot hear!*"

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE CONFLICT.

Now turning my attention to myself, I found that I was wounded in my shoulder, side, hand and leg.

My poor horse had gone to Swedenborg's land for good horses. With much effort and no little difficulty, I succeeded in mounting one of the dead men's horses, and rode to the nearest house, in a ravine, about one mile distant. Faint from the loss of blood, wearied and exhausted from the protracted struggle and excitement, I came in sight of a lady at the door, to whom I called for help in haste.

"La-sakes!" cried the old lady, "what is the matter?"

I briefly told her all, when she helped me to dismount and to go into the house. The old gentleman soon came in, to whom the old lady repeated my story. He at once commenced preparing bandages, and engaged in dressing my wounds, and, at my request, brought in a young man to send to the scene of our struggle. Having given him directions how to proceed, and requested him to bring all he found upon the field, except the dead bodies, my strength failed and consciousness passed behind a cloud.

Opening my eyes one morning, after many days of unconscious slumberings, as I was afterward informed, I was greatly surprised to find myself surrounded by soldiers, among whom were two officers. My head seemed to be shattered into fragments and fast crumbling to atoms, while my flesh was consuming in the flames of a burning fever.

"Am I a prisoner?" was my first exclamation.

"No," exclaimed one of the shoulder-strap men, smiling, evidently pleased at indications of my re-

turning consciousness; "you are all right now. They can't take you prisoner. You will soon whip the whole Confederacy! But you must have rest. We have good news for you. I will call and see you to-morrow."

To-morrows came and went, one after another, till four weeks had passed away; still I could walk but little, and that with great difficulty. Another officer called, who informed me that the rebels had been severely whipped at Wilson's creek, and that everything was now quiet in the West. Bringing out all my personals, including both pieces of my broken sword, and handing me a *commission* from Father Abraham, he said to me that I ought to go North and recruit my health, but wished me first to spend a few days at the post, where my horses had been taken, and gain a little more strength.

On reaching the post, several letters were handed me—one from my prisoner, who was at Fort Scott. Writing to Leavenworth, I obtained a parole for Paul, who came up with several other wounded men on their way to Fort Leavenworth. Joining the company, I rode down with them, and after the unrolling of several yards of red tape, effected Paul's release.

Turning our faces toward the North, after a pleasant passage down the Missouri, stopping only at Boonville to deliver the watch and other articles to the mother of the fallen guerillas, and then up the Mississippi, Paul and I reached Minnesota safely in October, 1861.

“*Horrid work!*” exclaimed Paul, with moistened eyes, as we were walking away from the humble cottage in Boonville. It was a neat, orderly little home, with everything in place, but now desolate, sad, and dreary to the only remaining occupant.

“*Are my dear boys dead!*” were her first words, as we entered the door and she looked us in the face, uttered with those piercing tones of which a true mother only is capable, and prompted by that quick, sympathetic sensation of which the same tender heart alone is susceptible. The story was briefly told, and that as favorably and as tenderly as circumstances would permit; and the last tokens of affection from her unfortunate boys were committed to the heart-broken mother. Her bitter cries I still hear, and her wringing hands and burning tears are before me now,—they can never fade from memory’s page.

“Oh! I told them that the Union was right, and that God would sustain it,” were her last words falling upon our ears, as we passed from the door. I seem to hear them still!

CHAPTER XXI.

RIGHTEING UP AFFAIRS.

Again in Minnesota, my first business was to look around and prepare for coming winter—the most important part of the work was the building of a large addition to the old post.

Joe and his wife were still there—the same old

Joe, and the same patient Christian woman. Viola, if possible, was more beautiful, more sweet, more noble and more Christ-like. It was proposed that she should teach the first school at the post. Though her opportunities had been limited, she had but little trouble in qualifying herself for the task. When the new school-house was completed, on the first day of November, Viola was ready to commence school, boarding at our place. She had carried on the store all right during my absence, and, aided by her mother, had started a Sunday-school and gathered in about thirty children—one-half of them white, and the other half of every conceivable hue.

My post now consisted of two large log-houses, the logs being hewed to eight inches in thickness, and laid up in the form and manner of a block-house. As soon as my house was completed, we fitted up the east end for a store, filled it with goods of every description, and soon had plenty of custom. The Indians from the reservation, and the half-breeds who had settled around, flocked in to see me and to welcome me home.

One day they had a great hunt in the St. Peter's or Great Woods, and on their return, who should come in but Old Creek and his son. The old man was delighted to see me, and shouted:

“Little Creek learn read—Viola teach him heap 'bout Bible.”

Little Creek seized my hand, saying:

“Me glad you come back. Some traders say

you no come back—no business come and sell to Indian. Agent say no pay him for right, and he wish you post burned up."

Said I, "Creek, this is a free country—your agent is a rascal, stealing your annuity, and he ought to be removed. He employs all these dishonest traders to rob you of your money. They have no more right to cheat you than they have to steal my horse. You tell all the Indians to come down and trade with me; I will sell you as much for ten dollars as those dishonest sharpers will let you have for fifty; besides, I sell no fire-water to make you crazy. I have a good clerk coming soon, whom you will like, and he will deal honestly with you."

Reports of my return and business arrangements reaching the agency, Little Crow and many of his friends came down to see me and purchased their winter's supply of blankets.

Many of the leading traders soon called on me and asked why I sold goods at such low prices. I answered: "Because I do not wish to cheat the poor Indians, and I have but one price for all colors; and besides, it is my own business."

"Well," said they, "we came to have a friendly talk with you, and to see if we can fix upon a standard of prices."

"Well, gentlemen, I am glad to have you make me a visit, and I have ordered a quarter of venison roasted for our dinner; but so far as trade is concerned, my principles are to live and let live; and one thing further, if you please, that agent ought to be sent

to state's prison for his rascality. But I fear you are all sustaining him in his iniquity, and some day we shall have to take the consequences. Old Creek showed his head here last spring, and said he was afraid there was a storm brewing, but would say no more. I have written to Washington, giving a truthful account of matters according to my best understanding. But dinner is ready, let us join at the table."

About twenty men and women, including the Indians, sat down to the table. After dinner was over, Viola played and sung for half an hour. Our talk closed with a friendly shaking of hands, when one of the traders asked, "What is that young Indian doing here?"

"Attending school," I replied. "I board him free, and that young lady teaches him gratuitously. Please contrast our treatment of a poor Indian with that which he receives at the agency."

A letter from Paul, who tarried at Mankato, informed me that he would be up in a week. I then said to Joe, "We are going to have a young man to live with us, and to help me in the store. He is one of the F. F. V's. from old Virginia; you must not be so hard on the South. He is a young man of taste and refinement, as handsome as a picture, and it will make things very pleasant for us back-woodsmen to have a refined associate during the long winter evenings, won't it, Viola?"

She blushed a little and said, "I think so."

"Besides," I continued, "on Joe's account, I

have invited the Methodist minister to stop with us on his regular rounds upon his circuit."

"Well," said Joe, "you will have your trouble for your pains. I am going to kill deer this winter. What will you give me apiece for everything I can kill? Will you give me two dollars for every deer, wolf, fox, and otter that I will bring you?"

"Yes," said I, "but I want nothing but the hides of the dead."

I had said nothing of Paul's history, wishing him to come in unprejudiced.

Our new minister made his appearance one day, and said he would like to preach in our school-house, if it was desired.

"Should be very glad," said I, "so far as I am concerned."

"Yes," responded Joe, "the whole need no physician; but there are a few sinners here who ought to be converted."

"Well," said Mr. B., "I will preach every other Sunday for the benefit of those few sinners. I want none to come to hear me who do not need a physician."

On the following Sabbath, we all turned out to hear the new minister. Mr. B. was a tolerably good-looking man, about thirty years of age, not highly cultivated, nor much of an orator, but a powerful exhorter. As he spoke, he wept, and as he told the story of the cross, nearly all in the house were soon weeping, though, as it seemed to me, few knew why. One thing is certain, he adopted the

motto that a pound of honey will catch more flies than a pint of vinegar.

CHAPTER XXII.

PAUL. — MEETINGS. — SCHOOL.

Time passed on, and Paul came in unexpectedly one Saturday evening. He looked quite pale, and said that, after writing me, his arm became much worse, and the doctor at Mankato wanted to take it off, but he would not consent; that he bore all alone, not wishing to trouble me, as he felt that he could never repay me for the interest I had already taken in him.

“Pshaw! Paul, it is all right now. I am very sorry that I have occasioned you so much trouble. But how is your arm?”

“Better, but not well. Two slivers of bone came out, and since that it has not pained me so severely.”

“Cheer up, young man,” said I, “there is a long life yet before you;” and turning around, continued: “Paul, this is our school-ma’am, and this is her mother, Mrs. —, and this is her father, whom we call Uncle Joe. These comprise my whole family, and they kept my post running while I was down in Dixie. I hope, Paul, you will feel perfectly at home with us. We are in the extreme west of our settlements, and you will see society in its first formations. But it takes all sorts to make a world.

Only one thing, you must not get homesick. We have good hunting and fishing grounds, and the store is always full of *something*. It will be a good time for you to study character. You can see the proud Caucasian, the 'Habitan,' and the Canadian Frenchman (which means one half French and the other half Indian), from Canada, and a simon-pure Dakota, a full brother of 'Laughing Water,' from the banks of Minne-ha-ha," pointing through the window to Little Creek, who was cleaning his gun outside of the door. "And then we have a mixture of Indian, white man and darkey, which we call Guinea. So you see, Paul, we have all sorts."

"Yes," said Joe, "and the worst devil of them all is the Guinea. You must watch him, or he will steal the contribution-box from under your seat, while you are saying your prayers."

"Well, Paul, with all Joe's description of character, we have many good people in our shore settlement. You will have an opportunity to see them to-morrow, as Mr. B. preaches here, and they will be out in full force; then you can judge for yourself. A day's travel will take us to the old mission to hear the talented Dr. Williamson, one of the best and most useful men, laboring with might and main to make people better. But you will find in all old reservations, or near them, a bad state of society, and there is a cause for it. These locations have been the homes of soldiers, and haunts of lawless, marauding bands of men, for ages. A generation has been produced, recognized as

neither white, red, black, nor of any of the intervening bloods or complexions, and who hold themselves and who are held by others amenable to no laws of either savage tribes or civilized nations. Our government ought to prohibit, with severe penalties, any mixture of bloods of different colors, as it entails a curse upon society of the deepest dye, and as lasting as time."

Things went on pleasantly during the winter, at the post, with the exception of a law-suit which illustrates Western justice. A small boy was sent a few miles in great haste after a physician for his sick mother. Returning, he overtook a man with a team and sled, the boy having a cutter. After he had followed the sled some one hundred rods, more or less, the man turned out, apparently to give the boy an opportunity to pass, but he swore, at the trial, that it was to favor his horses with a better path. When the boy, attempting to pass, was nearly opposite the sled, the man put his whip to his horses, and, turning them suddenly to the left, ran the boy upon a stump, breaking and upsetting the cutter, seriously injuring the boy, and maiming a lady riding with him, for life. The man was brought before the court for damages. After a long trial, the jury returned a verdict of "No cause for action." The verdict was based upon the plea that, though the law says, when two teams meet, each shall turn to the right, nothing is said in reference to the manner in which one team shall pass another when both are going in the same direction.

Though it was proved, in court, that the course pursued in this case was a common practice of the man, he could not be held responsible, and the sufferers were without relief.

Paul came to feel himself very much at home with us, and seemed to be specially interested in the society of our young school-teacher. While Viola was engaged in her school, Paul was as faithfully engaged in the store. But the moment school was out, he was sure to have some reason for calling me to take his place, while he went to the post-office. Very soon, Paul and Viola would come walking up the street together, bringing my letters, which, whether they contained good or bad news for me, always seemed to be cheering to them. Viola's purity of character and high standard of personal moral worth, and my perfect confidence in the honest integrity of Paul, assured me of the existence of nothing but the purest feelings and the noblest purposes on their part. Their happiness seemed almost enviable, and I was almost ready to conclude the old adage, "the course of true love never did run smooth," a mistake. Still I felt a little restless, because of forebodings of coming changes in our social circle.

Entering the house one evening, after closing up business, I discovered Joe and his wife in earnest council, with tears rolling down the cheeks of the latter. Feeling myself intruding upon sacred feelings, I immediately withdrew from the room. But Joe at once called me back, saying he wished to

counsel with me a little. He commenced by saying he had never interfered with Bessie and her charge; but she felt so bad this time, that he must say something, and he did not know what to say, and he wished me to give my opinion respecting matters between Paul and Viola. Readily comprehending him, I replied by saying, "I am unprepared to say much. There is one thing, however, — I have never believed in interfering with young people's love affairs."

"But what do you know of this Paul?" both exclaimed at the same time.

"Not much," I replied, "only he is a Virginian; his name is Paul *Randolph*, and he is a descendant of the old Randolph family of that old Mother of States. But he is not intending to return till after the war closes. I think him quite wealthy; but this is uncertain. He is about twenty-five years of age, and, so far as I have seen or heard, he is a perfect gentleman. He is a fine scholar, having graduated at West Point; but he will not fight against his native state. His father is dead, and his mother has married again. The estate comes to him and his sister, if the war makes no change in such affairs. But there is nothing gained by haste. Let Bessie give her consent, on condition that everything comes out right with Paul. If he is the gentleman I take him to be, he will object to no honorable scrutiny of his character."

CHAPTER XXIII.

“NEW JERSEY.”—CROSSING THE RIVER.

February was well nigh passed, when a stranger came into the store. Looking at him a moment, I recognized his countenance, and exclaimed almost intuitively, “*New Jersey!* how do you do?”

Looking at me he said, “You have come California over me, this time.”

“Why,” said I, “don’t you remember when I asked you to sit down and rest your hands and face, coming up from the river.”

“Oh, yes, I do. I have been in California, and am just on my return. Soon as winter is over, I am going down South to help settle matters with Jeff Davis and his lawless bands. I spent three months in Virginia, with a regiment that enlisted for that time. The next hand I take in, I am going for the war.”

“*New Jersey*” slept with us over night, and on leaving in the morning, said: “I will come up here, if you think the Indians will not scalp me. I tell you what, stranger, you do not know these red devils. They will suck a white baby’s blood just as quick as a mosquito will; and I am afraid that one day they will serve you as they served the people at Spirit Lake. I was there, just before going to California, when they came in, scalped and tomahawked young and old, and took a young girl and her mother captives, and sold them beyond

the Rocky mountains; and only one of them ever came back. They ought to be shot, every one of them, or be sent beyond the Missouri. The red skins have no business here. An Indian is an Indian, wherever you find him. One day, when we were crossing the plains, the copper-colored varmints came down upon us with a shower of arrows, and of ten men, four were struck down. We were armed with good rifles, and we made a good use of them. The next day we came across their camp, where they had scalped all their captives but one man, and him they had actually *skinned alive!* He was just able to tell us his story, and death came to his relief."

"That was awful," said I; "but these Indians are more civilized than those on and about the plains."

The Dakota Indians might be divided into three classes—the Wild Indians, whose chief was Little Crow; those who had made some little advancement in agriculture, whose leader might be considered Other Day; and a large number of "half-breeds" with no leader, going where, when and how they pleased. Little Creek might be considered as belonging to the second class, though, if there was any Indian roguery going on, he wished to "take a hand in." His father had once been a powerful chief, but long since had given up all desire to lead, and was making some progress toward the light. He was honest and upright, striving to imitate the better class of white men.

But he had been so long an Indian, that it was hard for him to break away from Indian habits and Indian customs. He could, however, appreciate a kind act; he did not often forget a favor, and he was willing to make any sacrifice for his son. I had boarded Little Creek, free, three months, while he was attending school, except a few presents of skins which I accepted from courtesy. This I did to see if I could gain any influence over these Indians for their good. But the influences for evil were so many and so powerful, that it seemed almost impossible to accomplish much in the right direction.

Business now called me to take a trip of about twenty miles into the country. In returning, I had to cross the Muddy, or St. Peter's river, where I found no ferry—the Indian who ferried me across in former times having left his post. Night was at hand when I came upon the banks. To go back, I could not; to sleep on the ground was impossible, as about ten inches of snow had fallen, and I had no blankets for myself or my horse. The river was frozen on each side, about twenty rods from the banks, leaving an open space of about the same width in the middle. The water was running quite rapidly. To lead my horse out as far as the ice would bear, let the ice bend or break under us, and then to swim to the opposite shore, was my only course. It was quite cold, the sun was down, and there was no time to be lost. So I dismounted, to cross the river or to sink in the attempt.

Putting my arm through the bridle, cautiously I advanced, leading my horse to the edge of the open water. Fear seemed to take hold upon me as I and my poor horse stood shivering on the brink, when the ice suddenly gave way, putting an end to my suspense. Finding my arm still through the bridle, I struck out, without once going under the water, my horse keeping close by my side. We soon reached the ice on the other side, upon which I jumped, or crept, holding the reins and smashing away the ice till it became strong enough to bear me. Then standing upon my feet, I broke a channel about three feet wide, so far as I could do so with the heel of my boot. After considerable coaxing, my horse, who could now just touch the bottom, placed his fore feet upon the ice, I jerked the long rein and hallooed at the top of my voice, and my faithful animal came bouncing or bounding upon a solid foundation. Though the ice cracked in all directions, it did not break, and we were soon safely upon the bank. Again upon the land, I mounted and rode some three miles to a settler's cabin, where I was taken from my horse "more dead than alive." But in the morning I was all fresh again, and arrived at the post in due time, finding all things still quiet and in order.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE AERIAL RIDE.

On looking around, I saw the following notice upon a gate:

“SPIRITUAL MEETING AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE NEXT THURSDAY EVENING.”

As this was something new “out West,” I thought I would attend; not, however, because I believed in the theory. No; my belief was the very reverse. Though I had seen but very little of spiritualism, I had heard and read considerable about it, and believed it like all other humbugs, only that this bug was larger, and consequently the hum was louder and longer. But now, we were to have a fair chance to test it.

The evening came, and the lecturer commenced by saying, “The orthodox churches send the spirits of the dead away off to a great distance — to some unknown land. The truth is, spirits are here, right around us, in this mundane sphere. I can call up any spirit or ghost; and, after I am done speaking, I will explain any questions, and the spirits will lift that lady up to the ceiling without the help of hands, only the audience must keep quiet, and, at an appointed time, put out all the lights. I will commence with this lady, as she rises highest in her faith and spiritual instincts. The spirits can lift any of you, if you have faith in them.”

I had requested Joe and two others to bring

small pocket-lamps with them, as I expected there would be some legerdemain practiced by that chap, before he got through with his business; and, at a given word, all were to take their lamps from their overcoat pockets, and see what was going on. Two strangers had been seen around before the meeting commenced, and one of them came into the post and bought a small cord. We were all on the lookout for deception. I brought my large lantern with me, blew out the light, and put it under my seat.

At last the speaker closed, and all the lights were put out. We soon heard some very good singing, which he said was music by a choir of spirits. But I guess the spirits were in the flesh.

"You saw," said the speaker, "that there were only this lady and myself here. I wish some gentleman would come in and tie my hands and feet with this cord," which was done. "Now," said he, "you are all strangers to me; please listen attentively."

At that moment, bells commenced ringing in all parts of the house — no more where the gentleman and lady were than in other places. Indeed, they were holding a conversation about the coming ascension, at the same time. We heard her say, "The spirits are not communicative just yet." Instantly, bells commenced ringing in opposite directions, and I heard several spirits rapping in the wall or on it, all together. I also heard a slight jar, as though there was something moving lightly on the

floor. The voice of the woman was then heard saying, "Now I ascend on my spiritual flight," and she commenced singing, as gently she rose. In less time than it takes to say so, four lamps were in full blaze, illuminating the room, revealing the spiritual lady, seated in an easy chair, supported by three men. Her descent was much more rapid than her ascent, upsetting her spiritship, and revealing a splendid pair of calves, as she struck her side upon a desk. "*Men!*" she exclaimed, "this is the second time you have let me fall!"

The lights also made visible the two men who had been seen the day before. They, together with the man once bound, were elevating the woman when the room was so suddenly illuminated. The rope with which the man had been tied was found sticking out of his boots, cut into three pieces. The new rope lay upon the floor. On examining closely, we found the seat, upon which the ethereal traveler rode, to be a kind of pole arrangement, which would open and shut in such a peculiar manner as clearly to indicate the ingenuity of spirits in its invention and construction. The bells were found in the coat-tails of the strange gentlemen.

This troupe of spirits were permitted to leave unpunished, which I thought an evidence of the forbearance of the people at the post.

"Now, Joe," said I, "what do you think of the spirits?"

"Think!" said he, "I think they are *human humbugs*; and now, Cap, give us your opinion."

“Oh,” said I, “I believe in spirits, but in those of a high order, having the most refined aspirations, with affinities for heaven and for God. No man will employ an agent to represent him, not in accord with his own character. Do you think the spiritual God of holiness, who made the universe, and who can look upon sin with no degree of allowance, can employ such characters to represent his refined and holy children in heaven, to his wayward ones on earth? Will the Lord Jesus Christ employ spirits, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh, having no love for purity and holiness, and who have never rendered him any service, nor manifested any disposition to serve him, to act as his mediums between earth and heaven? The pure in heaven selecting vile deceivers of men, to bear their tender messages to afflicted friends on earth! What could be more absurd? Is heaven lower than earth? No, Joe, all there is in modern spiritualism, more than imposition, is simply magnetism, and that of the animal kind.”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PROTRACTED MEETING.

There had been meetings in the school-house every two weeks. But now, Mr. B. came to stop awhile, and to hold a protracted meeting. In opening the services, the minister told the people that he came to preach Christ to them—that he did not

want their money, nor their votes, neither did he seek any earthly favor—but he wished a bride for his Master; that he had but little to do with, and cared little about, philosophy, modern or ancient, but that Jesus Christ and him crucified, would be the center, sum and substance of his preaching.

As the meeting progressed, the people became more and more convinced of the sincerity and the honest professions of the preacher, till none could harbor a doubt that his whole soul was in his work. He told them, again and again, the simple story of Christ and the cross. That Jesus came down from heaven to save sinners, of whom he had felt himself to be the chief. But that God, for Christ's sake, as he knew, had forgiven his sins, and that the blood of the Lamb had made him clean. Pardon came and the blood was applied, just the moment that his heart believed. He did not care how big a sinner a man was, just the very moment that he believed in Christ, with all his heart, he would be saved; and the Spirit would testify clearly to that glorious fact. If any heart there was not saved, it was because that heart did not give up all, and believe in Christ. And then he would ask, with great earnestness, and in melting sympathy, "Now, do you believe in Jesus? Do you believe the Bible is God's word? Do you believe that God the Father sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, into our world to live, to suffer, and to die for you? Do you believe that Christ, as your Advocate, presents His tears and blood before the throne, and pleads

for the exercise of mercy in your own, personal case? Do you believe in the great deep of love in the bosom of the Father and of the Son? Think you that a father, a prince, a king, a God, having only one Son, and even seeing that no other ransom could save, gives him a living sacrifice, is not worthy your notice, your hearts, your service?" And then he would cry out from the very depths of his soul, throbbing and agonizing in the mingled sympathy and love of a dying Savior's heart, "I tell you, the Bible tells you, your own sinful heart tells you, that if you will not repent, if you do not repent, break off your sins, and give Christ your heart, you must, you will perish without hope! In the last day, Jesus, who will then be Judge, will say to your unwashed soul, '*Depart! depart! I know you not!*' And now, my dear friends, what will you do? Which way will you turn? What answer do you give me? What answer do you return to my God who sent me, and to my Savior for whom and in whose name and place I plead?"

On one day, at the close of one of these earnest appeals, a large, fine-looking gentleman arose, and after deliberately looking over the congregation, struck up, on a high key and in clear notes—

"Blood of Jesus! it makes me free the moment I believe!"

The whole congregation felt an instantaneous electrifying shock. As he sung, he wept, and as he wept, the congregation began to weep. Old sinners of fifty years — men and women — white,

black, red, and those of every hue, seemed to be pierced with a shaft from the eternal throne! and a general cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" shook the house. The sweet singer again rose to his feet, and said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Not less than fifty dropped upon their knees on the floor, and there was such a cry in the camp as I had never heard before, at the post!

Viola had superintended a Sunday-school at the post during the summer, and in the winter it had been kept up by other parties. In less than a month from the commencement of the protracted meeting, nearly all the Sunday-school, and almost every settler in the neighborhood, were moved through the influence of that meeting. Whole families bowed at the mercy seat, together. One evening an entire family, consisting of father, mother, four sisters and a brother, stepped into the narrow path and started for heaven, hand in hand.

But let no one imagine that this work stirred up no opposition. During the revival, a few families that had lived on the reservation a long time, and who, though white on the outside, were black within, came out on purpose to disturb the meeting and to please their master, the Devil, generally, by making faces at the Indians, winking at the young people, and mocking the good preacher. They were led by rather an ordinary-looking woman, about thirty years of age, with nothing in her appearance to attract special attention, except the

brass she carried in her countenance. But a little careful inspection discovered the mark of the beast in her forehead.

One evening, when the Spirit of the Lord was coming down like a mighty rushing wind, she commenced the work of her master. When in the midst of his sermon, the preacher stopped, and fixing his large eyes upon her, said, "Madam, we would rather you would not go to hell; but if you are resolved to do so, why don't you let those alone who are ashamed of your company, and keep right along down the road; it is broad enough, and you will find congenial companions plenty when you get there."

This was equal to a shot from an eleven-inch columbiad. After that, there was peace.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S TRIAL.

At the winding up of a lovefeast, in the spring, several young men expressed a conviction that they were called to preach. The people generally could hardly think their convictions correct.

"But," said I, "this is a free country; give any young man who thinks it his duty to preach the gospel, an opportunity to try his gifts."

A young man by the name of Jeff stepped up to me and said, "If you approve of it, I will speak next Sunday at one o'clock."

Notice was accordingly given that Jeff would preach at the school-house, the following Sabbath.

At the appointed time, the young would-be elder was on hand, and the congregation soon came. For the purpose of insuring good order, I was appointed chairman. After singing and prayers, the young aspirant for the black coat stood up and gave out his text, which was the last verse of the last chapter of John's Gospel. He commenced by saying, "I was out chopping. When I had chopped a large rail-tree partly down, and my axe was sticking in the tree, a voice came down the bark, saying, 'Jeff! Jeff! go preach my gospel!' The voice repeated the summons, two or three times. Then it seemed to come out on the axe-handle, enter my hands, run up my arms, and to pass all over and all through me, and I seemed to *feel* it sounding in my ears, 'Jeff, go preach my gospel!' I prayed, 'Send some one else.' But the voice said, 'Go!' and ever since I have heard the word, 'go, go,' sounding in my ears."

Jeff struck out and expounded his text for about an hour, when he sat down, saying, "Brothers, there is an opportunity for any to speak their minds."

It is scarcely necessary for me to say, Jeff's remarks were as wide of the mark as the boy's shot which he fired at his father's barn, when it killed the old cat on the garden gate.

An old gentleman, recently from the East, and who had attended the meeting some portion of the

time, weighing some two hundred pounds, arose slowly, by placing his hands on the seat in front of him and partly lifting himself up, opened his mouth, and said, "Jeff! Jeff! if the Lord ever called you out to preach, it is time that he called you back again," and sat down. There were no further exercises at that meeting, and I heard no more about our young man's call to preach.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOAT-RIDE.

The series of meetings closed the last of March, and everything promised an improved state of society, though we had a good many hard cases on our hands. The Sunday-school was re-organized, and I was appointed, or rather elected superintendent. About sixty scholars were put under my care—of every shade of color, as well as of every shade of character. Many of them were half-breeds, then grown up to manhood, and all were passionately fond of liquor. I soon found that I had my hands full.

In arranging the school, the small children were put in a department by themselves, the better portion of those remaining formed another division, and so on, in this order, reserving the oldest and most hardened for my own class. This class was made up of young men from twenty to thirty years of age. Upon application, we received

a donation of books from the Sunday-School Union, and a copy of the *Sunday-School Advocate* for each family. The best men and women at the post were secured as teachers, and many of the hardest cases soon showed signs of reform. From thirty to forty met regularly in class. The preacher obtained the services of an assistant, and we had preaching every Sunday, and about fifty dollars were raised around the post for the different benevolent objects. So all things seemed to be moving along pleasantly and prosperously, and I was feeling greatly encouraged, when, one day, I found that my pockets had been relieved of fifteen dollars by some one or more of my experts. I mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who only laughed at me, saying, "No doubt it is still in your own class."

Parties had built a nice little steamboat to run on the lake, for both business and pleasure. I chartered it and took the whole school out on an excursion. The day was pleasant, and all seemed as merry and happy as a May party, with the exception of considerable disorder and something of a row when on our return, occasioned by lager in the brains of a few, obtained on the other side of the lake. A large majority, however, were heartily ashamed of the conduct of their disorderly and unmanly companions, and came to me begging my charity and forbearance. On the committal of any crime, all eyes, in pursuit of the guilty parties, were turned at once toward the half-breeds, and all

was charged to my Sunday-school. I had done the best I could do, but there were some boys beyond my control; and when the courts anywhere sent a criminal to the state institution—as they frequently did—all who met me would say, “Cap, another of your scholars has passed up into the higher grades.”

Business called me to visit the warden of the state’s prison, or high school. On learning who I was, he said to me:

“I have charge of several of your scholars; but we have plenty of room for more. Sir, your Sunday-school has become as notorious as Billy Wilson’s Zouaves. I understand you leave your watch and pocket-book at home. But, sir, I thank you in the name of the state for what you are doing for these poor, ignorant people. You deserve a pension from the state. Why, sir, I have one of your scholars who says you preach one day on the seventh commandment, the second on the sixth, the third on the eighth, and so on through the decalogue.”

“I do the best I can,” was my simple reply.

Taking me by the hand, he said, “If they don’t heed you there, they do here, and if you knew their feelings you would not think your preaching all in vain.”

May was now well-nigh gone, and it was time for the payment of the Indian claims. We had trusted them considerably, and felt anxious for our pay, and we intended to close up business at the post, stores having become quite plenty in the vicinity, and I had promised Paul that I would go

East with him in the summer, if he would remain with me during the winter. He had remained, proved faithful in the store, done all he could do to make life pleasant at the post, and, better than all, had himself found the "pearl of great price." Paul and Viola were good singers, and, with the help of Little Creek, who had a splendid voice, were quite a power in the Sunday-school. When in the meetings they would start up—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

they made the old house ring, and, as the class-leader said, it seemed as though heaven had come down to earth.

C H A P T E R X X V I I I .

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

But the time had come that our family was to be broken up. Darkness was before us, but we knew it not. How little do we ever know of what awaits us! But one thing is certain—"all things work together for good to them that love God." God sees not as man sees, and suffers many things to come to pass to wean us from earth and fit us for heaven.

I went up to the lower agency, but was disappointed. On account of delays somewhere, avoidable or unavoidable, the money did not come, and the Indians were terribly enraged and made some

threatening demonstrations. The soldiers at Fort Ridgely were called out, and the Indians were frightened, but not subdued. They were supplied with blankets, and Gilbreth, their agent, made a speech and promised them that their cash should be on hand in a short time. We felt the disappointment very severely, as there was a large amount due me for supplies furnished the different missionary stations, and Viola's wedding was soon to come off. Paul had not drawn a penny in payment for seven months' faithful services in the store, and Viola, the beautiful, lovely, sweet singer of the post, was about to leave the place, and she had made me her banker. Joe and his wife had determined to go back to their old home on Lake Champlain. But all were sorely disappointed, and all plans were disarranged and frustrated by this failure on the part of the government. About six thousand dollars would have made all things smooth and easy with me and the Indians. I had sold my post to "New Jersey," who had returned from Virginia.

Little Creek and his father came in, one or two days after I returned from the agency, and said: "We very sorry can't pay you, and all poor Indians we promise for, can't pay you. But they will pay soon as the President sends the money." But Old Creek said, "I 'fraid. Indian very mad. Spark set whole country in blaze!" How well founded were these fears, we shall shortly see.

I went immediately to the upper agency, and informed Gilbreth, the agent of the Dakota or Sioux Indians, respecting the state of affairs. He said all would blow over in a short time. As I was acquainted with all the leading Indians in the country, on my return I called on Little Crow and Other Day, at their traps. I found them smoking their pipes of kinnikinic. They said they were much disappointed, and could not pay me one cent. "Never mind," said I, "you will all get your money by-and-by, and it will do you just as much good when it comes."

Little Crow said, "I guess your Great Father is hard pressed. Is it true that New York is burned, and Boston and Philadelphia and other cities? I hear so last time I was at Mankato. All your money gone. President must be hard up for men, or he no take our half-breeds for soldiers. By and by, you have nobody but old women left, and we get no money."

I laughed at Little Crow, and said, "We have plenty of men and money; but each state furnishes its own men, and in its own way. Neither New York, Philadelphia, Boston, nor any other city is burned. We have the rebels surrounded, and they must give up before long. We have more men in the field than you could count in ten years:—three hundred thousand at the East, three hundred thousand at the West, three hundred thousand drilling at the North, and as many more ready to go if they are wanted. But our governor thought that

some of you might like to go and have a share in the hunt and in the game, and so he gave you a chance."

When the Indians heard that I was at the agency they came to Little Crow's traps and crowded around me, saying:

"You always good to us; give us bread—not whisky. Sorry can't pay you. How is Viola, and Joe and his good squaw? We no come and see you any more; no got any money."

"Come just the same," said I; "when you get your money, you will all pay me."

"Oh, yes," they replied, all speaking at once, "if we ever get it."

"Well," said I, "I will warrant you that inside of one month, you will all get your money; and if any of you want tea, tobacco, or anything else for your comfort, come down and get it; but don't come drunk, for I will not let a drunken Indian have anything."

Old Creek had been away, but he came in while I was speaking. Rushing through the crowd, he grasped my hand, crying out, "How is all the folks at the post?" adding, "We very much disappointed; but I tell our Indians, you say we get money in thirty days, guess um feel better."

Little Crow, looking up with his piercing eyes, said, with a significant tone of voice, "If you believe agent have plenty money, lend me twenty dollars, and I pay you first money I get."

Said I, "Here is your money," taking it from my

pocket; "but upon one condition, and that is, that not one cent shall be spent for liquor." He promised accordingly; but Little Crow's promises were worth but little, though he would pay his debts. He was a smart Indian, and had been to Washington, once or twice, on business for his tribe. His Dakota name was Tah-o-ya-tah-doo-ta — in English, signifying crafty and cunning. Several other Indians borrowed small sums of money of me.

C H A P T E R X X I X .

THE GATHERING STORM.

After holding a talk with most of the leading men at the post and in the vicinity, I called out Old Creek and Little Crow, and said to them, "Your people are very much dissatisfied and discontented. Now, there are a great many wild Indians here, and you must keep them quiet. Will you bring me word, if there is an outbreak? You have always found me your friend, and I expect to find friends in both of you. What do you say?"

Old Creek spoke first, saying, "Yes, you always red man's friend. Tell good Viola, no fear."

"Yes," said Little Crow, "we your friends. But what this mean? Big man come down from British country; had plenty money; tell our people, now good time to drive all pale faces from land of Dakotas, and they get all help they want."

Said I, "Little Crow, that is one of Jeff Davis' lies. You will get no help. If Indians break treaty, they will not get their pay, and they will lose all their lands. You know the government is doing all it can for you. Look at your house, at all these nice brick houses, these cornfields, these school-houses, these churches, these bridges, and these fences, and see how comfortably you are living. If there is a trader or an agent who has done you a wrong, you should not charge that to the government. Look at all the missionaries, laboring so constantly and so earnestly, to make your people better and happier. The government has spent more than one hundred thousand dollars at the Yellow mission and the other agency, and is still doing all it can do for your good."

"We will always be your friends," Little Crow again replied.

Bidding them good-by, I started my horse homeward, with vague apprehensions of an approaching storm. There were about two thousand Indian warriors in the country, many of them belonging to distant, wild bands of Dakotas, whom I had never seen, only as they came to the post and drew their annuities. The idea of two thousand Indian warriors upon the war-path, was truly a fearful one. The country was sparsely settled with people of almost all nationalities, in log houses or small frame buildings. They were without organization, and were almost entirely destitute of arms. We had only about one hundred soldiers at Fort Ridgely.

Two thousand Indian warriors, let loose upon us, with tomahawks and scalping-knives, would carry death and destruction to many a home, before relief could be obtained.

The following incident from Dr. Williamson, one of the most reliable men with whom our country was ever honored, and one of the most faithful and devoted friends of the Indian which he ever had, will illustrate the character, disposition, and spirit of the Dakotas :

A young warrior was arrested for murder, and put under guard at the upper or "Yellow Medicine Agency." Watching his opportunity, he made his escape, though fired upon and severely wounded. Faint from the loss of blood, he sat down by the roadside at Pa-yu-to-zee-zee, opposite Dr. Williamson's. A crowd soon gathered around him. The doctor with a friend went out, prepared to dress his wounds. Just as he was entering the crowd, a voice cried out, "*Look out for that knife!*" Instantly, he turned around, when he saw a squaw with a dagger in her hand already raised for a stab in his back. Her arm had been caught and was held back by a friendly hand. The doctor, as he said, seeing the danger was over, passed on, found the young man, and examined and bound up his wounds. The young man, however, died soon after.

When one of the Dakotas is killed, the custom of the tribe requires the nearest of kin to assassinate either the one who took the life, or some other one belonging to the same family or tribe. The father

of that Indian selected Dr. Williamson as the victim of his revenge. One day, while the doctor was at work in his garden, the family, observing a suspicious-looking Indian, painted in his war stripes, prowling around behind the fence, called the doctor into the house. He went in and took his seat in a rocking-chair in the front room, from which a door opened out into the piazza, where there were a couple of benches. The Indian came round, with his rifle under his blanket, and sat down upon one of the benches. Another Indian custom requires them to eat whenever asked to do so by any one whom they recognize as a friend. A sister of Mr. Williamson's went out, saluted the Indian, and asked him if he would not eat something, as he must be tired. He shook his head, with a dark scowl upon his brow. The doctor, who had previously apprehended no danger, saw in that movement a sure sign of hostility. If an Indian refuses to eat in your house, it is hardly less than positive proof that he intends to harm you. Presently he got up, came in, and took a seat inside of the door. The doctor well knew that if he evinced any feelings of alarm, he should precipitate an attack; so he sat still, looking the Indian in the face. Miss Williamson came in with a plate of food and urged him to eat. He was tired and hungry, and it was evident, very soon, that he felt a fearful strife in his bosom, between revenge and hunger. He cast a glance alternately at the doctor, the gun, and the food. At length hunger conquered. He laid

down his gun, took up the plate, and disposed of all its contents. Then, wrapping his blanket around him, confessing his malicious design, owning himself outdone and overcome, and promising undying friendship, he bade the doctor and his family an Indian good-bye, and took his leave.

On reaching home, I called a counsel and informed all friends of the circumstances and events which had transpired. Paul called me aside and informed me that he would like to go East immediately, as the Union troops were occupying the country around his home. I had already secured a pass for him, through the governor of Minnesota. He also said that he should be obliged to defer his marriage till he returned, which would be in about six weeks. I told him I would go to Mankato and raise the money due him and Viola, if that would relieve him, but that he must settle matters respecting the proposed marriage with Viola.

It was a pleasant day in July. After dinner, Paul and Viola went out to take another sail on the lake where they had spent so many pleasant hours. During their absence, I told Joe and his wife what Paul had said about going East and postponing the marriage ceremony. His proposition chimed in with their feelings exactly, as they wished to go East with Viola when she went, and Paul had already told them they need not be separated, as he was rich in lands and buildings in old Virginia, and that if he possessed the whole Shenandoah valley, that would be but a small return for such a pre-

cious *jewel*. It was clear enough that Paul was in deep love with Viola, and that he had been since the time that he first saw her; but he thought it better to go down and see how matters were at his old home, before taking her along with him.

Evening came, and "New Jersey" returned from a day's hunt. While at tea, he asked:

"Are you going East before we settle upon the value of things in the store?"

I replied, "On the tenth of August you shall have possession, if God wills, and you may fill up, after that date. Till then, you may take Paul's place, as he is to leave on Monday for a visit to his old home; and that will give you an opportunity to become acquainted with my customers. They are coming down from the agency next week, and I will inform them of my sale and advise them to continue their business with you as my successor.

CHAPTER XXX.

INTERESTING EXERCISES.

The next day was the Sabbath, and a memorable day it proved to be. The meeting on that Sabbath will never be forgotten by those who participated in the services, or those who simply witnessed them. When it was announced that Paul intended to leave for the East next morning, the whole class felt the shock, and when he stood up to speak, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. When

the first overpowering flow of feeling had sufficiently subsided to permit him to speak, he said: "Brethren and sisters in Christ, I am very thankful that I came to this place to live, and I can say, in the strong language of Brother B., I feel that the blood of Jesus makes me free from guilt and sin. I can never forget the happy hours I have enjoyed in this little school-house. How many precious sermons I have heard! How many happy greetings I have received! How many hallowed seasons of sweetest communion with our precious Savior and the heavenly Comforter whom He promised to send, have we shared together! Oh, how my heart now burns with love, and leaps with joy! I hope we shall all remember each other at the throne of grace; and wherever I go, it is my purpose never to forget or neglect to pray that we may all meet again, if not in this world, upon that happy, blood-besprinkled shore, where friends never part! But, brethren, to meet there, we must watch and fight as well as pray here. Oh, increase my courage, Lord, to walk this dangerous way. Oh, friends, I feel that I am surely near the kingdom. I thirst, I pant for perfect love. Oh, may it fill my whole heart. My farewell will die away, our separation will be over, and we shall soon meet again, if not upon these mortal plains, upon that ever green shore, where the howl of the savage will be heard no more. Let us prove faithful unto death."

There was a class of about fifty present, and

when they all had spoken, Viola struck up the good old hymn—

“ Shall we gather at the river, where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever flowing by the throne of God ?

CHORUS—

Yes, we'll gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river that flows by the throne of God.

“ On the margin of the river, washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever, all the happy golden day.

CHORUS.

“ Ere we reach the shining river, lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver, and provide a robe and crown.”

CHORUS.

At the close of the singing, the meeting broke up, and the members parted, as it proved, never all to meet again. Strange feelings of sadness, amounting to almost premonitions of calamity, mingled with the deep joys of pure devotion on that occasion. As the members passed out of the house, the pastor took each by the hand, and, with streaming eyes, said, “ God bless you ! ” But when taking the hands of Paul and Viola, he said, “ Thank God ! the blood of Jesus—it makes us free the moment we believe ! ”

Presently, I saw Paul and the minister, arm in arm, coming toward the post, and immediately I experienced a sensation of relief, thinking that Paul might have changed his plans. For a few days I had been somewhat troubled, anticipating a serious shock upon the very delicate and nervous system of Viola, by the approaching separation; and still I hesitated about saying anything respecting it, though I had always taken the deepest in-

terest in Viola's welfare. But I had counseled the taking of time, and had never doubted that Paul was just what he represented himself to be, and I did not feel like interfering then. Paul and Viola had spent nine months in company. Viola, though naturally very modest and retiring, had taken a leading position in carrying forward every good work, and had labored constantly and earnestly in promoting the interests of the people. She possessed the most unselfish nature that I had ever known. Religion seemed to be woven into every fiber of her being, and she had made it a life-work. She sought the Lord in her youth, yea, in her very childhood, and she found nothing to regret in her experience. She accomplished more by her example than her precepts, as she carried her religion into all the walks of life. Paul, after his conversion, had encouraged her in every possible way, and rendered her all possible assistance, in her noble work. If Viola knew of any one sick or in trouble, she would say, "Now, Paul, how much will you give?" or, "Will you take me over to poor Mrs. A's? I know the snow is deep, and the road is badly drifted. But the old horse will wallow through, and we will be able to do some good to-day. The Bible says, 'Put not off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.' To-morrow may never come." Her school at the post, which she taught that season, was to close in about three weeks.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE SNOW.

The health of Viola's mother had been very poor through the summer, resulting from a severe cold taken the winter before. When returning from Mankato, in company with her husband, they were overtaken by a fearful storm, the snow falling so rapidly and drifting so fast, that they soon lost sight of all fences, and were unable to trace the road. Poor Joe had to work harder than he had ever worked before. When a little above Fort Ridgely, on the prairie, night came on; the wind blew a gale, and the snow piled up almost mountain high. It was not so cold as stormy; but the horse could go no further, and there was no house nor light to be seen. After struggling till struggling seemed in vain, Joe gave up all for lost; but his devoted wife fell upon her knees and presented the whole matter to her Lord. She told me that, while praying, Joe joined in earnestly, and that she heard him promise the Lord that if he would spare him and his wife, he would serve him, the best he could, the remainder of his life. It was, probably, Joe's first sincere prayer. What an illustration of frail men! When in trouble, they will call upon God with all their souls; but no sooner does God hear and rescue them, than, like the children of Israel, they forget both God and their prayers.

After prayers, both took courage. Joe tramped down the snow around the horse and cutter, and then turned up the cutter in such a position as to make of that and the shafts, covered with the horse blankets, a kind of bower. The snow soon drifted over all, and formed quite a good protection. With two buffalo-robies, and some dry goods they had in the cutter, they made quite a comfortable bed, upon which, they assured me, they slept quite well till after daylight the next morning. They then broke camp and soon found their way to a farm-house. Hard shoveling rescued horse, cutter and dry goods from their snow blockade. But the exposure of that night made sad work with the feeble constitution of the noble Bessie.

C H A P T E R X X X I I .

THE PARTING.

To-morrow was to try the nerves of Viola. Mr. B. left for home as usual, and seeing no indications of changing plans on the part of the young folks, I concluded that Paul intended to carry out his arrangements for visiting Virginia and putting his home in order for his future bride. After singing—

“Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon,”

all retired to rest,—Paul, perhaps, to dream of

seeing his old home once more, and to repeat to himself the song of the "Old Oaken Bucket"—

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell."

After breakfast, in a very earnest and truly devotional prayer, Paul commended us all to the care of Him who will not let a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice; and the very moment for separation had come.

"How will Viola's religion carry her through this ordeal?" my silent thoughts asked myself. Paul sat motionless in his favorite office-chair, almost as white as a marble statue. Viola came in, and said, "Let us sing," having stepped to the door, as I supposed, to avoid our gaze at the separation, but, as it finally appeared, to brace up her firmness. She then, taking the lead for the first time since she and Paul commenced singing together, struck up —

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God;"

and when she struck the next line, Paul joined in with her, and they sang most sweetly —

"Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

"Happy day! happy day! when Jesus washed my sins away,
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day! happy day! when Jesus washed my sins away!

"O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move."

Paul arose, approached Viola, who had already taken one step toward him, pressed that sweet treasure to his bosom, impressed a kiss on those rose-buds of innocence — her lovely lips, and, walking to the door, jumped into the buggy, and Joe drove him to Mankato. As the buggy rolled away, Viola stepped into the house, but immediately fell into her mother's arms, who laid her upon the sofa. She soon recovered herself, and exclaimed, "It is hard, but it must be so!" and raising herself, said, "My school!" I then informed her that I had engaged Miss C. to attend to her school that day.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PREPARING FOR A CONFLICT.

The Indians came down and we had a good week's trade, only it was wholly on credit. Little Crow and Old Creek brought a beautiful bead-worked satchel as a present to Viola, and a pair of bead-worked moccasins for her mother, as a present from Little Creek. Little Crow told me that all was quiet at the agency, but said his people were very much discouraged. I encouraged him all in my power, and gave about fifty Indians dinners, on one day. Old Creek gave me to under-

stand that there would be no harm in being well prepared to defend ourselves at any time.

After all the Indians had gone away, I told "New Jersey" there might be trouble, as there were a great many strange bands of Dakotas up at the Yellow Medicine, and if they obtained liquor, we might look out for raiding. So we carefully examined all our arms, and made every preparation for defense which our circumstances would permit. I had my old Sharpe's breech-loader, "New Jersey" had a good Spencer rifle, and Joe had his old-fashioned rifle and a good double-barrel shot-gun, with a large supply of buckshot. We lived in the back part of a double log-house, and made use of the other part for a store. We had plank doors four inches thick, made by doubling common two-inch walnut, and large, strong fastenings; so that we could not be easily surprised and captured. There were three men of us who knew no fear, and we were resolved to defend ourselves and our home to the last, should we be attacked. True, "New Jersey" was wounded in the spring, in a battle in the Shenandoah valley, from which he had not fully recovered. I mentioned my misgivings to several of my neighbors, but they only turned their heads aside and laughed.

Time passed on till the middle of August, when Joe returned from St. Peter's with the news that three men had been scalped in the Big Woods down below, that Indians had been seen in all directions, and that the people were excited to the highest

degree. It was night when he reached home, having driven all the way from St. Peter's during the day. I informed some of my friends, but they put no confidence in the reports, saying they were gotten up by copperheads to stop men from enlisting. "Well," said "New Jersey," "I believe them to be true. I have lived many years among the red devils, and if they get drunk, they will tomahawk and scalp a white man or woman, in no time." Several half-breeds came in, in the morning, and I asked them what they thought of the reports. Their answer was that they did not know, but feared they were true. The next day, I called over to a neighbor's house, when he said: "There are strange stories about the Indians. It is said that they are all coming up from the Big Woods, and they have already killed and scalped several whites. We had better organize at once." We immediately sent out a request for all settlers to come in to consult and see what could be done. Only about a dozen came, and they did not see fit to take any decided action further than to purchase a good supply of ammunition, which gave all others an occasion to laugh, saying, "The Cap wants to sell all his powder, before he leaves."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TERRIBLE SUNDAY.

But Sunday morning came, and, with it, the terrible news that the Indians had commenced shoot-

ing, murdering, scalping, and burning everything before them, and that the lower agency was all in ashes. Still the people would not believe. The preacher came, but to say that he could not preach —the Indians were burning and tomahawking all in their way, and that he must go and take care of his family. So saying, he turned his horses down the lane, and was soon out of sight. After a few words from myself and others, the bewildered congregation broke up in haste and confusion, some running for one thing, and others for another. While hurrying back to the post, I informed Joe, his wife, and Viola fully respecting what I had heard. "New Jersey" was with us, and he thought he could already see the rising smoke, in the distance. "What shall we do?" was the question upon every lip. The unanimous decision was to remain and defend the post, to the last. Our force consisted of Joe, "New Jersey," myself, Joe's wife and Viola, besides a hired man and a servant girl, who were both absent. But they came in about dark, in a fearful state of excitement, and with faces flooded with tears, cried out, "*The Indians! The Indians!* they are after murthering iver one, an' so they are! Not one of us 'll be live in the mornin', shurè! The black divils 'll have our scalps! an' divil's curse to us for iver comin' to the country! It's a bank breaks to-day and a rebellion to-morrow. And if ye leave them and go West, it's your scalp 'll be payin' for it, an' so it is. I wish I had niver see the country,

indeed, an' I do—wish I was back in sweet auld Ireland, an' I do, where there an't nather Indians nor snakes nather, to bother me. Holy Mother! save us! Must I die by an *Indian!*!"

"Pat," said I, "we have each voted as to whether we will stay and defend the post, or take the old horse and this sick woman and try to escape down the river. Now, what do you say? You are at liberty to do as you please."

"*I!*" says Pat—"be jabers, I'll niver leave the man what's befrinded me; I'll niver be so mane as that, sorrow take me, if I do. Have you got niver a gun for me?"

"Yes, Pat, and plenty of powder and balls," I answered.

"Well, thin, it's myself that 'll pay the red divils, if they don't get the start of me," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "it is a fixed fact that we are all for fight if need be, and," turning to Viola and her sick mother, "we will fix a place that will be safe, I hope, for you in the cellar. Keep yourselves composed, and if it is God's will to spare us till morning, we will try our luck in running, as most of our neighbors have done to-day. 'New Jersey,' there is about two feet of stone wall under the house; will you make a few holes through it, at different points, so that we can use them as port, or shooting holes? One of us will stand sentinel for a time, changing every three hours, and keep up a strict watch all night, so that they will not find us napping. Won't that be best? What say you all?"

All exclaimed, "We elect you captain for the night, and are ready to do just what you say."

"Well," said I, "in fighting Indians, every one must fight on his own hook. So far as I can command or advise, I will do so; and, observe, you will help Viola all you can to take care of her mother. We want a good supper, and plenty to eat during the night. Now, Pat, let the cow out of the yard, and turn old Jim loose down in the woods by the lake. If they burn the hay and the barn, that will not endanger us much, as the wind is in the south, and that will favor us."

After supper, we sung —

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

"Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

"I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my soul,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed."

We had all our double-plank window-blinds and door-shutters put carefully and firmly in their places, and all securely bolted and barred with irons, except one door; all goods were stowed away in the cellar, and all combustible materials removed from the chamber; eight barrels of water were brought into the store, and we had an abundant

supply of provisions. Then, after solemnly commanding ourselves to the care of that God who sees not as man sees and who doeth all things right, all retired to rest, except "New Jersey" and myself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE AWFUL SUNDAY NIGHT.

"New Jersey" took the first watch; and I, gun in hand, went out and ascended to the summit of an Indian mound, not far distant. It was so dark, that any light would be seen at a considerable distance. Looking around, I discovered two lights to the northward and westward. Surely, they must be stacks of grain, as no threshing had been done in that section of the country. I judged them to be about ten miles away, in the Norwegian settlement, though they might not have been more than half that distance. In about an hour, I saw another, and yet another, blazing far up into the heavens! There could be, no longer, any doubt! *They were coming!*

But where were Little Creek and his father? That they did not make their appearance was the greatest mystery to me. Both of them had promised to give me timely warning of any approaching danger; and Little Crow had done the same. What had become of them? Little Crow, I knew, was not to be trusted; but in Old Creek and his

son, I had full confidence. What could be the matter?

But this was no place, longer, for me. I was about a mile from the post, and the Indians might be already skulking around. So I gave up my picket-station and returned to the post. I neither saw nor heard anything to attract special attention, till meeting "New Jersey," who, in company with old Ponto, my noble Newfoundland dog, had started out in search of me.

Said "New Jersey," "The devils are at work!"

"Yes," said I. "Where are all the folks in, and around, the grove? Do you think they are gone? There are no lights to be seen."

"Oh, no," he replied; "the fools are all in bed, and will be, till they are scalped."

As we approached the door, another fire blazed up, not more than three miles distant, at the lower end of the lake. It was a house in flames. Listening, we could distinctly hear the wild savage shouts, echoing, and re-echoing, far and wide!

On reaching the post, I informed all of what was going on, down at the foot of the lake. All barrels of oil were rolled out of the store and down by the stable. A box of candles was put into the cellar. The cellar floor was made of puncheons, except the trap-door and the outside door, which were firmly fastened, on the inside. All the bedding was packed against the cellar door, except what was in use.

Twelve o'clock passed, and Pat mounted guard.

In a few moments, he came in, saying, "The villains of the world are playing the devil down by the edge of the grove. You better get up, Cap."

Up I got immediately, and, sure enough, within one mile, there were several grain stacks, a house and a barn, all in a blaze! and yells and shrieks made the very darkness quiver around us.

"What do you think of them now, Pat? Are you all fight?"

"And it's myself will fight as long as there's an inch of me lift."

"New Jersey," Joe and Pat were as cool as cucumbers. We had three port-holes on the north, three on the east, six on the south, and three on the west, and, also, a "lookout" in the chamber, on each side, so that we might see what was going on without. But the night was *so dark!*

Very soon, Joe came to me, and said, "My wife wants to see you." So Joe and I went down, leaving Pat and "New Jersey" on guard. When I approached her bedside, the ripe saint seemed to be just ready to cross the river.

Viola broke the silence, saying, "Mother is scared almost to death."

Her mother, then, in nervous and convulsive tones, asked, "Are the Indians here? are the Indians come, at last?"

"No, ma'am," said I; "there are some signs of them down along by the edge of the grove; but there are none here."

She became calm, when I assured her that we

could hold the house till morning, and that then friendly, civilized Indians would be sure to come down and save us; that she need not be alarmed, for we had the same God in whom to trust, and to defend us, who rescued Daniel from the hungry lions, and the three Hebrews from the consuming fires; and that he was the same God to-day that he was when he went into the lions' den and the furnace of fire.

"I know," said she, "that Jesus is mine. I feel his power to save." And then, assisted by Viola, she sung, in a clear voice —

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone —
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view."

With her hand in Viola's, she fell asleep.

I returned to the post of danger, leaving Joe, in tears, by the bed-side of his dying wife, and Viola, on her knees, with the hand of her dying mother in hers. Passing out, I told Joe to come up, if he heard any noise, as I thought his wife was comfortable, and resting quietly.

On leaving the cellar, I stepped out at the door and passed around outside of the house. Coming to "New Jersey," I asked:

"Do you see anything strange or singular?"

"Yes," said he, in a low whisper; "what is that? There are no logs there, piled up in that shape."

I looked, and, sure as day, there was something like logs, out about four or five rods from the door.

Said I, "Boys, go inside, noiselessly."

Going in, we closed the doors firmly after us, fastening them on the inside.

Addressing Joe, who had just come up, I said, "Do you see that log in the road? What does that mean?"

"Indians!" he exclaimed, and suiting action to thought and word, instantly raised his gun, took hasty, but sure, aim and *fired!*

The rain having ceased and the clouds partly broken away, one could now see a short distance. I saw the "log" spring up to almost an erect position, and then fall again upon the ground. Then all fired at the heap of "logs," just beyond. The crack of our rifles was followed by one of the most unearthly yells, from that pile of "logs," that ever greeted mortal ears! All commenced firing in good earnest. But said I, "Boys, keep cool; they can't hit us, nor can they burn us out, for it has rained quite hard the past six hours, and we will thin them out before morning." We then received about fifty shots; none of them, however, doing us any harm. Joe and Pat were directed to take care of the back part of the house, and "New Jersey" was sent up stairs, with directions to keep a close watch and let us know which way the crowd went, that we might concentrate our forces at any point where it might become necessary. I had my Sharpe's rifle, in good condition, and two hundred cartridges, by my side, and I was a sure marksman at about four rods. The Indians were lying flat on

the ground, and firing at every part of the house. But my breech-loader was too much for them, and they soon moved north and fell behind the hay stacks. From this position, they kept up a fire for about an hour, when they concluded that it did not pay; for as sure as one of them showed himself, Joe or "New Jersey" popped him over, and they yelled like so many demons from the bottomless pit. They thought they had gained a point, when they set the barn and a small stack of prairie hay on fire. But they learned their mistake. There were about thirty red-skins behind the stack. The heat soon became so intense that they were obliged to fall back, where they became good marks for our rifles, and they fell faster than before.

They then resolved to take the house by storm. Many of them seizing sticks of cord-wood, came rushing up to the walls, and with maddened fury attempted to beat them down, or to make some breach in them. But finding their efforts were of no avail, some eight or ten of them went to a pile of timber, laid hold upon a long stick, and coming up on the dark side, showed their knowledge of art, by using it as a battering-ram. Before we could make a new port-hole, which we found necessary to bring our rifles to bear upon them, they knocked in one of the windows, plank-blind, iron bar, staple and all the fastenings. Instantly, a big Indian thrust his head and shoulders through the breach. But old Ponto had not been a mere idle spectator in the conflict. He conceived it to be his time,

and seizing the wretch by the throat, drew him to the floor, put an end to his war cries, and sent him over into foreign hunting-grounds, before we fully realized what part he was taking in the play. Immediately, two other Indians rushed up and fired two shots through the window; but, as it was dark within, they could fire only at random, and, fortunately, they did no harm. Their shots were returned, which made them more cautious, and they fell back behind some shade trees, some ten rods distant.

When clearing the house of combustibles, the evening before, we rolled four barrels of kerosene into a back room in the small barn. A whoop was now heard from the side of the burning barn, and the Indians all rushed to the spot. "Whisky! whisky!" then echoed through the darkness, and we could see them at work, trying to roll one of the barrels of kerosene, which they had mistaken for whisky, from the burning building. A shower of bullets from the rifles of Joe and "New Jersey" only stimulated them to work the more earnestly. With poles, they succeeded in raising one barrel to the top of the sill, and it rolled down from ten to twenty feet, and lodged against a tree. We ceased firing, as I said, "Boys, they have caught an elephant, this time."

The barrel was still burning, and they all gathered around it in an effort to extinguish the fire; but, in the twinkling of an eye, it exploded, with the noise of thunder, shaking the ground like

an earthquake. An instant of awful stillness followed, and then, a shower of fire, mangled Indians, logs, brush, dirt, mud, coals, and almost everything conceivable. Three similar explosions immediately followed each other, in quick succession, making the earth tremble, shattering the barn to fragments, crashing through the little grove around it, and then hushing everything to silence. I guess the Indians thought the end of the world had come, as, indeed, it had, so far as many of them were concerned. We listened, attentively, and watched, most carefully, for some twenty minutes; but we could hear no sounds, nor discover any signs of moving life around. There were no burning barns or haystacks to be seen, only small specks of light here and there, which the rain, again falling in torrents, soon extinguished. Our broken window was soon repaired, "New Jersey" came down from his post of duty in the chamber, and we partook of a refreshing lunch. It was then past three in the morning, and we could see some signs of daylight, in the east.

So far, it had been a hard night with us, and yet, we could not complain. We had defended our post and maintained our position, suffering only in the loss of property which had been burned. But all were nearly exhausted, and no one could tell how soon the Indians might return, and, perhaps, in greater numbers. We held a council, and decided not to open the doors, nor to go outside of the house; but the air had become very close,

and we found it necessary to make some additional openings from the chamber, for the purpose of ventilation.

After lunch, Joe went down into the cellar, to see how Viola and her mother were getting along. He immediately returned and asked us to go down. I told Pat to take "New Jersey's" place at the watch, and the rest of us went down. As soon as I approached the bedside of the sick woman, I saw that the night's excitement had done its work there. Viola stood holding her mother's hand in hers, while her mother lay with a faint, but sweet smile on her face. I asked, "How do you feel?"

"All is well," she replied.

She was perfectly calm and self-possessed; and, in a beautifully clear and sweet tone of voice, she said: "Joseph, I am going where the Indians, nor the wicked will trouble me more—where I shall be forever at rest. I want you to meet me there. Will you promise?"

"Yes," was all that the poor, powder-blackened man could say.

Turning to me, she said, "Don't miss the entrance to heaven on account of mere technicalities. Will you all meet me in heaven? I thank you, sir, for all your kindness to me. I cannot repay you, but God will."

Then she rested, and I said to her, "You have already more than paid me, in your many acts of Christian kindness, and I thank you, a thousand

times, for your good advice, not only to me, but to my entire household."

A little later she said, in a low whisper, "The only legacy I leave to the world is my child. And, if I have not done my whole duty to you, Viola, I know you will forgive me. You have been a good child to me—you have ever done your duty, and may the richest of Heaven's blessings attend you."

Once more she turned her face toward her husband and said, "You will always take good care of our little ministering angel, won't you? I am not afraid to die; it is gain to me to die and be with Christ. Yet, there are some green spots on earth I love."

Viola was sobbing in grief, which her mother noticed, and said, "Don't weep! don't weep! All is well, all is well. Give my love to Paul. I have longed to see him, before I went. But God sees not as man sees. I thought last night that he came to me and whispered 'all is well, all is well!'"

She then ceased for a moment, when she commenced singing—

"What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free—

and she was gone! She had fallen asleep, asleep in Jesus!

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

“Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

“Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior’s power.

“Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

“Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

“Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.”

She was gone! I said to Viola, “It is our loss, but her gain. You had better spread the clothes carefully over the bed and let her sleep. That which we love is not here. Joe, you have lost your best friend. But God’s will be done.” “New Jersey” and I went up stairs, leaving Viola weeping bitter, but hopeful tears.

It was raining hard, daylight was fast spreading brightness over the ruins, and we concluded the Indians had left. But looking down the prairie toward New Ulm, I counted ten houses on fire, blazing up through the rain; and just about the time the sun should have shown himself, I discovered about twenty Indians, in the lower grove.

They seemed to be hiding, and then running, to and fro, in great haste. I called to Pat to come down, telling him that we must have another fight, and we had better have something to eat. I asked "New Jersey" his opinion of appearances, as I knew him to be a man of good judgment, and that he was well acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare. Said he, "They will gather their whole force, before they come again." This declaration proved to be true. With two dead bodies in the house, and not daring to step outside of the doors, the suspense and fearful apprehensions were awful.

There was one point of timber, to the northwest, out back of where the barn stood, about twenty rods distant; and we anticipated our next attack from that quarter. We did not wait long. The storm of rain, thunder and lightning was about over, and we could see the bloodthirsty savages concentrating around that point, and out of our reach. In a little while they dashed out of the woods, or hazel thickets, in squads of from five to ten, and on they came. Joe was called from the side of his dead wife, and we made all preparations to give them as warm a reception as possible. We stood, all four together, awaiting the onset. They came up, three and four abreast. When within about four rods of the house, they gave a hideous yell, or war-whoop, and fired, evidently thinking we had all fled. They received four balls, in their breasts, when they fell flat upon the ground on their faces; but quickly springing up, still on they came.

Pat's double-barrel had an extra charge, and I kept my Sharpe's rifle at work, to best possible advantage. But they rushed up around the house and yelled worse than so many Alleghany wolves. Soon, I heard them on the roof, chopping away with their tomahawks. We had piled up the planks over the store, and we soon tore away the ceiling; but not one moment too soon, for they had a large hole cut through the roof, and one of them was in the act of pushing his head through.

“Arrah!” said Pat, “if that's yer game, two can play at it;” and next, we heard a rolling on the roof, followed by a heavy thud on the ground. Joe, “New Jersey” and I were lying flat on the floor, using the port-holes to pretty good advantage, when another villain got upon the roof, and actually shot and killed Joe, before Pat could draw a bead on him, which he did very quickly, however, and there was another rolling on the roof and another thud on the ground. Pat saw poor Joe, and cried out, “Murder an' Irish! this is hot work. But the red divils are not having it all their own way, anyhow.” We saw their ranks thinning out quite rapidly; and had it not been for the sad misfortune of losing poor Joe, we were making quite good headway against them. I told Pat to keep an eye on the hole in the roof, as we did not hear the last one when he crawled up, and so Pat failed to see him, till he had fired the fatal shot. He proposed to exchange places with me, as he could not load and fire as fast as I could, with my Sharpe's rifle, and we

could hear more noise on the roof, as though several were clambering up. So I took Pat's place, and he lay down upon the floor. The Indians seemed to know that one of our number had fallen, for they yelled like blood-hounds, and pounded most fiercely against the walls of the house. I told Pat and "New Jersey" not to fire unless they were sure of their game every time. Just then, one Indian, more venturesome than the others, put his eye to the hole where poor Joe was lying, and made an effort to put his hand on Joe's rifle. Noticing the movement, I called "New Jersey's" attention to it. With a single blow of the axe, he cut off his arm, at the elbow. The brute howled like a tiger for a few moments, when all became still. They were on the roof, but were afraid to risk heads or hands in sight, so they resorted to another dodge, and held up a scalp, just above the hole. I took my revolver and fired at it, and then waited, watching, with my breech-loader in my hands. Just as I expected, an old Indian, and one whom I had seen before, thrust in his gun and head, but not far, for a ball met him about an inch below the eye, and there was still another rolling on the roof and another thud upon the ground. The boys lying on the floor had made it very uncomfortable for any of the Indians to be around near the walls, and they, beginning to feel the danger of their perilous position, all, except those on the roof, with a violent yell of disappointment, fell back. Those on the roof seemed to be afraid to come down, or even

to look down through the hole which they had made.

Pat said, "They are all gone to the woods, and left them mane, dirty dogs on the roof; and now, how will we give them a parting salute, better than just going out and trimming them off like pigeons! What say, captain?"

" You may go out, on the south side, if you wish. 'New Jersey,' you take the bar and the bolts out of the door carefully, and so hold them that you can replace them in a 'jiff.' "

The big heavy plank was removed and the front door opened. Pat immediately sprang out, and "bang! bang!" went his two barrels, and two more of the red-handed savages came down unceremoniously, plump upon the ground. No sooner had they struck the earth than one of them sprang to his feet and started out on a race for the timber. I was still vigilantly watching the hole in the roof, as we did not know how many there might be upon the house. "New Jersey" had gone to the look-out with all possible haste, and was lying flat upon the floor on the north side, watching for dangers in that direction. Pat had emptied both barrels of his rifle and had no revolver at command. But old Ponto had just gone to the door, and, seeing the situation of things, ordered a charge, and before ten rods had been measured, he overtook him, seized him by the throat, brought him to the ground, and actually dragged him back to the door. Pat, who had just

raised his gun, quickly loaded, as Ponto seized him, lowering it again, cried out:

“Bravo! lick him, Ponto—you are good for the cowardly rogue!” and, turning to me, said, “What next, Cap?”

“Go cautiously around, keeping a good look-out toward the woods, and see if there are any more on the house.”

Pat was back in a hurry and reported—

“All clear, sir;” and then continued, “If poor Joe wasn’t kilt, we had made a clean sweep of them. But, pace to his soul, he made a bold sojer. May the Blessed Vargin give his soul rest!”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BURYING THE DEAD.

We then concluded to right up matters a little, and, calling Ponto in, threw the dead Indian out and closed and bolted the door. Then turning our attention to poor Joe, we took him up and laid him on a couch prepared for the occasion, and wiped away all the stains of blood. “Poor Joe!” thought I, while carrying him to his bed, “you have defended your child to the last. You have made your home with me many years, and you have always been pleasant and friendly; your jokes will enliven my home no more. But how shall I meet your dear orphan child! A mother and a father

both taken away in one day, and at such a time and in such a manner!

“But oh, my God! how many children have been made orphans, within a circle of thirty miles around! Down as far as the eye can reach, where there were houses and barns, stacks and stables, yesterday, now nothing remains but ruins and desolation. Not only fathers and mothers are gone, but whole families have been swept away by the bloody tomahawk and scalping-knife, leaving no one to tell their names! Not a building can now be seen where more than a score stood yesterday. More than a hundred souls were yesterday morning within them, enjoying life, health and happiness; but who can tell if there be one of them alive to-day!”

We now held a council, and decided to inform Viola of the second fearful loss which she had sustained, and to bury the husband and the wife, the father and the mother, in one grave, under a beautiful hawthorn, about four rods from the house.

On going into the cellar, I found Viola asleep, and the poor hired girl sitting by her side, with clasped hands. “Chloe,” said I, “when your young mistress wakes, please tell her to come up stairs.” But the sound of my voice aroused her, and, looking me in the face, she asked, “Are the Indians in the house?”

“No, there are no Indians in sight, and we want you and Chloe to come up stairs. The sun has come out, and we have had one of the doors opened; and

there are no Indians in the country around, so far as we can see."

On entering the big room, and as soon as Viola had time to look around, she said, "Father is dead too, is he?"

"What makes you think so, my darlin'?" said Pat, with the big tears rolling down his true Hibernian cheeks.

I had turned my face partly away, hardly knowing how to break the awful news to her. But then I saw that she must know the facts and said, "Yes, you are an orphan. But God will take care of you."

For a moment she stood motionless, and then, had not Pat caught her, she would have fallen to the floor. Chloe ran down stairs and brought up the camphor-bottle, by the use of which, together with all other restoratives at our command, after awhile, we succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. After sobbing some time, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes and whispered, audibly: "My Father! I am alone! My God! what will become of me! I am alone, alone!"

I had directed Pat and "New Jersey" to dig the grave, and when Viola came in, I informed her of our plans to bury father and mother in the same grave, and asked her if that would be agreeable to her wishes.

"Oh, where is he? I want to see my father!" she sobbed.

After going into the bed-room, myself, and

arranging all things as well as I possibly could, I took her by one arm, while Chloe took her by the other, and we walked into that room where a mother's love and a father's care had been planning for their darling's welfare and happiness, for many a year. But she went then not to meet a mother's smile nor to answer a father's call. She went to take her final look at the last of earth that she could call by the dear name of father.

Before entering the room, I said to Viola, "God is the father of the fatherless, and his love is deeper than that of even a mother, although, where it is the will of God to spare us our parents, he grants us the richest of all earthly blessings. And now, my dear Viola, I want you to keep up good courage. Your father died nobly defending you from the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. Will you promise me before entering the room?"

"By God's grace, I will do the best I can," she replied.

We entered the room, and there lay Joe, so natural, with the same old smile upon his countenance which had always played upon his cheeks! Viola said not a word. But when she turned to go away, I saw her lips move, as though she were lifting her soul to the Fountain of strength for grace to bear the crushing load which she felt to be resting on her heart alone. As we seated her in that old-fashioned rocking chair, she whispered, in a low voice, "Thy will be done, not mine. Dear Paul, how glad I am that you left when you did!"

You are spared this day"—when she fell back, fainting, in her chair.

I called "New Jersey," who had opened the front door, and was then, with Pat, digging the grave, to come quickly with his lancet, as Viola had fainted. He was almost instantly by her side, and the blood was soon flowing from an opened vein. After some time, she slowly revived, and we laid her on the frame of a lounge, where she rested quite comfortably.

When the work of preparing the grave was completed, slowly and sadly we carried the remains of the wife and mother out, and, rolled in a sheet, laid them in the last resting-place of the dead. And then, in the same manner, and with similar feelings, we carried out those of the husband and father and placed them by the side of those of his wife — his Methodist wife, as he used to call her.

Viola now arose, a silent spectator, and, leaning on the arm of her Indian girl, and picking a handful of flowers as she passed through the garden, walked to the grave, looked in, and dropped the flowers upon the precious remains resting quietly below. Observing that her feelings were fast getting the better of her, I stepped up and gently led her back into the house.

Just then, I noticed two men, at the foot of the lake, coming as fast as they could ride, on small ponies. I told Pat and "New Jersey" to fill up the grave as quickly as possible, as I could see men at the foot of the lake, and that they would be there

in a few minutes. They soon finished their work, which they did with their guns leaning against the bushes by them. The sad work of burying the dead completed, they threw a few bushes, which they had removed to make a place for the grave, upon it, and, with their guns in their hands, hastened into the house. I told Viola and Chloe to go below, and then we closed the door; and each, again, with gun in hand, took his station as sentinel on guard.

We were not long in suspense. In less than ten minutes, the two horsemen were at the door, and, in well-known voices, called out to know if there was any one in the house. We answered from within, and in a moment more, the door was open, and there stood Old Creek and his son!

"Oh, Creek! why did you not let me know of this before?"

"Me no know anything 'bout it, till las' night. Me and my son away up to upper agency to meetin', and we hear that bad people at lower agency get tired waitin'; they hold council, not let me know, and commence to scalp and tomahawk all they come to. We in meetin' when we get word, and we no b'lieve it. But Other Day said it was so; and then, when we get back from meetin', we take our ponies and start for lower agency. When our own eyes see it was all burned, and all the men and women killed, or gone prisoners, we start for your post."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PREPARING FOR FLIGHT.

We told them all that had happened, and then I said, "Creek, what is it best for us to do? We can't stay here any longer; and what we do must be done quickly."

Said he, "The band that fought you has gone down to New Ulm. But Injins all over. Over two thousand all over the country. Other Day go down river with folks from upper agency, and maybe they get to the fort, but I 'fraid they will not, for Little Crow command. He bad Injin, no let you know."

I sent down to the cellar for Viola, and when she came up, said:

"Here is all there is left of the family that took such good care of you, Little Creek. Now we would like to go to either St. Peter's or Fort Ridgely—there is no other place of safety."

Said he, "If you think we can get to the fort, I will guide you. We will do all we can for you. Don't believe Little Crow would harm you or Viola; but 'fraid other Injins. For them, think better try to go to fort; and the sooner we off the better. The band you fight, take us outside you house, have no mercy, kill all; but these Injins live 'round here, know you, and if take us, make us prisoners."

The next questions to be settled were, how we should go, and what we should take with us. I thought there was no use in taking anything more

than we could put on, and I told the men to go into the store and help themselves to whatever they wanted, as that would be our last opportunity. A life of toil was melting out of sight in a day. But what of that! Life-blood was flowing in streams all around the country! Old Creek told me that the Indians had paid no respect to either age or sex. As they rode down from the Red Wood to the other side of the lake, Little Creek counted seventy-five dead and mangled bodies, and of that number, thirty were women and many of them children; that all the houses and stacks were burned, after they crossed the river at the agency.

So it was agreed that we should catch the old horse, if he could be found, for Viola to ride. Chloe could ride Little Creek's pony, and the rest of us could walk. "New Jersey" and I went out to catch the horse, Viola and Chloe went to work getting dinner, and by three o'clock we were ready to start.

I had taken my best suit of clothes and put them on, and had also taken my Sharpe's rifle, to be kept always close by my side. And as I thought it probable that we should find ourselves under the necessity of spending a night or two on the prairie or in the woods, I had packed two pair of blankets for myself, and one pair each for the two young ladies, upon old Jim's back. I told Viola to put on her flannel dress, and to clothe herself as warmly as possible, so that if we were obliged to remain in the woods all night, she would not be so likely to

take cold, and to take a large double shawl out of the store and bind it on to the horse behind her, and, in God's name, we would make a move. I put a pair of new calf-skin shoes in my overcoat pocket for Viola, and gave Old Creek and his son each a pair of blankets, and, with a little provision on our backs, and such other small articles as we could carry, at last, we were off upon our perilous journey.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DAY AND NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

Looking back, truly, thought I, "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." The fruits of a whole life's toils were in the house, the store and the ruins, I was leaving behind, and in the demands I held against the Indians. Now, all was gone; and God only knew whether with my bare life I should ever reach a place of safety. A broad prairie spread out between us and the place of our destination; and it was a difficult matter to cross it and reach the fort, without being discovered. With nobody but men, the chances would have been more favorable; but we had helpless ones committed to our charge, who must be protected, at all hazards. God had intrusted me with a treasure more precious than gold — an orphan girl, who had been raised in my house from early childhood; whose father had died in defense of my home, and

whose mother had just passed within the vail. The precious gem had just been committed to my hands, and she had no other one, to whom to look and in whom to trust for care and protection, this side of heaven. I took all the interest in Viola that a father could take in a child; and, by the help of God, I was determined to care for and to protect her, to the last.

I told Old Creek that I thought we had better keep in the woods and along the ravines all we could, as by so doing, we might evade our enemies, when we might be discovered if crossing the high, rolling prairie. He considered that the most advisable course, and did all which it was possible for an old man to do, to assist and encourage us on our way.

That day, we traveled about ten miles, around the head of the lake. At nightfall, we made a halt, took something to eat, and lay down to rest for the night.

Before lying down, "New Jersey" said, "We have a proposition to make to you, which is this: If you are willing, Pat and I will not try to go to Fort Ridgely, as we think the Indians will be likely to make an attack upon the fort, and if they do so, it will be hard work for us to get in; and if you think it best, we will make an effort to save ourselves, by passing down as near New Ulm as possible, keeping in the ravines and along the river bottoms all we can. All we will ask is our guns, a ham, and a couple of small loaves of bread, and we

will start at midnight, or after we have a little rest."

The thought of parting with men who had stood by us to the very death, was, truly, a saddening one. Still, we could not find it in our hearts to say anything against their wishes, for we knew not what a day would bring forth. So, all I said was, "Gentlemen, you are at liberty to take the course that seems to you best; and may God bless you in your efforts to escape."

As we had rested but little since Saturday night, it was thought best to retire early, and arrangements were accordingly so made. Pat and "New Jersey" were to lie down by themselves, so that they might not disturb others when they left. When Pat and "New Jersey" had packed their little stock of provisions, and made all other arrangements for taking their leave, I called "New Jersey" aside, and said to him, "If you get away safely, and we are never able to report this side of the grave, tell Paul we were doing all in our power to bring his true *Viola* safely through these awful perils. You will report all to him. You may learn of his whereabouts at —— hotel in Mankato. You will also call on Colonel Sibly, and tell him all about our sufferings, if you see him, and that the post is ruined. And after he has retaken everything, which he will do in a few weeks, 'New Jersey,' you will take charge of the post, or of any property there may be. And now, *good night!*"

After a warm shake of Pat's two hands, and also

a renewed hearty shake from "New Jersey," I returned to our sleeping quarters, finding all wrapped in sweet slumbers, except Old Creek, who was sitting by himself and looking very thoughtful. When I came up to him, I said, "What is the matter, Creek?"

"Oh," said he, in broken English—

"I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirits troubled and vex'd,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed."

In a few moments Creek raised his head, and said, "I don't know what road to take to-morrow. If I did, would start before day."

"Well," said I, "we will trust to Providence, and go to sleep;" and, rolling myself up in my blankets, California fashion, I was soon fast asleep, and did not wake till it was daylight in the morning.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SECOND DAY AND NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

On rising, I found all astir. Old Creek was cooking the breakfast, Little Creek and Viola were reading the Bible, and Chloe and Ponto were frisking around in sportive plays, as though all were as safe and happy as a primrose party. Surely no one would have taken us to be fugitives, fleeing from the tomahawk and scalping-knife. It was difficult

bringing myself fully to realize our situation. But thoughts of Sunday night made all plain and startling. I looked around for Pat and "New Jersey," but in vain. Then, seemingly for the first time, thought whispered, "Alone! My God! can it be that I am alone with that poor orphan girl!" My very brain whirled, and I staggered away to a log and sat down. My mind vibrated to and fro, from one extreme to the other, and a realizing sense of my situation and responsibilities drove me almost to madness. My head became as dizzy as that of a drunken man, I slid or rolled off the log, and sank away into a state of insensibility. Perhaps an hour passed, and I was aroused by the voice of Old Creek, saying:

"You tired out. Better have some tea and take something to eat; maybe you feel better. Time we started somewhere."

I roused up, and, after taking a cup of tea, I felt much better, and soon became myself again. Walking up to Viola, I said, "How do you feel this morning? Are you very tired, after your hard journey?"

"Oh, no; I stood it better than I expected."

"And how did you and Chloe rest last night?"

"Remarkably well for persons who have not been used to such fare."

We had camped in the woods, or a grove, as it was called, extending to the river, and by the side of a lovely little brook, whose sweet murmuring music lulled us to sleep and softened our repose for

the night. I bathed my head in its crystal current, and drank some of its refreshing water, and I was prepared to say to Old Creek, "I am ready to start; but I am unable to direct the way."

"Well, then," said Old Creek, "we will go and get near the fort as we can. Little Creek go in. They send out some soldiers and big gun and bring you."

"Very well," said I.

The two girls now took their places upon the two ponies, already loaded down with blankets, provisions and extra clothing. Old Creek mounted the other, and we started down the little stream, following a kind of trail, through timber, groves, bushes, deep ravines and tall grass, keeping away from high prairies, and locations where there had been houses, barns, or other improvements. During the day, we passed in sight of smoking ruins at several places.

Night came on again and we had not reached the fort, though it was only about four miles distant. It was an awful night, and I felt very anxious to send Little Creek into the fort, and let them know our condition, if he was willing to go. So, after taking supper, I told Little Creek my wishes.

Said he, "I will go if you think best. But I 'fraid Little Crow surround the place, and if has, hard work to get in. But I will try."

I wrote a line to the commander, informing him of our condition, and asking him, if consistent, to send out a few horsemen to where we were hiding in

the creek bottoms, and take us in, as we must pass in sight of the Indians in crossing the prairie. I further stated to him that the bearer of the note was a true and trusty Indian, and that anything intrusted to his care would be perfectly safe. I then inclosed the note in an envelope, and handed it to Little Creek. He took me by the hand, warmly embraced Chloe Dusky, shook hands with Viola and his father, and started out on his perilous undertaking.

I was somewhat surprised to notice that Chloe Dusky was weeping, as I had never observed any intimacy between her and Little Creek before, although the young man had spent all the preceding winter with me, and had been to the post, back and forth, for more than seven years, and the girl had lived with me some time more than a year.

Chloe Dusky was a bright young Indian girl—a pure Dakota—but she had been brought up in the mission-school. She was handsome, of a sweet temper, kept her own counsels, as smart as a whip, as neat as a band-box, almost eighteen years of age; her hair was of coal blackness, and, with a twist of her finger, would hang, in graceful ringlets, almost down to her waist. She was as proud as a queen in her demeanor, had been one of the best of all the Indian teachers at the post in the Sunday-school, had made a profession of religion, and was striving to serve God faithfully. She was a good singer, and could read and write quite well. She had proved trusty and faithful in all things which I had committed to her care. Her father

was dead. But she had a mother and several sisters, for whom she saved all she could, which she gave to her mother to assist in properly bringing up and educating her sisters. But she seemed to possess all the good qualities of the whole family. The old woman, or squaw, though she had professed to give up all her old Indian ways and notions, would spend her time in running around, from day to day, leaving three or four children at home, alone, half-fed and less than half-clothed. Chloe would frequently go home and fix up the children for school, which the government furnished, as it did also the house in which they lived.

It was getting dark. I expected no word from the fort before midnight; and we were obliged to get along without cooking anything for supper, as we were fully sensible of the presence of Indians, all around us. As it grew darker, we saw fires in all directions, and heard the report of guns in the vicinity of Fort Ridgely.

Viola came running up to me and saying: "Chloe Dusky is crying. She thinks you ought not to have sent him away. Don't you know she and Little Creek are engaged, and expect to be married after they get their next annuity payment?"

"I did not know anything about it," said I, "though she has lived with me a long time. I have left everything to your mother and you, about the house, and scarcely ever found time to go into the kitchen. I lived in my own home, more like a boarder, than as an owner of the place. My busi-

ness was so arduous, and my confidence in your mother's management so perfect, that I did not trouble myself so much about the matters of the house, perhaps, as I should have done. Will you go over with me and see Chloe? Let us have a talk with her."

We walked over to where Chloe was sitting, and addressing her, I said: "I would not have sent Little Creek to the fort, but I thought it the best thing that we could possibly do. True, I do not know what it was or is best for us to do. But if the people in the fort knew that we were in such a condition, I think the colonel would try to save us. If he will not, I know not what to do. The Indians are below us on the river, and they are thick above us, clear up to Birch creek, and so up to the agency. We are surrounded on all sides, and our only salvation is in getting into Fort Ridgely. We are now camped on the bottoms of a small creek, or branch, but we cannot follow it down to the river, as it cuts through the prairie, and only willows and small brush cover the banks of the stream. And if we could get to the river, I cannot see that that would help us much, as our only hope of salvation would still be help from the fort. Now, my young friends, remember that it was for your good and for that of Little Creek, also, that I sent him away. Besides, he would not have gone, had he not himself also considered it the best possible course to be taken."

Calling Old Creek to us, where we were sitting

on the bank of the stream, I said to him, "What do you think Little Crow would do with your son, if he should take him?"

"I can't tell, but don't think he kill him," he answered.

"Yes," said Chloe Dusky, "I know he would. The two never agreed. Little Crow very bad Indian."

After dark, as we sat, wrapped in our blankets, fighting mosquitoes and thinking of our sad condition, I saw a light on this side of the fort, or somewhere about it; and I made up my mind that the Indians were doing their best to get possession of the place. I told Old Creek and Viola that the Indians were trying to capture the fort, and that our prospects for help from that source were rather discouraging.

Said Viola, unusually excited, "We will all be tomahawked and scalped, and no one will ever hear of us again. I think we had better stayed at the post, than come out here to die. But," recalling herself, "thy will, O Lord, be done, not mine. When I left the post, I did not know what I was doing. I could not realize my condition. Oh! to think that pa and ma had both been taken away in one day! I wished, if it was God's will, that I, too, might go. I felt so bad that I did not ask you any of the particulars of pa's death."

Our camp was in a clump of trees, swamp-ash, and willows, with now and then an oak, and at the extreme end of the grove through which the

creek run. Turning to Creek, I said, "We shall get no word from the fort before about midnight, and I think we had better take a little rest. What do you say, young ladies, to making your bed by the side of that log, and after we go and see to the ponies, we will come back and lie down near the creek? Our old friend says he can hear better by the water's edge than in any other place."

"Oh!" said Viola, "if poor Paul knew where we were, wandering these two days in the woods, he would get some help for us. I know he would if he knew poor pa was dead. I know he would come, too, if he came to die with us."

"He would do something," I remarked, "if he knew of our condition, I have no doubt. But Paul is in Virginia; and he will not return to Mankato before the first of September, at the earliest."

"And then," answered Viola, "there will be no one to come back to. We will all be in our graves! Oh, Paul! if I could only tell you what there is in this poor heart of mine! But, alas! every heart must bear its own bitterness;" and the poor girl broke out in a cry of complete despair.

I had avoided saying much to her since that awful Sunday night, and had left her and Chloe Dusky to get along as best they could. But now, she seemed to sink beneath her terrible load, and cold, seemed to me, all the comfort that I could bring her. All that I could say was, "There are hundreds of people in as hard circumstances as we are, if not enduring sufferings much keener and more severe.

God's will, and not ours, must be done. The darkest hour is said to be just before the break of day. When the children of Israel were brought to face the Red Sea, with impassable mountains on their right and on their left, and the Egyptian hosts pressing up close behind them, deliverance was nearest at hand. So it may be with us, now. Viola, I have known you from childhood, and from my first recollection of you, you have made Jesus your friend. Will you distrust him and complain because he permits the trial to come upon you instead of some other one? Fair-weather Christians are not the kind he wants—not such as honor him. I am aware, Viola, that you know all this. I have ever felt that you could better teach me than I could teach you. But David says, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.' Viola, the sun has shone on your path all your past days. Till this, you have sailed upon smooth waters. Now the sun has passed behind a cloud, and the billows begin to roll. Many of the noble martyrs, who were burned at the stake by popish bigotry and intolerance, were glad to be counted worthy to die for Christ, who was himself sacrificed by the malignant madness of wicked men. It may be that deliverance is at hand; and it may be that this is to prove the gate of heaven, through which we are all to pass. But we should be willing to trust him. He always has been better to us than all our fears. We do not know what is best for us. He does; and we

may rest assured that he will do all things well. We cannot be injured, nor suffer real loss, so long as we trust ourselves and all we have in his hands."

Viola, turning round and looking me in the face, said, "Pardon me; I feel that I have not rested surely, firmly, and steadily enough on the Rock, Christ Jesus. Lord, help me."

CHAPTER XL.

OTHER REFUGEES.

It was about ten o'clock, and we had just laid down, when we were startled by the sound of voices and the crying of a child, just across the creek. I rose up, and Viola said, "Indians!"

"No," said Creek, "that is white people."

In a few moments they were down on the other side of the creek, close to the water's edge. I called to them in a low tone of voice, saying, "Who is there?"

"Friends. Who can you be out there?" was the reply.

"Friends from the post," we responded.

It was quite dark, but they could see to pick their way along, and soon all crossed over on a big log, or tree, which had fallen across the stream. We found them to be a party of refugees, like ourselves, fleeing for their lives. The party consisted of five women, two old men and two children.

"What are you doing here?" they asked.

We gave them a brief account of the struggles and sufferings through which we had passed, and then listened to their tale of woe. It was sad indeed. The husbands of three of the women had been murdered by the Indians, and one of them mourned the death of five children, by the same cruel hands. The story of the latter she told as follows :

"I left my sick husband and five small children at home, and went out across the prairie about ten miles, to get some medicine. When I came back, a terrible scene met my gaze! My whole family I found cold in death! All had been scalped, and there lay my dear husband and my precious children, cold and ghastly, in their blood! Oh! my poor heart was sick; and bewildered with grief, and lost in amazement, I ran to our nearest neighbor's. There I found this old gentleman hid in a dark hole in the cellar; up stairs, upon the floor, lay a daughter and a dying mother with a mangled infant child upon her breast! Outside of the house, lay the father and two other children, side by side, with scalps off, cold in death!"

The second woman, presenting her two children, said :

"These are all that is left me, now. I was out picking a few berries for dinner, when I noticed the Indians going toward our house. I laid down upon the ground as close as possible, and watched them. They soon set fire to the house, and then

started off toward Deacon Scarlet's. When I thought they would not see me, I hastened over to the field where my husband and a hired man were finishing up their harvesting; and oh! I found poor James and the hired man both dead! They had been shot and scalped by the Indians, as I felt almost sure they had, before I went, for I heard two guns in that direction just before I saw the Indians going to the house. Then I ran to the school-house, got my two children, and hastened to the bush, in an opposite direction. There I found this good old man, who helped me to carry my poor Jennie, and little Willie has walked all the way, like a man."

The story of the two next was short and sad. They had been out to see a sick friend, and when they returned, found their husbands dead and scalped.

The tale of the remaining old gentleman and lady was, if possible, sadder and more sickening than all which had preceded it. Said the old man :

" My wife and I left our son, his wife and four sweet little children, in our happy little home, and went out into the edge of a grove to take a walk. We had been in the grove but a few minutes, when we heard the terrible whoop of savages, and, looking around, saw our house in a blaze, and a dozen or more Indians dancing and yelling around it. We just laid down in the bush and kept as still as we possibly could. But oh! how our poor hearts ached for our dear loved ones at home! After awhile, I rose up and walked cautiously out to the

edge of the field, and, finding there were no Indians in sight, hastened as fast as I could, down to our burning home. But when I came near, there lay my son and his wife upon the ground, scalped, without a particle of clothing upon them, and their hearts taken out and lying upon their mouths; and close by, side by side, lay their four darling children, cold in death, scalped and tomahawked! When I came back and told the old woman the story, she fainted; and, for a long time, I thought she had gone over after our dear loved ones upon the other shore. But finally she revived. On looking around, we found that we had nothing to eat, nor a particle of clothing, except what we had on, at our command. Thinly clad, and already feeling the faintness of hunger within us, we started right out into the thick woods. There we found these good people, who gave us some food, and we have journeyed along together till reaching this place. Now, here we are, and oh, my God! what will become of us! I gave three boys to the war, and then I had only this one left to take care of us; and now, he is gone! I am sixty years old and my poor old wife is fifty-eight, and we have nothing in the world. God have mercy on us!

“We met a man just before dark, who says the Indians are round Fort Ridgely. They fought all day yesterday, and to-day they will take it. They beat our troops at Old Ferry, and killed Captain Marsh and all his men, but about a dozen; and he thinks they will kill all down as far as Mankato,

as there are only about fifty soldiers in the fort, and there are two thousand Sioux or Dakotas on the war-path."

I tried to comfort the old man, and told him that we should get a report from the fort in an hour or so, and then I would give him my advice, and closed by saying, "Keep up good courage."

• We gave them part of our remaining stock of provisions—a ham and a few pounds of crackers—after which we had prayers—the old gentleman praying very fervently for our deliverance, and Viola following him with child-like pleadings and confiding supplications which could hardly have failed to secure the listening ear and to move the tender heart of our Heavenly Father. The ground was quite damp, as it had rained some during the day, and the clouds still looked quite threatening. But, by the help of Viola and Chloe Dusky, we made up a tolerably comfortable bed for the old people, and we all lay down to rest, and slept very well for some time.

CHAPTER XLI.

NEWS FROM THE FORT.

When I woke up, I thought I could hear footsteps approaching us. I roused up Old Creek, and told him there was some one coming.

"It is my boy," said he; "I know his walk."

In a few moments, Little Creek was recognized on the other side of the stream. His father called to him, and he answered.

I asked, "Is there any chance for us?"

"No! no!"

"Did you get inside of the fort?"

"Oh, yes; I get in, and tell him, the captain, all. But he say, fort full of women and children. Have only about fifty soldiers in it. They sent out Captain Marsh and sixty men. They met the Blanket Indians at the Big Ferry. The Indians all hid in the brush, and when men crossing, Little Crow and his men fire on them, and kill almost all. Indians then follow them up to fort, and would have taken that, but for big guns and great storm of thunder and rain. Indians fall back away from big guns. They round the fort now, and let no one go in if they know it. I went in from the river side. Quick as I get in, soldiers just goin' to shoot me; thought I bad Indian. But I held up your letter and this, your pocket-lamp, and they come to me, take the letter, read it, shake their heads, and say tell the captain that we can't help ourselves; can't send out anybody; we have not men enough. Then they told me what I told you, and said we will not write to your friends for fear it may fall into the hands of Little Crow. So then I just crept out by the side of the buildin'; and while the Blanket Indians were dancin' round some dead oxen, makin' a great noise, tellin' how many they had scalped, how many white squaws they had

taken prisoners and sent up to the agency, I crept to the edge of the water and into a small canoe, and floated out of sight in a little time. Then I hurry up here, fast as I can."

Our new company were all awake; and after hearing the report from Little Creek, the old man, who had carried little Jennie, got up and said, "I am for a start now. If you wish me to help you, madam, with your little children, I will do so; but we have no time to lose. I am for going straight to St. Peter's, or northward, keeping as far from the river as we can. We can all walk ten miles before sunrise; and we may as well make an effort in that direction as in any other."

One after another of the poor creatures got up, and turning to us, said, "May God bless you for giving us this stock of provisions. It will last us three days, and, by that time, we hope to reach some place of safety."

"And now," said the old man, "hadn't we all better go together? What do you say, sir?" pointing to me.

"I am willing, if this man thinks it the best course. What do you say, Creek?"

"No, no; too many together—all squaw, no men. Pretty sure all be taken."

So we parted. The poor, heart-stricken group had a perilous journey, of forty or fifty miles, before them. The feeble old couple, scarcely able to walk, went tottering off, out of sight.

After Little Creek had taken a lunch, we held a

council. Little Creek said he believed it would be no use to try to go by way of New Ulm, as all the band, left after the fight at the post, were down in that direction. He thought our only chance was to go lower down, as far as the Big Cottonwood, and come out at Garden City, as there would be more Indians north than south. He thought it not much further to the Cottonwood than to the North lake; and then we did not know that we would be safe at the latter place, as he felt confident that the heaviest blow would be struck at Henderson, or below St. Peter's, as the Blanket Indians would try to get into Big Woods that way, if they should take the fort; and of their taking the fort, he thought there could be no doubt, if we had not strong forces at Mankato or St. Peter's.

According to my best information, there were but few, if any, soldiers at either Mankato or St. Peter's. I had been told that there were but very few in the state. True, they had been raising troops as fast as possible; but the demand was so great, that they had been sent South as fast as they had been mustered in. It would take some days to raise a sufficient force to meet two thousand Indian warriors, flushed with victory. Had I been alone, I would have started directly for St. Peter's. But Viola was cast on the world without a friend; and I was bound by all the laws of honor and manhood to stand by her. I still had faith that we should both be saved, but just how, I could not tell.

I asked Old Creek if we had not better make a

move, as we were in a dangerous place, and if we should be discovered, it would all be up with us. He said his boy might be right, but he would rather go north than south of the Minnesota river. He was ready to go any way. But the Black Hill Sioux had gone down to Cottonwood, and, if we should fall into their hands, they would kill every one of us. In closing he said :

“ But go any way, and we will go with you as far as we can. You have been good to me and my boy, and all that can be done, we will do for you now, though I don’t know what will become of us.”

Just at that moment, we heard the sound of loud voices. Viola came close up to me, as a chill of dread seemed to be passing over her. Her hand, resting on my shoulder, trembled and her voice quivered as she said:

“ Voices of Indians!”

They seemed to be about twenty rods distant, and to be passing to the right of where we were. Said Little Creek:

“ There is a road there. I crossed it.”

We all laid down, close and still, on the ground, and they passed by. They, evidently, came up from the way which we had concluded to take, and had we started a little earlier, we should have met them.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CAPTURE.

It was now near daylight, and we could not expect to remain concealed where we were, though the foliage was thick. But we were only about twenty rods from a road, which, upon examination, we found had been traveled considerably, during the last two days, or since we left the post.

We had kept in the woods, away from roads and improvements, till then. But we could do so no longer, in the direction we must take. To retrace our steps, would be running into the fire. So we made up our minds to run the gauntlet of crossing from the timber where we were, to another point about ten miles east of us, by following a low ravine as far as we could, and then riding across a high point of land to the woods. Had we known that we could not succeed in getting into the fort, we should have made an effort to gain that piece of woods before. But we had done what we thought to be for the best; and then, our only course seemed to be to get as far east as we could, keeping as far from the river as practicable.

We soon packed up and started out. We had not traveled more than a mile, before we met a single Indian. He rode up to us, spoke to Old Creek, and asked him who we were. Creek told him; he gave a grunt, and rode on toward the fort.

In about two hours we were approaching the

woods. Suddenly, about twenty Indians came rushing out of the very grove we were making all possible haste to reach. They were all mounted and came directly toward us. Their double-barreled guns were bound on behind them, and they rode three abreast.

“What shall we do now?” I asked Old Creek.

“We can do nothing,” he responded; “there are only three men of us, and there are twenty of them.”

“Well, then,” said I, “do the best you can, and save us by surrendering. If we can get to Little Crow, I think he will spare us.”

On they came, and on we went, boldly facing them. Old Creek took the lead, and I followed, a few steps behind. When Creek met them, they stopped and talked with him a moment, and then rode up to me. My gun was slung on my shoulders. When the first approached me, he said, “*Ugh!*”

I reached out my hand toward him; but he shook his head and pointed to a large Indian, talking with the old man. Viola slipped off from old Jim, came up to me and stood by my side, opposite the Indians. Little Creek and Chloe Dusky were also quickly by my side. Little Creek was favored with a wonderful gift of gab, was a smart, sprightly young fellow, and afraid of nothing. He immediately engaged the first Indian in conversation. I could not understand anything they said; but the conversation was very earnest and excited. I stood with my arm on old Jim’s neck, anxiously waiting

the result. I knew that the old man and his son would do all in their power for us. At last, the Indians began to dismount, and one of them came from the rear and took my hand as I extended it toward him.

“Do you know me?” he asked.

“No,” I answered; “I can’t remember you.”

“Well, long time ago, down by Big Woods, I go to your wigwam. That little squaw, now big squaw, give me plenty to eat. You keep me all night. When me tell you my squaw and five pappoose on the island, hungry, little squaw give me big loaf bread.”

He then took Viola by the hand, surely very glad to see her, and wiped away the falling tears with his blanket, as he noticed her weeping, and said:

“Don’t cry, don’t cry!”

The whole party seated themselves on the ground and engaged in a lively conversation. I took a large roll of tobacco from my pocket and passed it to the Indian who had just been speaking to us. He took a little. I then went to the first, who refused my hand, but after a little urging, he bit off a trifle. All followed, each taking a small chew. When I came to the one who was talking with Old Creek, I bowed, he got up, took a little tobacco, and said:

“Sit down.”

I did so. He then commenced speaking in tolerably good English, and said:

“When we met you, they had it in their hearts

to kill you. But it was because they did not know you. You have always been good to Indian; you never sold him any fire-water, nor made him drunk. We will take you prisoners, and maybe the white men take some prisoners of the Indians, and then we trade."

Then said I, "May I speak?"

Old Creek said he thought I had better not, as he had represented everything in the very best light; they were almost equally divided upon the question of life and death, and it was not best to ask too much of them.

The chief, or the Indian in command of the band, was a tall, handsome man, about five feet and ten inches in height. He was painted in full war fashion, as were, also, all the others. But he was painted with more taste and skill. His face really shone with brightness. He was dressed in a beautiful scarlet robe or riding blanket, with a broad belt of wampum around his shoulders and breast, passing under his left arm. He had on red leggings, with blue broadcloth overalls, fastened on the outside of the legs with ties or cords; a broad sash, of blood red, around his waist, and a narrow belt of leather around his head, in which were about a dozen grey-eagle feathers, so arranged as to form a kind of crown. He came but recently from the Upper Missouri in Northern Dakota, Creek said, and did not know much about Minnesota. Some of his people had married some of the Yellow Medicine people, and he came down only on pay-days.

He seemed to be a kind of care-for-nothing sort of a fellow, about twenty-five years of age, and as proud as an Indian could be of his "chiefdom." He had learned to talk English from the traders, and evidently thought much more of himself than it was possible that any one else could think of him. But nature had made his heart a little better than his face. His face said he was a real Indian; but his heart declared that he would not always be a brute. After the long parley, he had given his influence in favor of saving us; not, however, because he saw any good in us, or had known any good of us, but because others in his company were ready to testify that we had ever been good to the Indians, and always kind and honest in our dealings with them.

There was nothing about the rest of the band demanding any particular description; so we will dismiss them, calling them Indians, all painted in war fashion, and appearing equal to the bloody work which they had undertaken. They all had very good ponies, except the leader of whom I have given a description. He was mounted on a large black horse.

After his conversation with me, as above, he walked over to Little Creek, and said, "You have pretty squaw, have you? Squaw! Ugh!"

The young man made no reply, and Chloe Dusky smiled, as the young chief patted her on the head. He then came up to me again, and said, "Your squaw?"

"Oh, no," said I; "I only have her under my protection. She is a young lady who has lost her father and mother, and is left alone in the world. She looks to me for friendship and protection."

Then, going up to Viola, he said, "This Indian says you are best singer in all Minnesota. Will you sing for us, if you please?"

This was more politeness than I had ever heard from an Indian, before. Viola had been weeping from the time that we were captured, and then, though assured that all would finally come out well with us, she could not stop sobbing. I urged her to sing, as the whole Indian race are fond of music, but, with much effort and great emotion, she said, "I cannot."

Then, laughing at the young Indian, I said, "A bird will not sing in a cage. Let her go free, and she will sing."

Old Creek said, "Let us give them something to eat."

So all we had left was brought out. It consisted of dried venison, crackers, and a little cold ham. The old man took it and divided it up, so that each had something. But this was the last we had; it was three o'clock, and God only knew when, how or where we should get any more.

After all had taken refreshments, except Viola, who could eat nothing, we started, Little Creek and myself walking. I had walked all the forenoon, and not being accustomed to such continued traveling, my feet were becoming very sore.

Viola said her head was so dizzy that she could hardly sit upon the horse. I informed Old Creek, and he told the chief, who said he would not go far that night. He led us back to the very creek and camping ground which we had left in the morning.

We did not dare to ask any questions, but we had fearful apprehensions that a sad fate had befallen the band who camped with us, the night before. I thought the color of a scalp, hanging by the side of the Indian to whom I first offered my hand at our meeting on the prairie, declared it to be that of the poor old man who prayed so earnestly, and fervently, the previous evening. I also counted the scalps of five women and two children, hanging upon the saddles. That one of the scalps came from the head of an old lady, the gray hair clearly indicated. I could not resist the conclusion that those devils had fallen upon that band of refugees and killed and scalped them. As there was the scalp of but one man, I thought it possible that the other one made his escape.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FRIGHTFUL PERSONAL ENCOUNTER.

Before we reached the creek, on the banks of which we passed the previous night, I had fallen considerably behind the company, Viola keeping

along with me, as she would ride no faster than I walked. I tried to cheer up her spirits and to strengthen her courage by telling her that all would come out well in time; that God's time must be our time; that if we had gone with those who left us in the night, as she wished to do, our scalps would now be hanging by the sides of those saddles; that our kindness, always shown the Indians, would still be likely to lead some of them to recognize and save us; but that if God should see fit to permit us to fall by their hands, heaven was just as near the wilds of Minnesota as any other place.

Tired and hungry, we arrived on the banks of the creek, with nothing to eat or drink, except cold water from the stream. I said to Old Creek, "What shall we do? We shall all starve, if we can get nothing to eat."

He answered, laughing, "Indians used to hungry; make um tough."

Then looking at our young chief, he asked him what we should do. After a long talk among themselves in the Dakota language, which I could not understand, the friendly Indian came up to me and asked, "Have you more tobacco?"

"Yes," said I, "a plenty."

"Well, then," said he, smiling, "that no hurt me—guess I take 'nother chew."

He took a very liberal mouthful. I then perceived that the reason why each took so little the first time, was that they feared it had been drugged

or poisoned. I again passed the tobacco around, commencing with the chief and passing along the whole line, as they were all seated on the ground. All partook very liberally of the weed, that time; and then looking at me with a kind of playful smile, said, "You the trader? Why no come, get your money?"

I soon learned that most of the band could talk some English; several of them could use it quite readily, and two or three could write very well.

But there seemed to be no move toward getting anything to eat. Finally the chief asked me, "Did you leave anything to eat in your house?"

"Yes," said I, "a plenty; but it is a long way."

Said he, "Oh, no so far. The band no have much to eat to-day. Guess your place nearest we get any. Black Hill band fight you, spoil all fun. Burned all no carry 'way. No much left us, come after. Your place," he added, with a grin, "only place we hear no burned."

"Perhaps," said I, "they went back after we left, and burned that."

"No, no!" said he, shaking his head; "they never come back to that place. Too much big gun; too much fire; too much blow up. You there all the time, Black Hill Indians never come back."

"What!" said I, "did you see any of those Indians who were at my post?"

"Oh, yes," he said, pointing to the sour fellow, who first refused to shake hands with me; "he big Indian. Come from New Ulm to-day. But he no

like say much. He be cross Indian. Get very much mad, 'cause no get some whisky that blow up."

The last remark was made with a loud Indian laugh, which the maddened fellow well understood to be at his expense. Then turning to the friendly Indian, said he, " You say this man good to Indian, and that Indian say he give poor Indian four barrels whisky to warm them up—'cause it was cold, may be."

At this saying, the fury of the maddened Indian burst forth in one of the most infernal laughs that could be given, even to frighten the devil himself. I can describe it no better than by saying, it was a laugh, a squeal, and a whoop united in one. Poor Viola had been standing by Chloe Dusky; but after recovering from the fearful shock occasioned by this fearful laugh, she rushed to my side, and sat down trembling as though frightened almost to death. Nearly the whole band were laughing at the unfriendly Indian, and Wau-pa-ket said, " One small man and a little squaw whip fifty Black Hill Indians and then come away."

It seems that this chief saw no one but myself and Viola, and Old Creek did not tell them anything about Pat and " New Jersey," and he concluded that after Joe was killed, Viola and myself were all that were left, and that we made a great fight indeed. The unfriendly Indian could endure it no longer. He was goaded to desperation. I trembled for the consequences, as I saw the fire of his wild passion kindling and burning in his eye.

In an instant, he jumped, seized his gun, and was just raising it and bringing it to bear on my breast, when the friendly Indian knocked it out of his hand and past his face, upon the ground. The next moment they were engaged in deadly conflict. All the others sat as still as though nothing strange or unusual was going on. But a fearful storm was raging in my bosom. I scarcely dared to look up. I felt that my best friend, among all the Indians, was in great danger, and I, powerless to help him, was compelled to be an idle spectator of the terrible conflict. At last, both fell to the ground, my friend underneath. My heart seemed to sink within me, and I noticed the tears streaming down the cheeks of Viola. Another instant, and a fearful shriek rent the air, the Black Hill Indian rolled upon the ground, threw up his hands, gave a few spasmodic kicks, and he was still—yes, still in the cold arms of death, and his spirit had left for the Indian's far-off hunting-grounds. The other Indian rose to his feet, but with great difficulty, and staggered around as though hardly conscious of his condition, or of his whereabouts. No one seemed to be moved by what had transpired, or to take any interest in the wounded man, till he reeled up to the chief and spoke to him in his own tongue. The chief then turned to me, and said:

“Do you know anything about doctoring?”

I answered him by saying, “I am no doctor. But if he wishes, I will do the best I can. But if anything unfavorable happens, or he dies, I must not

be held responsible. What I do, I do as a friend and as an act of kindness."

"You speak well," said the chief; and turning to the wounded man, they talked together for a minute or so. Then the wounded one said, "Do the best you can."

I laid down my gun, which had been slung across my shoulders, took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and spread my blanket upon a grass patch, upon which to lay him. With the help of Old Creek and his son, I laid him upon the blanket, removed his clothes and examined his wounds, of which there were several on his body, and all bleeding very freely. But he made no ado.

Upon examination, we found that he had four wounds, three of which were severe—one over the ribs about seven inches long; a large gash on one hip, some four inches in length, and, passing by the point of the hip bone, cutting nearly through the body; a stab in the other thigh, about two inches long and two deep; and another cut on the arm, but, comparatively, of a trifling character. Though his wounds were fearful to look upon, I concluded that with good care he would recover, and proceeded to dress them to the best of my ability in the circumstances. I called for some cotton cloth, to be used as bandages, but none could be found, and Viola and Chloe Dusky handed me their handkerchiefs. These, however, I found would not answer the purpose, as they were too short, and in other respects unsuitable. Obtaining a needle and a

spool of white thread from Viola, I proceeded to stitch the several wounds together. For some of the worst wounds, I made a kind of compress of wood and thread, of an original character, and which I will not now attempt to describe. The girls' handkerchiefs I folded up and laid upon the wounds, and Little Creek brought water from the stream and kept them wet.

The wounded man said he did not suffer much while I was taxing my skill in surgery.

The whole band looked on, and at the conclusion exclaimed, "Bravo! that's a good doctor!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MIND REELS.

The wounded man being cared for, some ten of the Indians started off for my post, and I laid down to rest, as I was much fatigued, and it was getting to be near dark. Chloe Dusky and Viola, faint, hungry and fearful, were walking around, hardly knowing what to think, or what to do. Viola's lunch, which she declined to eat at noon, I put in my over-coat pocket. I called her to me and told her to get it. She did so, and she and Chloe shared it together. It consisted of a cracker and a small piece of venison. All were soon stretched upon the ground, trying to rest themselves as best they could, except the chief, who seemed to consider himself

on guard. After awhile, he came up to my side and asked me if I would promise him that I would not try to get away, if all lay down and went to sleep, and said, "You and the young squaws will be safe while we are together."

I promised him as he wished, and calling Viola, told her the good news that the chief said we should not be molested so long as we were with his band, if we did not try to get away.

Nature was almost exhausted; and, with the exception of the wounded man and one of his companions who had taken Little Creek's place, we were soon fast asleep, and remained so till daylight the next morning. This was our first night's rest since the preceding Sunday morning, and by this time, the reader may feel assured, the novelty of Indian life had passed away.

Morning came, but it brought us nothing with which to appease the gnawings of hunger. About ten o'clock, the party returned from my post, laden with all which they could bring, consisting principally of salt meats, flour, and dried fruits, with our sauce-pan. Old Creek acted as principal cook, though the girls assisted him all they could. Viola did her best at making pan-cakes, frying pork, and cooking some other little dishes. Between the three, they got up, as our sharpened appetites decided, a most excellent dinner.

After dinner, some were for going over to the fort, while others were not inclined to do so. I had strong hopes that while the Indians were

dallying around, and fighting continued at the fort, help would come from below, and that we should be delivered. But no favorable signs appeared, and by three o'clock, we once more left the creek bottoms, but in an opposite direction. The dead Indian was carried into the woods; but what they did with him, I know not. The wounded man was suspended between two ponies, by means of blankets, with one folded beneath his head as a pillow, and I had requested the Indians to bring some cotton sheets from the post, which were thrown over him.

Thus prepared, we started out on another day's march, we knew not where. We took a westward direction, and moved off as fast as our tired feet could carry us. But so long as they let Viola have old Jim, I did not complain. We marched on till dark, when, turning my head toward the fort, I saw that they were throwing up rockets, which I judged to be signals of distress. It was noticed by all. Viola came up to me and asked what it meant. I told her that I did not know, but I feared it was a signal of distress, but to say nothing about it, as it would be worse for us, should the Indians get possession of the fort. I tried to stimulate her to keep up good courage, and said to her, "Act yourself. Do all you can to make things as agreeable as possible. And if you ever prayed in your life, now is your time to lay siege to a throne of grace — now is your time and opportunity."

The place which they had selected for camping

was in a southwesterly direction from the fort—how far, I could not tell; but we could see the shells bursting in the air.

We cooked no supper, but were glad to sit down and rest. Soon the chief came and asked me to go over and see the sick man. I went, found his wounds much inflamed, and ordered cold water. After he had been kept some time in wet cloths, and had received some water to drink, he felt better. I then told him that he could not be moved for many days. He wished me to go and tell the chief, and to ask him if he would come to his place, or where he was lying. I did so, and the chief returned with me. They held "a talk" which I did not understand. At the close of their conversation, the sick man said to me, "Will you take care of me, if they will leave you?"

"Yes," said I, "upon one condition, which is, that they leave Viola also. She will die if they leave me and take her away. But let both remain, and all that can be done for a man shall be done for you."

He then told the chief what I had said, who, though looking sad, replied, "Oh, yes; and when you able, you come and bring this man and little squaw, up to Redwood or Yellow Medicine Agency."

He then asked me if I would consent to such an arrangement.

"Yes," said I, "only we must have something to eat as long as we stay, or we shall starve."

"Oh," said the chief, "we leave some pork, some flour, and little squaw she fix um up good."

So it was settled that we were to remain where we were for awhile. Viola and Chloe Dusky had gone to bed, so I could not inform them respecting our arrangement, till morning. After bathing the sick man's wounds till past midnight, we both fell asleep, and slept till day.

On opening my eyes, I saw Old Creek cooking breakfast, and Chloe Dusky helping him. But I could see nothing of Viola, and there were only four or five of the Indians to be seen. I got up and looked around, but could not see her. I called to Chloe, and asked where Viola was. Said she, "She got up or stole out of the bed, and walked off down to the creek, acting strangely, and the men are watching her down there," pointing to the stream.

I pulled on my boots, put on my hat, and hastened down to where I saw five or six Indians, and the chief among the number. Said I, "Where is the girl?"

The chief replied, "There she is," pointing toward her, and then placing his hand upon his head, shook it, saying, "Her head bad." She was a little way off and upon her knees.

I hastened to her side, and found her weeping most violently. She hardly knew me. I took her by the arm, and beckoned the chief to come and help me, which he did very readily. We led her to the edge of the stream and bathed her head in

cold water, and then laid her down on the grassy bank of the little stream, her heart, all the while, throwing off heavy sobs. She was beautiful as the morning rose and sweet as the morning dew. I thought, "O Lord! if it be thy will, why not take her home? She is pure — unsoiled by earth's contaminations. She is fit for heaven."

Though this was the only remaining link that bound me to earth, I felt that earth was not a suitable place for one so pure and so lovely. My heart whispered "Thy will be done." At length, she ceased to sob and almost to breathe, and I then whispered, "She is not only fit for that pure clime, but she is surely going home."

The Indians had all gathered around that, to them, death scene. Old Creek and Chloe Dusky had left their cooking, and were watching most attentively, and with the deepest interest, every motion. Lifting my eyes, I saw the tears running down Little Creek's face, and that the eyes of Old Creek and those of the chief were moistened by the heaving heart emotions within. Chloe and I were constantly wetting her brow and chafing her hands. After a time, however, she revived, and consciousness returned. I sent for a blanket, and we laid her upon it. Then one of us taking each corner of the blanket, we carried her up to the camp.

Old Creek and Chloe completed their preparations for breakfast, when we all sat down to eat, except the sick man and Viola. Old Ponto went up to where Viola was lying upon her blanket, and,

after licking her hand awhile, laid down by her side, and would not touch a mouthful of food, or even leave her when called upon to do so.

Soon after breakfast, ten of the Indians went off in a northern direction, and, in a short time, five others mounted their ponies and rode off toward the south. I concluded from what I could gather, they were going to the Cottonwood.

C H A P T E R X L V.

THE LOG-HOUSE.

Nearly all that day, I bathed the sick man's wounds. That night it rained, and it was impossible to keep him or Viola dry. Old Creek said there was a house on the other side of the grove, and that if we could get into that, it would be much better. So in the morning, the chief and his two associates, with Little Creek, took the wounded man and carried him over the stream and across about a mile of low, floating marsh or bog, to a small house, standing in a little grove of burr oaks.

While they were gone, Old Creek and I had an opportunity for consultation. Said I, "What do you think of our prospects?"

"Me don't know," said he; "think you all right. I tell chief las' night, if he be good to you and Viola, you pay him big. If white man take hundred Indians, you big captain in the war, and they

give all for you two. That must settle some time, and you do more for Indian than Little Crow and all tribe. If lose 'nuity, all starve. Good to you an' little squaw, all better for Indian, better for white man. I b'lieve all you say. I trust you anything."

Viola now roused up, and the conversation closed. As she opened her large blue eyes, she smiled and said, "Where am I? I thought you were taking care of the sick man, and that they had taken me away to the Redwood, to live with the Indians."

I laughed and wept with delight, while Chloe Dusky told her all about what had transpired; that we were to stop and take care of the sick man who had saved us; that all the Indians had gone, but three, who were taking the sick man to a house, on the west side of the woods and marsh, or slough; that when they came back, they would take her over to the house, and that we would be left alone, as all the Indians were going away. Old Creek and Chloe closed by saying, "Now, we want you to get well quick as you can, so we go up to agency to live."

After Viola had taken a cup of tea and a small piece of prairie chicken, she appeared much better. I then asked her what made her feel so bad during the night and in the morning.

Said she, "I understood from Chloe, last night, that the Indians were going to take me away from you; and I had rather they would take my life than take me away to live with them."

I assured her that she was mistaken, and told her that she should have come to me and learned the facts in the case. . .

Said she: "I tried to pray over it. But when I fell asleep, I could see the Indians coming around me, grinning, laughing, and dancing; and then one of them, uglier than the rest, came up, with a big knife, and tried to take off my scalp. I jumped up and ran away, as fast as I could, and then, I got on my knees, and that is the last I remember."

Old Creek took her by the hand, and she stood up once more, though so feeble that she could scarcely support herself. We told her to be composed and to keep quiet, assured that all things would come out well in the end, as God was greater than all who were, or could be, against us, and that his plans, though we could not fathom them, nor see through them, were sure to cause all things to work together for our good, so long as we fully trusted in him.

But the other men were coming back, and we must close our consultation and make preparations for moving. This time, we placed Viola in a chair, made of strips of bark and blankets. Old Creek and I took old Jim and the sick man's pony, and placed or hung her between them, and, we walking, one on each side, made our way around the foot of the slough, and over to the little oak grove. The Indians packed up all things which we had left, and brought them over after us. On Saturday night, we were all comfortably situated in the

little log-house, in the oak grove, with the happy privilege of sleeping, once more, within walls erected by the hands of civilization. My sick patient was quite comfortable. They had kept his wounds bathed very well during the day, and there was every probability that he would be well in another week, if he could be kept quiet.

Chloe Dusky felt well pleased with our new quarters; and she went to work earnestly and with a glad heart, to get us something to eat, for we were as hungry as a pack of Norway wolves. It seemed truly good and really home-like, to get a piece of one's own pork, and a plate of slap-jacks made out of one's own flour. So we had a very comfortable time that night. Our sick were doing well; Viola stood her ride finely; and the chief did everything in his power, to make her and her sick companion comfortable.

The log-house was a small one which had been deserted by some poor settler. I thought it had been the home of some German or Norwegian family, from certain appearances; but there was nothing to show how the owners got away, or whether they were dead or alive.

About twenty rods distant, out upon the edge of the prairie, were plowed land and the bottom of a stack of grain, or the ashes of a stack, where it once stood. There were also some fenced lands. As I looked out upon those marks of toil and industry, and those footsteps of savage herds, I could not but think of the poor owner, probably a stray-

ing wanderer, or dead, in the woods adjoining; and here were the fruits of his year's labor, burned to ashes. I looked at the little tree, a short distance from the door, hacked by little hands. In pensive thought, I asked myself, "Are those little hands still active in life, or are they cold in death? Are the little ones who wielded the hatchet, wielding it still, or has the cruel tomahawk cleft their skulls? Are the little Willies and Johnnies to know no more, forever, of this, their home in the grove? And, is all this the consequence of dishonest dealing? Is this paying the penalty of having Indian agents and traders, playing into the hands of each other, to cheat the government on the one hand, and the Indians on the other?"

Night settled down upon us, and all laid down to sleep, except the sick Indian and myself. For the sick man, we made a wooden bedstead, in one corner of the room, by having one post upon which one end of two rails rested, driving the other ends into the wall, and splitting stakes four feet long and driving them in between the logs for a bottom. This made quite a good cheap bedstead, four feet one way by six feet the other, upon which we laid our patient; and I continued to wet his wounds and slake his thirst, all night, with cold water. It was quite warm, and there was but little air in circulation.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE NIGHT CALLERS.

A little past midnight, I thought I heard a cry in the woods far to the south, and in an opposite direction from that from which we came. After listening awhile, attentively, I recognized voices in conversation, but not speaking in English. I soon satisfied myself that they were not Indians, but who they were, I could not determine. I walked to the bedside of the sick Indian, but found him fast asleep. I then sat down and waited, with considerable anxiety, the coming of my nocturnal visitors. Soon, in came a large woman. It was not dark, being one of those lovely harvest-moon nights, but I could not see her face. Immediately three others followed her. I spoke to them, saying, "This is late traveling."

The woman who came in first, very much startled, exclaimed, "Mein Got! there be somepody in the house!"

At the sound of her voice, all instantly awoke. Said I, "It is nothing but some poor Dutch women. I beg of you not to disturb them."

There was quite a "hullabaloo" for a few minutes; but after I plead with the chief to spare or save them, all became quiet, and the poor Dutch women sat down. I explained to them what was going on, and told them the Indians with us were very good Indians, and that I thought they need

have no fears. While speaking to them, they let something fall from their arms, sounding, as it struck the floor, like large billets of wood. I could hardly imagine what it could be; but a little more careful observation showed them to be wooden shoes—large, ponderous things, too heavy to allow them to walk fast with them on their feet; but they were the fruits of German invention and enterprise, and too precious to them, to be given up, even in the last great race for life. I told them that they must be very tired, and to rest themselves till morning, assuring them that they would be safe. They proved to be a mother and her three daughters. The old woman said, in broken English, “We be so tired. Mein Got! mein Got! mein Got! Vat will we do? Dish beats the very duyvil. I goes to the other end of the grove, and I sees the house bees all on fire. Ven I goes to tudder end, I sees notin’ but Indians. I gots notin’ to eat last three days. Little Shonny dies; we perries him in the leaves.”

I told her to remain quiet, and gave each of them a plate of cold pancakes and a piece of fried pork, which they ate as though they had eaten nothing before, in all their lives, and promised them, in the morning, a share of the provisions which we had. They all then laid down on the hard puncheon floor.

Morning came, and we presented a motley crowd. In one corner, were Viola and Chloe; in another, the sick man, on his one-posted bedstead; and still in another, were Old Creek, his son, the chief, and

the other Indians. The chief, we will now call *Wau-pa-ket*, having first learned his name the day before. Just inside the door, were the four Germans, from the banks of the Rhine. I rested a little on the edge of the sick man's couch, and was the first to wake in the morning. Viola had rested well, all the night. About sunrise, all were astir. Old Creek, Chloe, and the Germans made arrangements, immediately, for cooking breakfast.

Of the Germans, the mother was about forty-five years of age, and her three daughters, about twenty, eighteen, and sixteen, respectively. I asked the old lady if this was their house. She said it was; that they saw the Indians coming, on Sunday, and that they all went into the woods. That night, they came back, and carried away all the provisions they had. With little Shonny, a boy just ten years old, they stayed by the brook two days, and little Shonny got sick there. But I will try to give the reader her story in her own language:

“Shust two years be gone, we comes from mein Faderland. It be on the banks of the Rhine, I was born, and my four shildens. Me and Shacob comes to tish country. I vants to stay in Milvaukie. But Shacob says no; ve vill go to Minnsota, then us vill go to New Ulm, on the Minnsota river, thens, we got homestead out there. I don't likes dat, but poor Shacob shinks it better. So we comes to New Ulm, and then Shacob and I comes up here. We shusts leave Catarine and Mena and Henretta down dar, and we takes little

Shonny with ush, and we comes to dish grove. Thens we build dish house, and little Shonny plays round. Then we gets some land broke, and we goes down to New Ulm and gets the shildens; and then, we works so hard and puts in our seeds. We gets some oxens, and then Shacob goes down to New Ulm and gets von cow and prings him up to us. And we be so glad we have cow; and little Shonny, he learns to milk, and pig girls, they say little Shonny makes von Yankee, cause he makes milk from cow come; and we all loves poor little Shonny. Then comes our first cuttin' mit de grain. We shust got all the grain in the stack, and little Shonny makes bundles to his fadder; and we tinks now, we got someting to eat. Now, its be all burned up. Poor Shonny ish gone dead in the woods; and Shacob, he goes to New Ulm, fast as he can, to gets somebody to comes to help us; and mein Got! he been dead, I tinks, and fot vill I does?"

Breakfast was ready, and I asked Wau-pa-ket if I should ask a blessing, to which he consented, saying, "If you want to, you may. We no pray that way."

After thanking God for all his mercies, and, especially, for his care and protection, the past week, we took our morning meal, each taking our food in our hands on chips of wood, and all drinking our tea from three tin cups, which we brought from the post. Our stock of provisions was getting low, except tea and dried fruits; and I did not see how we were to get a supply, as it required no

small amount to meet the demands of so large a company, there being, then, eleven of us, besides old Ponto.

But after breakfast, Wau-pa-ket said he thought it best for all to go up to the upper agency, except the sick man, Viola and myself. After considerable pleading with the German women, all started, but Viola, Chloe Dusky, and the chief, who said he was going to see Little Crow, over on the river that day, and would follow them on his return.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IMMORTAL INDIAN FRIENDSHIP.

I was very sorry to part with poor Old Creek and his son; but I could see no way to avoid it. So, after a warm shake of the hand, by both the father and the son, and a solemn promise that they would do all in their power to save any poor innocent ones who might fall into their hands, and all others had shaken hands with me and poor Viola, who was just able to stand, they all left us for the agency. On leaving, to go over to see Little Crow, Wau-pa-ket said he would come back that night, and bring something for us to eat, if he could do so.

After they had gone, I entered into conversation with the sick Indian, Chloe Dusky acting as interpreter. The Indian was recovering slowly, but

surely, and promised to be able to move sooner than Viola. She had lost her sweet rose that blushed so innocently on her cheek, or exchanged it for a sickly, pale white. Her steps were unsteady; her whole nervous system had been sadly shaken; and she looked like one slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

My rifle and cartridge box had been left with me, and I told the Indian, through my interpreter, that I would go out and try to get a prairie chicken, if he wished. I soon returned with a pair of nice chickens; and the girl was not long in making a good pot-pie, which all relished finely. After dinner—and so changing old Jim's rope that he could get a fresh bit of grass—I took my seat by the side of the wounded Indian, who, through Chloe Dusky, gave me the following

“TALK:”

“I am the brother-in-law of Wau-pa-ket—his sister being my squaw. I have five papoooses and one little squaw. Long time ago, I was a Christian Indian. When I called on you down at the island, I was trying to be good Indian. When I saw you at the lower trading post, and you was so very good to me, thought I would always be a good Indian. When I go to you hungry, that little squaw,” pointing to Viola, “she give me plenty to eat. Then I tell her have squaw and heap papoooses; she go to you, you tell her to give me plenty of meat and bread. I take all to poor old squaw,

and she said, 'One good white man.' But live in Dakota. Cold winter come on. Rice that year very light, and all get hungry. No annuity money, and not much blankets. Get no deer. I tell old squaw I go and see some good white man. I asked for Christian man, and the trader, he send me to one that preached. I tell him I, too, be Christian, I try to serve the Good Spirit. I have squaw and five pappooses. They all hungry. Rice not much, and corn not good. He say, 'You may go away. You nothing but lazy Indian. You tell me lie. I don't believe anything you say.' I got mad in my heart. I told my squaw, I no Christian no more. When I come down to get my annuity money, and they would not pay me any, then I joined in with Little Crow, 'cause I know traders cheat us all they can. They take all our money for nothing; and our great father, the president, he let them do so. He sends agents to buy up all our lands; and then he let the traders and agents cheat us out of all the money; and we all starving. How is it? Before white man come to our land, we have plenty. You say the Good Spirit send you to settle up all our lands, and then put us on little reservations, where there is no game.

"The pale faces come up our rivers, with their steamboats, and spoil all our fishing. When your great father pays us our money, he allows his agents and the traders to take it all back. Do you think the Great Spirit tells him to cheat the poor Indians, that way?

" You say, you no cheat the Indians. I know you don't. You always his friend. Old Creek, he is good Indian. He is your friend, and so Little Creek. They like you, and me too like you. I tell Wau-pa-ket you always good to the Indians, and that you could do more than any other man to save the Indians that white man take; if you killed, worse than twenty Indians killed. The Indian that was going to kill you, was a Black Hill Sioux, and did not know you. He came from New Ulm that morning, and told us all about how you fight the Indians, and how many they carried away, when the barrels of oil blew up. They think you have plenty men in the house. When we see you and that little squaw and this little squaw," pointing to Chloe Dusky, " we say, one white man, two pale faces and one Indian squaw, beat fifty Black Hill Sioux. Then he think he show himself big Indian, by killing you. When I knock away his gun, he get very mad, and think he kill me. But I have knife well as he. I put the knife in below his ribs, when he hit my bones. When I get the knife in, me turn it up little, that fix him. But I am very sore. How long before I get well?"

To his last question, I replied, "In about two weeks, if you get good care."

" Well," said he, " I think I get good care. Never saw Indian get so good care before. And I want Ola to get well, too."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN UNSELFISH GIRL.

The day was past, and the night found us rather a forlorn, lonesome little company. As the evening shades gathered around, I thought I would take my seat by Viola's bedside. She lay on one of those new-country one-posted bedsteads, in the opposite corner from where the sick man lay, and the setting sun shone in her face. I took her hand in mine, and asked, "How do you feel?"

"Very comfortable, only I am so weak," she replied.

"Would you like to get up and take a walk, for a few rods?"

"Oh, yes! if you think it would not hurt me."

I assured her that I thought it would help her; and told Chloe Dusky we were going out a few rods, and to keep the wounds of the Indian well wet with cold water till we came back. After we had passed beyond the hearing of Chloe and the sick Indian, Viola said to me: "I have been thinking that I shall never get well, and if it is God's will, I don't want to, if I am always to live with Indians. I know that you can make your escape, for they have so much confidence in you, that they will give you any opportunity you may ask. You will be justified in breaking any confidence to get away, and it don't matter much what they will do with me. My time is short, anyway."

I stood, for some moments, looking at the poor, unselfish girl, in perfect amazement. Said I, soon as I could command words to express my feelings: "Viola, can it be that you think me such a monster, as to desert you, among these wild savages, even if I thought you would not live long. I am sorry you have so low an opinion of poor human nature."

She looked me in the face with apparent surprise, as I was supporting her by her feeble arm, and her pulse was beating slowly, and I continued, "I would not be worthy to be called a man, could I desert one who had been placed under my care and protection by such peculiar and striking providences, even did I feel fully confident that you would not live another day. God has made me here your only guardian and protector, as the only other friend you have on this earth, in whom you could confide, is far away. What account could I give of my stewardship, if I could be so destitute of manhood as to seek my own release, by deserting one whose life I value higher than all this world beside? Oh, no, my young friend, if there is one on earth who bears to you an unyielding love, I am that one. Paul may, and I trust he does, love you as intensely as it is possible for a betrothed to love. But I feel, as I trust, a higher love for you — that which a father feels for his only child, and that child entirely dependent upon him for everything in this life. The husband loves his wife, because she is partner in his joys and sorrows. But the love of a

parent seeks to ward off the sorrow, and to make the child only and always happy. A wife may be a husband's doll; but the child is the father's idol. Oh, no, my dear young friend, these bones may bleach upon the prairie, but they will never desert the most valuable jewel which providence has placed in my hands. I believe that true friendship will never die, but that it will live forever beyond the tomb. But you are going to get well, and live to see better days. But let us go in, for it is getting chilly, and I am afraid you may take cold."

And we turned our faces toward home, or the log-house, having walked as far as the cultivated land.

CHAPTER XLIX.

INDIAN LONELINESS.

As I have said, the house was in a beautiful burr oak grove. It was now in the latter part of August, 1862; and it was very pleasant to sit in the grove, in the cool of evening, with the setting sun casting his golden rays obliquely upon the earth, and think of *home*. For a moment I seemed to be there, drinking in its inspiring sweetness and surrounded by its hallowed influences. But sober thought soon brought me back, that evening, and almost filled my heart with despair; for, though I had been trying to encourage Viola, I felt my own situation

most keenly. True, God had blessed me with considerable nerve, and I knew I had friends at the headquarters of the Indian camp. Still I was intensely anxious to hear from Fort Ridgely and New Ulm, and to learn whether they had fallen into the enemy's hands; for if the Indians could not take those outposts, Mankato and St. Peter's would be safe. But night was upon us, and we were alone. Entering the log-house: "Been gone long time," said the sick man.

Looking at my watch, "About one hour," I replied; "is there anything you wish?"

"Oh, no, only I feel lonesome."

"I did not know that Indians ever got lonesome," was my reply.

"Oh," said he, "Indian smarter than white man. White man get lonesome and look sad. You think Indian made of iron, he no feel. Indian do feel. Indian know when he hurt, and know when used well."

Though this came through an interpreter, I felt its full force, and fell back to reflect upon my own responsibilities, and those of my country.

Examining the sick man's pulse, I found it improving. While bathing his wounds, past midnight, I fell partially asleep, first thinking and then dreaming of other Indian bands, gathering around and taking us captives. Leaning my head upon the edge of his bed, at last, I fell soundly to sleep.

The sun had risen, when I was awakened by Chloe getting breakfast. On raising myself, I

found my sick man sitting up in bed. He said he became so tired lying in one position so long, that it seemed as though he could not endure it, and ran the risk of sitting up. I had been very careful of him, caring for him most tenderly, as I more than imagined that my own life and that of Viola depended upon my success in doctoring him. So I hastened to examine his wounds, but found all doing well, except that on his thigh. That one had been torn open by his movement, and was considerably inflamed. I had no remedies at hand, but cold water. But finding a small slippery-elm near by, with my knife I peeled off some bark and made a poultice, which soon removed all inflammation. For three days and nights, we remained alone.

C H A P T E R L.

GERMAN FUGITIVES.

One day, when out hunting for prairie chickens, I came across a patch of potatoes and carrots. I filled my stove-pipe hat with them, and carried them to the house. They seemed to afford us more satisfaction, in the circumstances, than the discovery of a gold mine would have done. I had a little of the precious metal, and a few hundreds of dollars in Uncle Sam's newly-issued greenbacks. But I could neither eat nor drink either. The gold was a burden, and the shinplasters had been wet and I

expected to lose them. But the potatoes just met the demands of our stomachs, and the carrots made a valuable addition to our stock of medicines.

On the fourth day that I went out to dig potatoes, I was startled by the voice of a man. I raised my head, but I could see no one. It clearly was not the voice of an Indian. However, I made my way toward the house, keeping a good look-out toward the woods. Every tree was clad in its most gorgeous robe of green, and every shrub was a thicket. Finally, I ventured to ask, "Did I not hear some one speak to me?"

"Dat vas me!" came from the woods.

I laid down my little pail of potatoes, and walked to a fence in the edge of the grove, and there stood a man! I could scarcely credit my eyes. But there was no mistake about it—there he stood. I felt a little awkward, as I thought this man might be the owner of the potatoes in my pail; but I had the potatoes, and I would neither run nor deny the fact. Somewhat confused, said I, "Who be you?"

"Who I beesh? I beesh the man that owns this farm. And now, who beesh ye?"

I saw at once the man was as much surprised as I was, so I told him all that had happened. When the circumstances concerning the four German women were made known to him, he could control himself no longer, and exclaimed:

"Mein Got! fot vil I dosh? dat vas mein frau, dat vas mein frau! mein Got! mein Got! mein Got! mein Got!" and the big tears rolled down the poor

man's face. When sufficiently composed to give further utterance to his feelings, he repeated, "Dat vas mein Cathrine, mein Henretta and Mina; and poor Shonny! he be dead! Oh! And mein frau she been one good frau. Oh, mein frau! wouldn't lost her for von hundred dollar. She is gone; I vill never see mein frau agin."

After becoming sufficiently composed, he gave me the following account of himself and his affairs :

"Me and mein frau vas in the field, and we sees the houses and stacks on fire. I tells mein frau ve'll take our tings to de woods, may be te tivels not purn our house. We trives de cow and te oxens 'way down in de swamp. We comes pack and sees our house ish not purned up. In three days, I goes to New Ulm. The Indians, they comes and purns up the stack grain and all the hay. Then they comes to de town. We mens gets our guns. Goes into the brick buildings. Fights all day. Indians, they purns all little houses made of wood, and kills and scalps all womens and shildens they gets. Den we gets all in pig brick house and fight awful—fight red tivels all dat day. Lots of us be killed, and we be so tired. Then more mens, they comes from the St. Peter's, and prings de soldiers and horses, and dey makes gist sich a charge as you niver seen in your life. Red tivels makes for de woods. Soons we shust perries all dead right in middle streets, and den all peoples goes 'way.

"Den I speaks to dat man commands soldiers: 'mein frau up in de swamp mit mine four shildens.

They can't walk so far. Little Shonny ish not vell. I vants yous send up gits my vife and shildens.' He shakes his head. Then says I vill go, if the very tivels in de road. Just comes up all way in night, till I gits in de grove. I looks all 'round for mein vife, and oh! mein Got, mein head aches! Sleeps in de woods. Tinks dey bees all starved dead. Comes and peeps out, sees you. Now vats vill I better do? Dats de ting I vants to know. I goes de creek up and down, but I no sees Indian. I sees mine house, but I peen awful feared. So I just sees you. Dat bees got for me."

I told him that I was expecting an Indian along there soon, and that he had better keep hid in the woods, and, also, that I would go to the house and bring him something to eat.

"Oh," said the poor man, "I has not got nothin' to eat all dis day, but shust some green corn, and dat make mine stomach sick."

Putting a five-dollar greenback in his hand, I told him that I would be back in about two hours.

"Then," said he, "I lays my gun down and takes some sleep."

On coming in with my potatoes, I found my friends somewhat anxious about me, because of my unusually long absence. But all was soon explained to their satisfaction.

Calling on my patient, I told him I would help him to get up; and, with my assistance, he arose and walked around the house, seeming to be very much cheered and encouraged by the tokens of returning

strength. I told him that I thought he would be able to ride out, in another week. He then sat in the door a half-hour or more, looking out upon the beauties of nature, smiling all around, and then we sat down to a fine dinner, which Chloe had prepared for us.

After dinner, I told the Indian that he had better lie down, while Viola and I would take another walk in the grove. It had been a little wet the last few days, and Viola had not been able to venture out much; and as the ground was rather moist, I went to my overcoat pocket, and took out the pair of new calf-skin shoes, which I put in on the morning that we left the post, and she put them on, that her feet might be preserved from dampness. Chloe Dusky having stepped to the door, and the sick man's face being turned from me, so that they could not observe my movements, I took from the shelf, on the wall, half of a cold chicken, some potatoes, a piece of cold pork, and some of Chloe's biscuits, baked in the hot ashes. The biscuits were made without the aid of saleratus, yet they were very good, especially for the times and circumstances. Then giving old Ponto a bone, and stationing him as sentinel a little way from the door, and taking Viola by the arm, we started off in the direction of the man in the grove. When out of hearing, I told Viola all that I had learned from the owner of the farm and log-house where we were stopping. She wept, and then laughed, for joy, at the discovery of a single glimpse

of daylight ahead. She was so weak that I feared the consequences of excitement, and I did not dare to tell her of any of my plans for escaping. But I said to her, "Paul will be back next week, if he meets with no misfortune; and if you have any means of writing, and wish to do so, the Dutchman will start back to-night, and if he gets through, Paul will learn that we are still alive and looking for deliverance."

We soon came to the spot where I left my new friend. I whistled, he soon made his appearance, and received his dinner with gladness. After he had eaten, I asked him if he would be willing to carry a letter for us, and put it in the first postoffice he came to, beyond the reach of the Indians, telling him that I would pay him well if he would do so.

"You already pays me," he answered, "and tish five dollar vill help me, for I no moneys. But I gets good news, when I first goes down to New Ulm. I gets letter first days I goes to postoffice; brings good news. Fader bees dead, and leaves von shousand dollar cash money, for me, in old Faderland. But it takes long times 'fore I gets money. But I vill take letter. Glad you goes, too, if young girl stand it; but knows she don't. I lies out in the wet grass and in woods. Walks nights; just keeps still days."

We returned to the house, and Viola took her pencil and wrote a few lines, put the note in an envelope, handed it to me, and said, with a smile upon

her countenance, "You better take it, and put me in your pocket and fly down to Mankato, and we shall be forever beyond the reach of these brutes."

I took the letter, and, after a little general conversation, said, "I will go down and get a few more potatoes," and walked out. On reaching the spot, I again whistled, and the waiting man was again quickly by my side. He took the letter, and very soon disappeared in the thickets.

CHAPTER LI.

LAST NIGHT IN THE LOG-CABIN.

I returned to the house, but had hardly entered, before who should make his appearance but the young chief. It was a little dark, and I could not see his face distinctly. We all shook his hand cheerfully and bade him a welcome return. It was clear that he was feeling a little sad, but not vexed. Chloe Dusky made all haste to prepare him something to eat. I knew that he could speak quite good English, so, after he had taken his supper, I said to him, "What is the news? if it is no harm. We all feel anxious to know."

"Well," said he, "how are the sick people? We must move, or the soldiers will take us all, and hang me and the sick man too."

"Oh, no; I will not allow any one to hurt you or him either. You have both been good to me."

"Well," he replied, "Little Crow says he wants you, because he thinks you can help make peace, and save all the annuities for the Indians. If you can, he will treat you and Viola well, at any rate. But Little Crow is afraid the president will take away his annuity and hang him too. Crow says they will hang all the Sioux unless they can make a treaty. He wants me to bring you and Viola and this sick man up to the Yellow Medicine to-morrow. Will you go?"

"If you say we must. But this man and Viola ought to stay here at least a week yet."

"Well, then, let them stay and you go up to-morrow."

Viola quickly replied to the last remark, saying: "If you go to-morrow, I will. I don't want to stay only where you are; and I will try to stand it the best I know how. I am feeling pretty smart to-day; and I think I can ride, say twenty miles, and that is as far as you can walk."

"Well, said Wau-pa-ket, "he need not walk. There is a horse down by the creek—a large gray; white man's horse. I will help take it, if you will ride it. What do you say?"

"I will be very glad to ride, if I can get a chance. But what do you say, Chloe, about this arrangement? I don't control circumstances. But I will do all in my power to make things come out right."

She said, "I would like to go with Viola. But if I can't, you go and see Little Creek. He will come over and stay with us."

The sick man and Wau-pa-ket now held a conversation for several minutes by themselves, at the close of which the chief said, "He go too. Ride on the pony."

"Well," said I, "if he goes, and anything unfavorable happens to him, you must not blame me, for I tell you he is not able to go, though he is getting along finely now."

It was finally decided to bid our log-cabin in the grove a final farewell, in the morning, and it only remained for us to make the necessary preparations. But what horse should Chloe ride? was the question which remained to be settled.

The chief and I walked out and talked the matter over. I was very much surprised to see how greatly subdued the chief was. His independent, haughty bearing had all departed, and he seemed as meek and as mild as a lamb. His kindly feelings toward me and Viola seemed to be deeper and stronger than before. In completing our plans for traveling, he said:

"I ride some, you ride some, and Chloe ride my pony. Or Viola ride my pony, if she like him better than old Jim, and she have my saddle, and the Indian girl, she ride old Jim well."

"Very well," said I, "but it is so late that we can do nothing more till morning."

Wau-pa-ket told us that Little Crow had sent out orders to kill no more prisoners, but to treat them the best they could. Though it was impossible for them to treat them very well, as they had

nothing to eat themselves half the time, this humane order was most cheering, and a crushing burden which had been resting like a mill-stone upon our hearts for a long time, was suddenly rolled off. Viola was almost overcome. Her joy knew no bounds. I could hardly have believed it possible that anything could have restored her strength so suddenly. Her health and spirits seemed to come back with the haste and suddenness of an electric shock. She came and whispered in my ear, "I never felt so happy in all my life!"

There was a rude fire-place, in one end of the house, in which we had kept a small fire, evenings. This evening we sat up much later than usual, time passed off so rapidly; and it was really amusing to look at the happy faces of Viola and Chloe, polished, as they were, by the inspiring faith and hopes of a speedy release from prison life.

I felt some little anxiety respecting Chloe, though I gave her no intimation of my feelings. How Little Crow would look upon her, was a matter of some doubt, in my mind. She was a pure Dakota; but she perfectly hated the very name of Little Crow. This made her position much more delicate; and just how she would carry herself in his presence, I could not determine. He held the power of life and death in his hands. The feelings of a prisoner are neither to be described nor imagined. They are learned only by experience. One knows not where to look, in whom to trust, or what to expect. He can hardly avoid suspicions

of deception and hidden snares in every movement. The present lamp, especially when in the hand of a wild savage, may be designed to decoy the feet over some hidden precipice of ruin. The promise of life may be but the precursor of death. I had but little confidence in Little Crow. He was as cunning as a fox, and as crafty as a Pennsylvania lawyer.

Though in danger of assuming something of the character of a Western politician, I was bound to do all in my power to propitiate the gods and to save myself, those committed to my care, and all others in like circumstances. How many the red-handed Indians then held in prison life, I could not tell. But Wau-pa-ket said they had "heaps" of them. As we all sat around the fire that night, and all seemed to be in such good spirits, I asked Viola whether she would sing a few verses for our young chief, who had been so very kind to us, first in saving our lives, and then in doing all he could for our safety and comfort, if Chloe would assist her. The chief had once asked her to sing, but she felt that she could not do so then, and declined. Now she said, "I will do the best I can, but I have sung none since I left my old home."

Chloe Dusky consented, and they struck up —

"There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above;
There's a light in the window for thee."

I think I never heard Viola sing so sweetly as

she did that night. Her voice seemed sweeter, clearer, and more melodious than ever. She sung upon one of her lowest keys, in minor strains; and as the chorus echoed out on the still evening air, it fairly charmed the heart in a manner not to be described and never to be forgotten. They sung the whole hymn; and, when they concluded, there was not a dry eye in the log-cabin. Even the cheeks of the poor wounded Indian were wet with tears, though he could not understand the language.

Viola had been a good singer, from her childhood. The first day she spent in my old trading-post, she charmed me with her sweet singing. But never, from that day to this, though in much more favorable circumstances, had I heard her sing so charmingly. And her pale face, in the light of that brush fire, seemed more than human. At the close of the singing, all was still as death, for a moment. Then the chief broke the silence by saying: "No Indian sing like that. Old Creek, he tell the truth. He said you the best singer in all the land. I did not think white folks could sing so. Oh, if Little Crow hear you sing, he will not let any one hurt you. Little Crow loves good singing."

We all knelt down together, and, in my own feeble way, I led off in evening prayers. Viola and Chloe followed, in the most grateful expressions of gratitude for past and present mercies, and the most earnest pleadings for continued favors. So deep were my own feelings that I,

almost involuntarily, said, "We will make this an old-fashioned social meeting." I then spoke of my feelings for about five minutes, and, at the close, Viola again electrified all hearts as she sung—

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care;
And bids me, at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known."

She then rose up, and, in the same artless, child-like simplicity of better days, said: "During the last fortnight, there have been clouds before my face. Fear had taken hold of my heart. But the clouds have all broken, to-day; and I feel that I am free again. Jesus is mine, and I am his. Not a cloud doth arise, to hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes. God be praised! This is the gate of heaven."

When she took her seat, Chloe arose, and said: "When I lived in sin, I thought everybody hated me. Because I was bad, I thought all the white people looked down on me, and I hated them. But now I love Jesus, and he makes me love everybody. I find my best friends among the white people. They learned me to read, and he" (pointing to me) "gave me a Bible, and that is more than anybody ever gave me before. It tells me how to live, how to die, and how to go to heaven. I know God will take me in, for, if he did not want me, he would not have given his Son to die for me. But he has died for *me*, and I shall live with him in glory."

A heavenly calm rested upon the then happy family in the log-cabin. After looking steadily into the coals, a few minutes, said I, "We had better go to sleep, for it is now twelve o'clock, and we have a long journey before us for to-morrow."

Said the young chief, "I would like to know how, or by what way, Chloe can live with Jesus Christ, after he died. I cannot understand it."

"If you do not think it is too late, I will explain it."

"Oh, no; not too late."

I gave him the gospel account of Christ's visit to earth — the cross, the grave; his resurrection, ascension and mediation; the simple gospel plan of salvation, in plain and simple language, which he appeared readily to comprehend, and which seemed, in a measure, to give rest to his troubled spirit.

CHAPTER LII.

PRISONERS' MARCH.

Our sides began to revolt against the hard puncheon floor. The Germans had left nothing but the bare logs, and our supply of blankets was very limited. But we succeeded in falling asleep about two o'clock in the morning, and were up again at five.

While the girls were engaged in preparing breakfast, Wau-pa-ket and I went out in search of old

Gray. We found him in the same old ravine; and when I first saw him, I did not think he would ever leave the creek bottoms; but when I put the gear on him and mounted his back, he moved. The young chief laughed outright, and said, "You cut a dash, I tell you, coming up to the council. All the chiefs will bow to you when you get to the Yellow Medicine."

My thoughts said, "Young villain, if I was at liberty, you would not abuse me and this poor old horse long in this way." But all the answer he received was, "I guess when they see me up to the agency, they will elect me head chief of all the Sioux nation. Don't you think they will?"

"Oh, yes; me think so," he replied, and then he gave another of his infernal yells and laughs mingled into one, which still echoes with tones of horror in my ears.

But I kept my course, on old Gray, not stopping to ask or to care who owned him, till I came to the cabin. I then called the girls to come out and inspect my sporting nag, and told them that if either of them chose to ride him, I would not object. Both laughed, and Viola said, with a smile on her cheek, "Any port in a storm, you know, sir."

I had been fearing that the exercises of the previous evening might have an unfavorable effect upon Viola's weak nerves. But no; she looked better than the day before—more hopeful; and that deathly pallor that had settled down on her

face, was giving way to a brighter and more enlivening countenance. I told her that the young chief had generously offered his pony, with his fine saddle, for her to ride, if she preferred it to old Jim.

"He is very gallant. Of course, I shall accept of his kind offer," she replied.

The young chief had been down a little way among the trees, to catch the sick man's horse, which he then came leading up to the door. It is rather a singular fact that the Indians have a way of so training their ponies that they will never stray away from the camp, further than is really necessary to obtain food and drink. I was obliged to keep old Jim staked out, and to frequently change his location and to lengthen out his rope, lest he should forsake us, while the sick Indian's pony, though given his full liberty, was never out of sight for a day. Breakfast being ready, we took our last meal together in our cabin home.

True, our prison life had not been of the closest and the most severe kind. Still, we found it to be exceedingly galling. I could have made my escape; but life afterward would have been worth but little, with the abiding consciousness that I had failed of duty, when made so plain to me as it had been in passing circumstances. And I will say, frankly, though it may be at the risk of skeptical doubts, on the part of the reader, escape was no temptation to me, so long as it would be at the expense of a young life, and that more valuable and

promising than my own. Had Viola been strong enough to have undertaken such a race for life with me, my principles teach me that I should have been justified in breaking my parole, to have saved myself and her from the awful life of fearful suspense which we were enduring. But God ordered it otherwise. She had been unable to move, up to that time; and it was then doubtful whether she could endure the fatigue of a full day's journey.

Then came the packing up of blankets, shawls, and other articles of clothing. Soon as all were ready, the wounds of the sick man were carefully dressed, and he was put upon his horse. He was very weak, and such a journey seemed perilous. Next, the chief's pony was led out. His nice red riding-blanket was thrown tastefully over him, and the large eagle-feathers were waving from his foretop. The blanket was beautifully trimmed with a rich border of beads and porcupine quills, tastefully wrought and sewed around the lower edge, giving it a fine appearance. We dressed Viola in the best she was able to bring from the post. She had on a pale silk dress with a black, fringed silk cape, a long black silk scarf with a deep fringe on each end, tied around her neck and hanging down almost to the saddle, and a pair of black kid shoes. Her jaunty hat and riding scarf completed her outfit. The remainder of her clothing was carefully rolled up and bound upon the pony behind her. She seemed inspired afresh with noble womanly feelings; and as she rode off, in her neat, but tasty

attire, and upon her gayly-dressed and proudly-stepping Indian pony, she made quite a queenly appearance.

I had been assured by Little Crow, from the lips of Wau-pa-ket, that our lives should be spared, whether the council was for peace or war. But I felt quite anxious to make a favorable impression upon the chiefs, in council, before whom I was to appear; and for this purpose, in part, had dressed Viola in her best, and inspired her with all the confidence in my power. And then, I took all possible pains with myself. But after doing my best, I found that I had made but slight changes in my apparel, and but little improvements in my appearance, as I was able to bring but little extra clothing with me from the post.

Then passed out Chloe, on the back of old Jim. She had brought what clothes she had at the post, and now felt quite happy in prospect of deliverance from bondage. But she was so attached to Viola that she would not leave her, even to gain her liberty. The two rode on together.

Then came old Gray, with a pack of blankets on his hips, and our young chief on his back. The chief and his rig presented rather a sorry contrast. It was very evident that the crows held a mortgage against old Gray, and I was very much afraid they would foreclose upon him long before we reached the agency. It was my turn now to compliment the chief, so I said, "Wau-pa-ket, I perceive you

are going prepared to take command of all the Sioux tribes."

All had now moved out, but myself and old Ponto, who sauntered along behind, hunting for some stray chicken, as I walked on after the train.

Our course led in a westerly and northerly direction. I had directed them to ride on till noon, then make a halt, get some dinner, rest the sick man and Viola, and I would come up, by the time that dinner was prepared.

It was a warm day, and I had not traveled more than ten miles, before I began to grow weary, and my feet became very sore. For the next three miles ahead, the road led across a high rolling prairie, with here and there a slough. I took off my shoes at one of these sloughs, bathed my feet in cold water, and walked on again. But, to use a Western phrase, I soon found myself completely bushed, and was compelled to sit down upon a little knoll or hill. I took my handkerchief from my pocket, tied it to my gun and waved it in the air. The moving column saw it, and the chief came hastening back to my side, and asked what was the matter. He laughed, when I informed him of my condition. The camp was, at least, a mile away, and I must have perished had I not received assistance. Over some portions of the last two miles, I had crept on my hands and knees. With the assistance of the chief, however, I finally reached the camp. Dinner was ready, but I could eat nothing. A cup of tea somewhat refreshed me.

Mounted on old Gray, and Wau-pa-ket taking his feet for it this time, we moved off, once more. All, however, walked and rode alternately, except the sick man. Night brought us to a grove, but not to the agency. The sun had been so oppressively warm, that all were nearly exhausted. And there we were, in that little grove, without a drop of water with which to quench our thirst; and our remaining stock of provisions consisted of two small chickens and a small quantity of salt pork. We were almost burning up with thirst; but there was no help for us, as there was no water to be had within five miles; and it was impossible to go any further that night. With much difficulty, a little fire was kindled by those having the most remaining strength, while the others lay down upon the ground. I had taken no dinner, and I could eat no supper, so I lay down, almost helpless. But the poor sick man was the greatest sufferer, though he uttered not a word of complaint. Now and then a low, half-stifled groan escaped his lips. The hot sun had inflamed his wounds; and we had no cold water with which to bathe them or to slake his burning thirst.

CHAPTER LIII.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

At length, the morning seemed to be drawing near. But oh, how long the night had been! how

slowly its hours had passed away! At three o'clock I was up, and went to Wau-pa-ket and told him he must get some water for his brother, or he would die, as I saw he was suffering greatly, by his manner of breathing. The chief hastened to the sufferer's side, and spoke to him in the Dakota language. But the poor man only moved his lips slightly two or three times. All were soon up and gathered around him. A large brush fire was soon in full blaze, in the light of which, I saw he was dying. I informed Wau-pa-ket, his brother-in-law, but told him there was no help for it, as we had no water, with which even to wet his lips. In the light of the fire, the dying man opened his eyes, and faintly beckoned Chloe to his side. She bent down over him, placing her ear near his lips, and he whispered:

“Tell the doctor to pray for me. I want to go to the land where there is no more war. And I want you to sing.”

Chloe had often sung for him in both Dakota and English. We all kneeled around him and spent a short time in earnest prayer. And then Chloe, assisted by Viola, commenced singing—

“What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?”

And he was gone! They stopped in the middle of a line. There is something so peculiar and so solemn in death, that it commands silence of all, whether they be Christians or heathen. For a few moments, all stood wrapped in silence and thrilled with

memories, gazing upon the lifeless form in our midst. In my own mind it awakened stirring thoughts. There lay before me, cold in death, one who had given his life to save mine. True, had he remained a few days longer at rest in the log-cabin, he probably would have recovered. Still, those fearful wounds he received by voluntarily placing himself between me and death. But for those wounds, he might now be living. But he is dead, and I am alive. Deep reflections took hold of my inner life. I felt that I had done all in my power to save him; and that, had he followed my advice, and remained in the cabin, he might have lived. Chloe generously offered to stay with him till other help should come. But he did not wish to remain alone, and told his brother-in-law that he could endure the journey, and the risk had been taken in opposition to my advice. Though I mourned the results, I felt that my conscience was clear. He had himself assumed the responsibility; and he alone must bear the blame.

Our breakfast was soon over—consisting of the fragments of our chickens and raw salt pork. It was eaten without water or any other drink, though our thirst was most intense.

The chief cut four crotchets, about six feet long, and the size of a common hand-spike, and drove them into the ground. He then put in cross-bars, about four feet one way by eight the other, against a large burr oak, and then putting on a few cross poles, made a kind of stand, upon which to place the dead man's remains. We rolled up the corpse,

in his blanket, and, taking him upon our shoulders, carried him to the stand, and placed him upon it as tenderly as we could, spreading his remaining blanket over him. The girls then sung—

"Let me go where saints are going.
To the mansions of the blest;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared His people's rest."

There were but few friends around that dying couch, and but few mourners at that burial. But there were no dry eyes at that funeral; and but few have more sincere mourners than had that poor Dakota.

CHAPTER LIV.

IN THE PRISONER'S CAMP.

We were all again soon mounted, as each then had a horse, and we lost no time in making efforts to pass over the next five miles. But just as we thought we were coming to the river, we came upon a deep morass or peat-bed, which we could not cross, and in which we could find no water, except a very little mixed with mud to about the thickness of common tar. But after following it up, for some distance, we came to the water's edge, and both men and horses plunged in as though it had been the elixir of life. We had taken this route, so destitute of water, to avoid the liability of coming in contact with the soldiers.

I had noticed that Viola was failing, though I had spoken only encouragingly to her, till we came to the water. It was clear that she could travel no further that day; so I said to the young chief, "You had better go to the agency and get a cart, for Viola will not be able to ride, on horseback, any further."

"May be, the soldiers come and take you both before I send the cart," he replied.

"Well, you may count on my friendship, no matter what camp I am in. But if we go any further, we shall have to bury Viola, and then, it will be no use for us to go to the agency."

He looked at me, as I sat bathing the pale face of the sick girl, while Chloe was doing her best to cook a chicken which we had picked up on the way. I gave Viola a little broth which Chloe had made from the chicken, and she revived a little. But she was completely worn out; and no one would have taken her for the young lady who started out with us, so light-spirited and so full of hope, but the morning before. The heat during the past two days had been intense. The mercury must have shown no less than one hundred and thirty degrees in the sun. It almost scorched my body through my clothes; and we had found no water with which to quench our thirst since noon the day before. It was no wonder that we had to leave the remains of our sick man under the branches of the burr oak, and that death threatened again to

enter the ranks of our little band, before we could reach the agency. But—

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

And I have often thought that, if we could look into the future, we should sink and perish in despair.

The chief had concluded to go on to the agency, and to take me with him, leaving Viola on the ground, almost unconscious, in the care of Chloe, till I should return with a cart or wagon to take her in. We had rested about three hours, and the chief and I were about starting, when we heard a voice from some distance below us. On going out upon the bank, we discovered three Indians and a yoke of oxen. The chief went down, saw them, and soon returned, with the good news that they would take Viola to the agency that night. We informed Viola; but she was unable to stand and scarcely able to speak. The heat had done its work upon her almost as thoroughly as upon the poor Indian. But there was no other way. She could not remain there; we must move on. So when the team came up, we pulled up prairie grass, growing on the river bottoms, nearly three feet high, and filled the box almost to the top. We then spread blankets on the hay, making as comfortable a bed as possible. Then, taking hold of each corner of the blanket, on which she lay, we lifted the sweet singer into the wagon box. I thought it quite probable that her next demand would be a narrower box for the grave. I feared,

at the time we left the Dutch cabin, she was taking too much upon herself; but she declared she would not remain, if I left. I tried to ransom both her and myself, but the young chief did not dare to let us go, as Little Crow had ordered both of us taken to the agency. Two of the Indians were to accompany us. I gave old Gray to one of them, and Wau-pa-ket gave the horse he was riding to the other, and mounted his own. Chloe Dusky hitched hers behind, and both of us got into the wagon. I took Viola's head in my lap, and Chloe held a small pail of water with which to wet the lips of the suffering child. All arranged, we moved off; and that old cart rolled on at the speed of about two miles per hour, till dark. We were then told that we had reached the agency. The place seemed to be somewhat deserted; but so far as we could see, the little Indian farm-houses were all standing. We lost no time in finding the house of Chloe Dusky's mother, and carried poor Viola in, not knowing whether we were welcome or not. But Chloe thought her mother would do the best she could for us. So, after handing the teamster a five-dollar bill, I dismissed him, or, rather, he dismissed himself, saying, "Oh, heap money!"

On our way up, the teamster, using quite good English, informed us that the Blanket Indians had become sick of the war, and wanted to form a treaty, so as to save their annuity and their reservation, if they could. "But," said he, "Little Crow is a fool,

and will be hung for murder, and all the Blanket Indians will be hung, too."

I was surprised to hear him talk so boldly; but asked him, "Did the Indians get into the fort?"

"No, no; the d—n fool, he was better at scalping old women and tomahawking little babies."

The coarse style in which he spoke of Little Crow, showed at once that there were two parties among the Indians, and I asked him if there were many prisoners at the camp.

"Yes," he replied, "all we could save—about two hundred, that they call prisoners. But if there were none sick, I could get you all away. But there are some sick ones, and others taking care of them, so they can't leave. If this sick woman dies to-night, and I think she will, I will take you down the river, to the soldiers' camp, for ten dollars."

Said I, "I hope this lady will get well. She is overcome with the heat. When she gets rest, she will recover."

"Is there anything to eat, at the agency?" I further asked.

"Oh, yes, something; but not very plenty. The strange Indians destroyed most of the store goods, when they took the place. But you will get some."

CHAPTER LV.

THE MONARCH.

After getting Chloe Dusky and Viola comfortably situated in the house of Chloe's mother, our young chief left us to take care of ourselves, assuring us that he would be back in the morning. We then asked Chloe's mother if she could furnish such things as were necessary to make Viola comfortable. She said she could get them for us, if we had the money. I handed her some greenbacks; she went out, and soon returned with tea, sugar, molasses, fresh beef, spices and other desirable articles.

Under the careful nursing of Chloe and her mother, Viola appeared so much revived in the morning that our hopes of her recovery were greatly strengthened. Feeling a little relieved by the improved appearance of Viola, I laid down to take a little rest, and soon became oblivious to the fact that I was in the big camp of the enemy, and that I was about to be ushered into the august presence of Little Crow, or any other crow. But all things must have an end; and so my dreams and slumbers came to a sudden termination. While dreaming of Indians, burning houses, murdered children and broken-hearted mothers, I was aroused from my slumbers, by the strange voice of an Indian, saying, in English, "Don't you want to get up?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if desired," was my reply.

On opening my eyes and rising up, I found myself in the presence of three Indians, one of whom I recognized as our late conductor, or teamster. He then stepped up to me and said, "This is Little Crow."

It was some time before I could bring myself to realize that there was, or that there could be, any special importance associated with the name Little Crow. But steady reflection brought me to a consciousness of the fact that destiny had lodged the power of life and death in that dusty form before me, and that I was then looking upon a more despotic and powerful monarch than ever appeared among the autocrats of Russia, the emperors of France, or the kings and queens of England. Little Crow had only to say, "Shoot that man down," and he fell, or, "Spare that man," and he was saved. He governed without, even, the form of trial; and from his voice, there was no appeal. His was absolute power. Such was the position and power of the man, into whose presence I had been so suddenly and so unexpectedly introduced.

Little Crow was a man forty-five or fifty years of age, about five feet and ten inches in height, of broad shoulders and a round, fully-developed chest, with a bright, piercing eye, and a countenance which seemed to say, "He could smile, while cutting your throat." He was possessed of a funny, witty spirit, rather than a sour, crabbed temperament. He had never received the training of the

schools, but he knew more of human nature than seven eighths of the educated fools now sitting upon thrones in different parts of the world. He read his man, at sight, and could adapt himself to circumstances, better than any educated chief, now playing the game of king. He was cruel, but he saw no other way to redress the wrongs which had been inflicted upon him and upon his people. He had been deceived and wronged, and he had seen his people cheated out of all they possessed, by a government, approaching them in smiles, when forming treaties, and then committing their interests to agents studying and striving to cheat and defraud them, at every turn. His annuity had been paid one day, and all fraudulently taken from him, the next, and the poor Indian, with his squaw and his half dozen papoosees, without hunting-grounds, blankets, food or clothing, turned out to die, like some old, faithful, worn-out horse, whose muscles have been converted into gold and silver. Such was Little Crow, and such were his feelings when he asked the question—"Who is the government?" and the answer he received, was, "The people."

He, very naturally, came to the conclusion that "the people" not only sanctioned these wrongs, but that they entered into the plans and arrangements, by and through which, they were effected. The next logical conclusion was that the only way to make the government feel was to strike "the people." He struck. The results of his striking

are but too well known. But, I am anticipating. Little Crow stepped up and shook my hand very warmly, and he was followed by his companions.

Little Crow then said to me, "I wish you to come to our council to-day. We want to make a treaty. We have been driven to this war by the bad faith of the agents, but we don't want to fight any more."

"Well, after I get a little breakfast, I will come out. But what can I do? I am a prisoner, and you know prisoners don't make treaties."

I then said to him, "Viola is here, and she is very sick."

Little Crow knew Viola. He had been at my house very frequently, as the reader has already learned, and he was well acquainted in my family; and, as I have before stated, he owed me some borrowed money, as well as considerable amounts still due me on store accounts. But of these, he had nothing to say. He now stood up with all the gravity of any other monarchical thief, feeling, I presume, that, as the United States had stolen or taken his money from him, by their agents, he had a right to take from me all I possessed, without even making an apology for so doing. So, turning to Viola, who was then awake, he said, "We will do all we can for you, Miss. But these are rough times. I hope we will make a treaty. Then you can go home. But we must hold you and the captain as prisoners. The soldiers have so many Indians prisoners, we must keep you to

swap for some of them. Unless we can make a treaty, they will hang all the Indians they catch. But you will be safe here, and so will be your friend. I am sorry you lost your poor father and mother. The last time I saw the captain, I promised to let him know, if Indians going to make war; but I could not. It commenced before I knew it."

And then, turning to me, he said, "I could not keep them from it. The Indians, poor fellows, have been cheated so much and so long, that it made them crazy." Then, taking my hand, he left, saying, "At two o'clock, we will meet. We give you full liberty to go anywhere you please, about the camp. But you will not leave until we make a treaty."

CHAPTER LVI.

ABOUT THE CAMP.

After Little Crow left, and while Chloe was preparing refreshments, I sat down by the bedside of Viola, and asked her how she was feeling. She was so weak that I had not thought it prudent to enter into conversation with her before. She was still extremely feeble and almost as pale as a corpse; but she was free from fever, which greatly strengthened our hopes. She whispered, "I am comfortable, but not able to talk much. Was that Crow? Is he going to take you away from me?"

I told her all that Crow had said, and that he assured me that we should be safe, let what would come. "So," said I, "you have nothing to fear; only try to get well as soon as you can. The old lady is very kind to us. She sat up, with me, all night, taking care of you. Now, you are in a good bed, and you can rest. God is always with those who trust in him. While I am away, attending the council, this afternoon, Chloe will sit by your side."

Chloe was then called. I told her that she should be paid the same as when we were at the post, so long as we remained prisoners, and requested her to do all in her power to amuse and care for her young friend. She declared herself more than willing to do so without pay.

But while we were talking, who should come in but Old Creek and his son. They seemed almost overjoyed to see us, and shook me by the hand, till my arm was lame. They talked most encouragingly to Viola; and Little Creek told her that soon as she was able, he would get a pony for her, and she should ride out and enjoy the fresh air and the fine scenery. Then, he took old Ponto by the paw, which did the poor old dog so much good that he danced around and frisked about, as he had not done since we left the post.

Immediately after taking my late breakfast, I started out, intending to go to the council camp. But I had proceeded but a short distance, before meeting the four German women, whose log-cabin

had been our home, but a few days before. On speaking to them, they immediately gathered around me, and, with tears in their eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, mein Got! how you vas?"

Then the mother, becoming the principal speaker, said, "Mein good Got! I ish feel so bad. I dash not know vats they ish keepin' ush in tish good-for-nothing place for! Dash you bins here long?"

"No; I came here last night. And if you will walk down the street, a little ways, I will tell you some good news."

"Oh, vat ish it? Do tells."

"Well," I commenced, but two Indians made their appearance, coming down the street, and I told them to wait, till they passed. They soon passed us, eyeing me very closely and returning my nod. I then proceeded: "Your man came back after you went away, and told us all about the battle at New Ulm. He said the Indians were whipped."

"Oh, mein Got in heaven, dat vash good news!"

"Your husband took some money, and what he needed to eat, and went back down to New Ulm, or out to meet the soldiers. Keep up good courage. We shall all get away by and by. But you must not tell these Indians, nor anybody else, what I have told you. It will make the Indians mad, if you do."

"Ish vill not. May the good Got in heaven bresh you. Ve vill pays you. Nows vat ish comes dat nish young girls vas so sick?"

“She is up in that little house. But I would not go to see her to-day. She is very sick. But when she gets a little better, we will be glad to have you come up and see her. But who are all those people, coming, out there?”

“Them ish poor prishners, shust likes ve bees.”

I then gave my hand to each of those poor women, and again told them to keep up good courage; and they traveled on, in the same old monstrous wooden shoes which I saw in their possession, at their little log-cabin.

Immediately, about one hundred starved looking women and children, of all ages, complexions, and nationalities, came, slowly moving along the street. But how can they be described? They seemed afraid to look me in the face. But when I came close to them, and they saw what the world would call a white man, though darkly shaded at that time, they gathered closely around me, and asked a thousand questions, which no man, except a Connecticut patent-agent, could answer. I said to them: “Little Crow has invited me to attend the council, and I will do all in my power for you, and to secure the release of all prisoners. Be of good cheer; the day of our release is drawing near. God delivered Daniel from the lions, and the still more savage beasts in human form, who cast him into the den.”

I was about to pass on to the three Hebrews, when I heard a voice, in the crowd, which none could fail to recognize as from the good old “Green Isle,” saying:

"Shure and troth! the Lord knows nothin' about these rid divils. It's not the likes of them, he would bother himself with. They belongs to the divil intirely, and so they do. It makes me heart break to think of them, it does. They manes scalping—indade, sir, they do." And then pressing her way close up to me, and looking me directly in the face, she continued: "I wish you could see my poor Patsy. He's as fine a child as you ever sees in your life. Is intirely gone since we got in this dirty holes, and his poor father a-dying for him."

"Where is your husband?"

"In troth, sir, he is gone to the army, and leaves me here all alone wid Michael, or, as we, for short, call him, Mick, and little Patsy, or Patrick, if you please. And two finer children, sir, niver saw the sun, with their fine round cheeks, and a blush in their face like roses on the hips of the hills in good ould Ireland. But look at them now! Poor Mick is able to walk around. But the baby, the darlint of the world, the Lord bress him, he is gone intirely!"

Here her voice failed, and, taking her by the hand, I told her to be hopeful, the day of our redemption was drawing near, and assured her that I would call and see poor Patsy, and do all for them in my power, and then asked, "Have you enough to eat?"

"No, nor half," she said; "and I am dead from the loss of a drap of tea even for the child."

I handed her half a dollar, and told her to tell Old Creek, who I saw at a little distance, that she

wanted some tea, and hastened on through the motley crowd, stopping to speak with no more of the poverty-stricken ones, with their bleeding hearts, as it was already past the appointed time for the meeting.

Coming up with Wau-pa-ket, we entered the tent together, finding about fifty Indians present, and Little Crow among the number. Crow soon came to me, and said, "We want you to make a speech and do all you can for us to form a treaty."

"Well," I answered, "you know I will do all in my power. But I am a prisoner, and, as I told you last night, prisoners can't form treaties."

"Well, you can tell the Indians what is best, and then we will talk it over, and you can write for us."

"I will write anything you wish, and I will speak to your soldiers' lodge, on my own hook. The government is not responsible, nor any one else, but myself, for what I may say. I will try and tell the truth on the good Indian and on the good white man, on the bad Indian and on the bad white man, if all the chiefs will give me their attention and protect me from violence, and that you, Little Crow, will interpret it for me, as I suppose but few of your brave chiefs can understand English. Upon these conditions, you will fix the day and the hour, and I am at your service."

Little Crow then stood up and interpreted to the council what I had said. The Indians all rose up, came along one after another, and placed the pipe to my lips, as a pledge of security, permission to

say freely what I pleased, and a promise, on their part, to listen attentively. This was followed by a short consultation among themselves, when Little Crow said, "To-morrow morning, come, and we will listen to you."

I then told Little Crow that I wished to go and attend to Viola, and as I could not understand what was said, I might as well be away. He bowed his head, and I stepped out, intending to go directly back to Viola's quarters, for she was so weak that I feared that any little want of attention or a little too much excitement might prove fatal. But it being intensely warm, and feeling very weary, I sat down under the shade of a tree to rest me a few moments, and very soon became greatly interested in observing the peculiarities of the motley groups, moving back and forth, in the street. There were about twenty old squaws, with blankets rolled around them, pressing their way along as fast as they could, and talking at the top of their voices, all in concert. They were followed by about the same number of pappooses, running along behind them, some with a blanket or a piece of a blanket thrown around them, and others nearly nude. Among the more elderly ones, a few were quite tastefully dressed in alpaca suits, with black silk borders, hair adorned with beads, and beautifully worked moccasins on their feet—*a la Paris* in the latest fashion, appearing to good advantage as the upper class of village belles. A large majority of the young urchins, however,

were barefoot. I noticed that several of the squaws had their pappooses strapped on a board, and then fastened to their backs by a wide strip of cloth passing around their foreheads. In this way they seemed to carry them easily for both squaw and pappoose. All looked at me, as they passed, some, evidently, with suspicious feelings, and all using their Dakota lungs to the best advantage. After a few moments, I walked on, meeting Indians, old and young, smoking their pipes of kinnikinic, and, evidently, taking the world very easily, while their brothers were fighting for life.

There were no guards, and I could discover nothing to make me realize that fierce war was raging and blood flowing so profusely around. Every one seemed to do as he pleased. But looking down the river, perhaps half a mile distant, in the lower end of the camp, I noticed a thick cloud of dust in the air. I was unable to account for it. But considering caution the best part of valor, I thought it not best to venture too far, the first day, and continued my walk down the street. Old Creek soon met me, and said, "I thought you was in the council."

All which had transpired was explained to him, when he said, "Well, I want to be in the tent when you speak."

I told the old man we would go down and see Viola, and, if we found her well enough to leave, I would like to walk all around the encampment and learn what I could.

"Oh, yes, me go," said the old man. So we went down to the little house, and found it crowded completely full. The news of our arrival had gone out into the settlement of civilized Indians, and all the old crones had flocked in to doctor the sick girl. At first, I was afraid of the results. But on pressing my way through the crowd to her bed-side, I found her appearing quite cheerful, though she was very pale. Taking her by the hand, I said: "You have plenty of company to-day."

She smiled, and said, "Oh, yes; but I don't believe I shall ever be able to walk again."

I again exhorted her to keep up good spirits, assuring her that she would be able to go back down to some comfortable place, in a week or two. She could now talk quite easily, and she said:

"My dear friend, the last few days seem like a dream to me. It is hardly possible for me to realize that I am a prisoner, in the hands of Indians, who are scalping women and children all around me. How wonderfully has God preserved me amidst the most terrible dangers! Oh, the depths of the riches of his grace!"

I replied, "Your feelings and mine are very much alike. But as the house is crowded, I will walk out again, if you will not feel uneasy, learn what I can of circumstances and prospects, and make every possible effort to obtain something that will enable you to sleep quietly, as that is what you most need now, in the line of medicine."

"Very well," she replied; "only don't stay out

after dark, for if you do, I shall think some one has killed you."

Said I, "Don't trouble yourself in that way. I feel very much at home here;" and looking once more at that pale girl, still unable to sit up, in the midst of that group of red squaws from the forest, I turned away, with my heart heaving with deep emotions, and my eyes flooded with tears.

CHAPTER L VII.

THE BAND OF WILD SIOUX.

"You think the girl won't live, don't you?" said Old Creek.

Soon as I could speak, I said, "Oh, no; I think she will get well. But, Creek, my thoughts have been running back over the past three weeks, and my heart is almost broken. Oh! the suffering and the death which has been caused by the dishonesty or the heedlessness of the government, and the rascality of men appointed to do you justice and to care for your interests! You have been wronged, cheated, and abused; but not by the great masses of white people, nor by these gaunt figures which meet me on these streets. If every dishonest agent and trader, who has wronged you, and every government officer, in the United States, who has, in any way, aided, abetted, or connived at, the fraudulent transactions, by which the red men have suffered,

were hung by the neck, till dead, every honest man would say '*Amen—so let it be!*' But who shall answer for this flow of innocent blood! But who are those coming down the street?"

"Sioux, from the upper country," replied Creek. "I am sorry they have come, because they don't care for a treaty. Little Crow sent for them."

The troupe consisted of about four hundred painted savages, mounted on ponies, and riding in good order, but with everything about them looking so wild, that they presented the most formidable appearance of anything that I had ever seen. During the preceding fifteen years, I had mingled, more or less, with fifty different tribes of Indians; but, among them all, I had seen no military organization, movement or display, which began to compare with this. They were not remarkably heavy men, but tall, well-proportioned, closely built, and all sitting up in their saddles and moving on in order, made a splendid appearance. Indeed, dressed in the habiliments of civilization, though a little shady in their complexion, the world, anywhere, would have called them a noble-looking set of fellows. They passed on down toward the lower agency—the next scene of conflict, as near as I could learn.

Old Creek told me that the soldiers had twice come up to Birch valley—a ravine with wood and water, making it a good camping-ground; but, if the commanders wanted to fight the Indians, the poorest place they could select, unless they wished

all their men killed at the first fire, which had nearly proved to be the case on both occasions. The first time, all were killed but four. The second time, they lost all their horses, and would have lost all their men, but soldiers came up from four or five miles below, with big guns, and saved a few of them. And the old man also further said :

“ There were only about two hundred Indians in the fight; all the rest were resting, down by New Ulm. This is all bad business. Me and my son have done all we could do to stop it. This is what we want you to do. We want you to help us, in the council, to make a treaty that will save us who took no part in the trouble. We have been as good to the prisoners as we could be. But there are about two hundred of them, and we can’t take good care of all. There are too many.”

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE IRISH WOMAN.

“ Well, do you know what house, or tent, that poor woman is in, whom I sent to you for tea? ”

“ Oh, yes; there in that old house.”

“ Well,” said I, “ as there is not much to be seen, we will not go any further; ” and we walked into the “ old house.” We found about twenty women huddled together in one old agency-house. The old Irish woman was not long in making her way

to us, and, introducing her little Patsy, with the tears rolling down her face, said, "May the Lord bless you and this good old man, be yer side, for that grane of tea. It's put the heart in me. But will you just look at poor Patsy, for the ole man here tells me you are a bit of a doctor. See if ye cans do anything for the poor crater, for he is the very image of his father, and," pointing to a little urchin by her side, "here is poor Mike, don't look like himself aither."

I told her to go up to a little house which she could see near by, and get a pint of milk a day for her little ones, and that I would pay for it, and promised her that I would call again, the next day.

Turning to go out, I said, "Ladies, be of good cheer, we will soon all get home again, I am hoping."

"No, never!" exclaimed a poor half-starved female, "we will have no home to go to. My husband is dead, and my only child died since I was brought here."

Turning to her, I said, "God has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "don't tell me of a God, when he will let such wretches live, as those agents and traders, who have cheated these Indians out of all they had in the world, and who have driven them mad till they have broken loose and fallen upon us like blood-hounds! Your government is only a banditti of lying rogues, thieves, and robbers. All they do is to rob, and steal, and swindle. And this is what comes of their cheating and

stealing. Cursed be the day that I first saw America!"

I saw that it would be useless to attempt to reason with her, excited as she then was, and bidding her good-day, and really sickened by what I had seen and heard, I walked out of the house.

At the door, I said to Old Creek, "I will go back, for I wish to learn no more."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE LETTER IN PRISON.

Returning directly to the house of Chloe's mother, I found that the callers had all left, and that Chloe was preparing tea for Viola and myself. So I took the Bible, which we had kept with us, seated myself near Viola, and read from its inspiring pages, till supper was in readiness. Then Chloe and her mother raised Viola up in her bed, and she drank the cup of tea and took some additional nourishment, assisting herself considerably—the first time she had been able to do so, for the last two days. When she lay down, I told her that we had great reasons for encouragement, and that I was confident that she would soon be about again.

"I should think you would get tired of waiting and tending upon one who only makes trouble," said she.

"Viola, did you ever know any one who did

more than was duty for God or friends? But trouble is nothing, if I can see you again restored to health and become able to travel, for you don't wish to remain here always. But Chloe, how do you get along, since you came home?"

"Oh," said her mother, "she not well contented. If you take Viola away, don't know what she will do. She very lonesome, I see, to-day, every time sick girl go off to sleep."

To the kind old lady I said, "I was afraid we should be burdensome to you; but I did not know where else we could go."

"Well, you are welcome. I am glad you came. I want to hear Viola sing. Chloe says she is the best singer in all Minnesota."

"Well," said I, looking at Viola and smiling, "I hope you will soon hear her. But Chloe, who are those persons, coming there?"

Chloe blushed, and said, "Don't ask me, now." She was very bashful; and when any allusion was made to Little Creek, she always thought we had an eye to her, so that I felt well assured by her movement and answer, that the young chief was one of them. When the door opened, they proved to be Little Creek, his father, and two other Indians whom I could not see, but Chloe's mother said Crow and Wau-pa-ket. I saw a dark scowl gather on Chloe's face at the sound "Little Crow." But they all came in, and we shook hands with each; for if you meet an Indian ten times a day, he will expect you to shake hands with him each time.

“ Well,” said Little Crow, “ some one has sent a letter which has been given to me. It is marked Viola on the outside; and Creek says his boy says it is for this sick girl.”

I rose up, and said, “ You are very kind, sir,” and taking the letter, stepped over to Viola’s bedside to inform her of her good fortune. But she understood what was said, and held up her trembling hand to receive it. I asked her if she felt able to read it, but she made no answer. She opened the letter, and glanced over the lines, tears and smiles mingling together on her pale face. All were waiting, patiently, to learn whether there was anything of public interest. When she had rested a little, Viola said, “ It is from Paul. He has returned from Washington, and has seen Pat and ‘ New Jersey.’ He doesn’t say much, only that he is well, and that he hopes to see us shortly. He says nothing about the soldiers, and but little about the Indian war. Everything is all right in Virginia. He got an Indian boy to take this letter for him, by agreeing to pay him handsomely, if he brought him an answer, which he wishes as soon as possible. He wishes to learn, in particular, first, whether you and I are still living; and, secondly, what amount of money the Indians will accept as a ransom for both of us. This is all there is in the letter respecting matters of a general character.”

Said Little Crow, “ I was in hopes it was for peace.”

“ Well, will you let your dispatch bearer, by

whom you purpose to send your letter, carry a note, also, from the girl? There shall be nothing in it of a *political* character."

"Oh, yes; you may write all you please, only don't tell them anything about how many Indians we have here. You may tell them how many prisoners we have, and that we are treating them just as well as we can. Write, we are tired of war and want peace."

"The young lady will write, if she is able, just after you hold your council. Now, Chloe Dusky, suppose we have a little singing, with which to close the evening. We must depend upon you and Little Creek for the music, so long as Viola is unable to join with you."

Soon, they struck up —

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

and sung it through. When they commenced on the second verse, Little Crow struck in with them; and I was surprised to hear how well the old man could sing. After going through with that good old missionary hymn, and resting a few moments, they sung a piece in their own native Dakota.

While they were singing, I sat looking thoughtfully at Little Crow — that Indian who had so suddenly become so notorious. At first, I could hardly think it possible for a man who could sing so sweetly, to be guilty of such bloody deeds of cruelty as he was charged with. But continued and deepening thought brought me to feel that I could not

tell what I might do, or what the most intelligent and refined white men on earth might do, in similar circumstances. That man and his noble band of braves had sold millions of acres of their best lands, to the government, for a mere trifle. Then, that government which should have been the true and faithful guardian of the Indians' interests, tolerated, if it did not actually encourage, the grossest system of fraud and dishonesty ever known, by which they were cheated out of every dollar which belonged to them. Was it surprising that the poor, ignorant, deceived creatures became exasperated? They could see no other means for retaliation, but in massacre. It was but perfectly natural that they considered the people alike guilty, and that they were accomplishing their object by falling upon the first they should meet. They had been told that the people governed, and they, of course, could perceive no distinction between the people and the government. In striking the people, they thought they were striking the government. But I am anticipating.

After the singing, we had a short season of prayer, and our really pleasant, social party broke up and we separated for the night. Though prisoners, Viola and I had a good night's rest. Viola slept much more naturally than for a long time before, and escaped her fainting, sinking turn, for the whole night. Morning found us so much better, that I felt very much like the Irishman, who said he wasn't himself but another man.

CHAPTER LX.

THE FIRST INDIAN COUNCIL.

Soon after breakfast, I entered the council chamber. There were about one hundred present, old and young, mostly chiefs, of the higher and lower grades. All seemed fully to understand that the war was a complete failure; but how to bring it to a close so as to get out of it honorably, and to preserve their annuities, constituted the difficult problem to be solved. Had the government always acted upon the principles of simple justice, and ever been as ready to recognize the honest rights of the red man, as it now seemed to be to avenge the blood of slain innocents, all bloody Indian wars would have been averted, and a perpetual peace have blessed the two races. The millions thrown away in shoulder-strapping our young men, judiciously expended in cultivating and rendering comfortable the Indian tribes, justly their due, would have kept them on friendly and peaceable terms, forever. True, in that case, the blood of an Indian, slain by each of our young men, might not have attested the qualifications of his slayer for some government office, and sealed his petition for its honors.

Almost perfect silence reigned in the hall, from the time that I entered it, till the commanding chief came in. Only simple questions and answers, in the fewest words and shortest sentences possible,

passed between the members. Presently, Little Crow came in, accompanied by two of his principal chiefs, all taking seats near the center of the room. In a few moments, Little Crow came up to me, and, giving the real Indian salute of honor, said, "Speak on, now."

And here follows my

SPEECH BEFORE THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

Rising to my feet and bowing, first to the presiding officer and then to the assembly, I said:

"Worthy Presiding Chief and Honorable Members of the Council: You have honored me with a position seldom assigned to a prisoner. But I hope, in nowise, to betray the confidence thus honorably reposed in me, or to show myself unworthy the honors conferred upon me. My position is very peculiar and somewhat embarrassing. But I will do the best I can, and give you all the light in my power, not doubting that you will hear me patiently. You have requested me to speak the truth plainly, concerning both the 'pale faces' and the red faces.

"About three hundred years ago, the first pale faces came from England to this country. They landed at Plymouth Rock, on the sea coast of New England. The whole country then, on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific shores, from where the sun first shone upon the tree-tops in the morning, to where it left the last golden tinge in the twilight of even-

ing, presented one unbroken field of Indian hunting-grounds. Here the buffalo, the moose and the deer roamed in their native wildness; and the beaver, the fox and the sable gamboled and frolicked, afraid of only the Indian hunter's trap and arrow. The squaw and her papoose rested in her wigwam, on the shores of every ocean and lake, and on the banks of every river and stream; and the hunter found his game on every hillside, in every valley, and upon every plain. The graves of old chiefs were among the mountains and upon the hills, beneath the widespreading oak or the lofty pine, while younger braves were proud of their names and chanted, in wild Indian melodies, their heroic deeds. This was the country which the pale faces found; and these were the hunting-grounds to which they came. The Indians were here; their fathers were here before them; and here they lived, here they died; and here, they were buried. All these hunting-grounds belonged to your fathers.

"The Indians received the pale faces kindly, and said nothing against their coming to live in their hunting-grounds. Your fathers, who are now with the Great Spirit, away over in the hunting-grounds beyond the setting sun, gave the pale faces something to eat, helped them to build houses in which to live, and sold them some lands to cultivate.

"In a short time, the white man's bread was all gone; and he did not know how to catch the moose and the deer. The Indians were sick; and the

ships failed to bring bread from the white man's friends, on the other side of the sea. Then, the white men went down on the shore, dug up the corn which the Indians had buried in the sand to keep themselves, their squaws, and their little pap-pooses alive in the winter when the snows were too deep to catch game, never thanking them for it, nor offering to pay them. This, your old fathers, around Plymouth Rock, said, and you say, was stealing the poor Indian's corn. And when they wanted more lands, they drove off the poor Indians with their terrible guns, flashing fire in their faces, and sending the whizzing balls through their homes and their heads; and this they continued to do, till they had taken possession of all of New England. These guns, the pale faces brought with them, from the other side of the waters. Your old fathers had never seen anything like them before, in all their hunting-grounds, nor upon all their fields of battle. They could not see how it was that they made such a terrible noise, sent out such streams of fire and smoke, and killed the poor Indians so far away. They knew how to use the bow and arrow, the club, the spear, the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, but what this could be their oldest chief nor youngest brave could tell. They seemed to smell the breath of Satan, feared the very devils from the fiery deep had come after them, and fled for their lives.

“Then the whites sold the Indians rum and whisky for their beaver, otter and other furs. The

rum and whisky made their heads crazy and their hearts sick, till the poor, crazy Indian would kill his own squaw and his own little papoose, and one tribe would make war upon another, till Indian tomahawks were red with Indians' blood, through all their hunting-grounds. It was worse to sell them whisky than it was to steal their beavers. The whisky poisoned their red blood, made them mad, and set them to fighting and killing each other. And then, when the poor Indian was so crazed with whisky that he did not know what he was doing, the trader would steal all his money and cheat him out of all his lands. In this way, they have been buying their lands all the way from Plymouth Rock to the Rocky Mountains, and far beyond, paying them with poisoned 'fire water.' That such treatment was wicked, the poor Indian knows—that it was unjust and cruel, the world admits.

"The Sioux are like all other Indian nations. They have had good chiefs and brave warriors. They love their hunting-grounds and the trails of their departed chiefs and fallen braves. Their battle flags have waved in triumph over many a bloody field. You shrink from no hardship, and fear no danger. But hunting and fighting do not educate men for traders, lawyers, and statesmen. And when you come to trade with the white men, and when you make treaties with their government, they cheat you, and you lose your money, your lands, and your homes.

“Once, this whole country was yours. All these lands belonged to your fathers. Here, they hunted and fished, and fought and died; and here, you buried them. You know where their graves are. You owned the same lands, you hunted on the same grounds, and you fished in the same lakes and rivers. But you sold the lands and gave up your hunting-grounds; and what did you get? Rum, whisky, and nothing. Now, you are poor. To-day, you, your squaws, and your pappooses are almost starving. You are just like other poor, but brave Indians.

“King Phillip was as brave a man as ever swung a tomahawk, scalping-knife, or sword. But all his courage and bravery procured not for him, nor for his people, any lasting good. Red Jacket would turn his back to no man as a coward. But he and his noble band are gone. The Seminoles were as fearless as lions, and fought like tigers. But all availed them nothing. They sold, and are gone. Creolas, brawny, brave, and cunning as he was, has no place left him for a grave, in all the land of flowers.

“Though it has cost the United States one hundred thousand dollars to kill each Indian, yet the Indians are dead. The Creeks, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Catawbas were all obliged to leave their homes, their lands, and the hunting-grounds and the graves of their fathers, not because they could not fight, but because they did not know how to trade and to make treaties.

“Brave Sioux, your day for fighting is gone, and

gone forever. You cannot drive the white man back to the sea. He is too strong for you. Every time you fight him, you must give up more lands, and move away still farther from the old hunting-grounds and the graves of your fathers and your braves. Your heads ache, your hearts beat, and your legs tremble, as you keep stepping back from the rising sun and your old homes; but you must continue to do so, so long as you keep fighting the white man.

“ You must learn how to trade. Don’t sell your lands so long as you can keep them. Never let a white trader or a government agent live on your reservations. Drive them off, if they attempt to settle there. Never buy nor drink the white man’s rum or whisky. It will poison your heart and make you a fool. Never sell your mink and beaver to a white man who keeps whisky to sell; he will always cheat you if he can. Do your own business; and if a government agent or a trader cheats you, when you trade with him, shoot him, if you wish to do so; but don’t kill poor, innocent women and children, who never did you any harm. You have been killing your best friends, and burning their stacks and houses. These prisoners that you have here, are all your friends. They never did you any harm. But you have killed some of these little children’s fathers and these good women’s husbands, while the government agents, who cheated you out of your homes and your hunting-grounds, are only making more money out of the war you

have waged. The war curses your friends and blesses your enemies.

“ You, Mr. Chairman, have been to Washington. You saw the president. He is the head chief of the great white nation. He appoints the Indian agents, and runs the whole machinery of the government. He, if any one, could do you justice. But neither I nor any other poor, honest man can do you much good. I could not get an appointment to any office in the government. Why? you may ask. Because I claim to be an honest man; and only rogues are considered suitable men to fill government offices.

“ I will tell you how officers are made. Some man, who is too lazy to work for a living and who wants a good opportunity to cheat honest white men and poor Indians, thinks he will get an office. Then he hunts around till he finds another man just as lazy and dishonest as himself, who wants another office, and the two make a bargain to help each other. One says, you work for me, and I will work for you; and the other one promises to do so. So they go to work to get up what is called a caucus, or a convention—where men get together and nominate or name some man for each of the offices. They go around, a little slyly, one telling the people what a good man the other one is, what a noble officer he would make, and what noble things he would do, and getting just those men only who would vote for him to come out to the caucus. The man who wants the office feels puffed up with

wind, and thinks he is the biggest man in the town; and so he tells the people that he is just the man they want, and promises almost every man in the whole town some honorable place as his clerk or deputy, if he will vote for him. He is so dishonest that he doesn't care how many lies he tells, nor how many persons he deceives and disappoints, so that, if he will want but one clerk, he will promise that one place to a hundred men, to get them all to vote for him. So when the caucus comes, this man's friends are there, and they nominate him.

"Men take the same course, work in the same way, and play the same white man's political farce, in getting up county conventions, state conventions, and national conventions, so that the same kind of big-feeling, wind-puffed, bragging, cheating men get nominated for nearly all the offices, from a street constable of a country village to the president of the United States.

"The men who are nominated get the papers to praise, puff, and blow them, and to tell all the big lies they can print about any other man whom some of the people may be talking of voting for, promising to get the president to make the editors post-masters, or Indian agents, or to get them some job of printing, for which Congress will vote them so much of the people's money as to make them rich, if they are elected. So you see, these 'windy' men, who never get tired of blowing out their breath in their own praise, make nearly all the editors and people, of their party, in the whole country, think

they shall be made great and wealthy men; and so they vote for these candidates and they are elected.

“An honest man is a modest man. He will not puff and praise himself. He will not make promises which he knows he cannot keep; nor will he suffer his name to be used when he knows these dishonest candidates and these cheating newspapers will tell such lies about him. So you can see how it is that so many of the most dishonest men of all in the whole country are elected to fill government offices.

“To get an office of the president, like that of an Indian agent, or a postmaster, a man must be recommended by some one who is already in office. These thieving officers will recommend no man who is not like themselves, and who will not do as they are doing. So you see there is but a very small chance for an honest man to get an office. When you meet a government officer, you will be in but little danger of making a mistake, if you call him a rogue. At any rate, it will be well to watch him, if you have any business to transact with him.

“Then, there are a great many rich companies of men in New York, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, St. Paul, and other places, who want to make contracts with the government, so that they can steal millions of the people’s money. These all put their heads together to help each other, send their agents with money to Washington, and hire the senators and representatives in Congress to vote to give them large tracts of land, or large sums of money, to build railroads, or colleges, or for remov-

ing some poor tribe of Indians still further away from their homes. If any state legislature, any judge, or any jury, comes in their way, they bribe them also with money, and make sure their plunder from the people.

“ You think, my dear Indians, that you are the only class that the pale faces cheat and defraud. You are mistaken. Law-makers, in cities, counties and states, and the members of Congress, vote themselves large salaries, which the people are compelled to pay. Government officers and agents, from town treasurers to revenue collectors, steal all the money they can hide, and which farmers, mechanics, and other hard-working people, pay in taxes; and if they are detected, by bribing some judge or jury with money, they are set at liberty, to live in splendid houses, dress in fine broadcloths, and ride in elegant coaches; and the poor, hard-working people must pay their taxes again. The people are cheated out of their money; and the penitentiaries are cheated out of the polished stones which these guilty villains should hammer. Nor is this all. The public safes are broken open and rifled of all remaining deposits, by retiring officers, when they are compelled to give place to still more hungry and desperate hordes.

“ But none save the truly good die young. These are not the men who get killed or scalped. They still live to curse the world.

“ But you should not fail to remember there is another class of men among the pale faces. You

must not fail to recognize them. They are not found filling offices, nor among the office-seekers. They do not travel around the country, making political stump-speeches, and asking the people to vote for them, or to sign some petition to the president to have them appointed to some office or agency. They are a still, quiet, industrious class of people, attending to their own business and harming nobody. They pay nearly all the money for the support of schools and churches, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and to send out missionaries to teach, bless, comfort and save the world. These are the men who come out into these new countries, make farms on the prairies and in the timber, build houses and work hard, almost day and night, winter and summer. These are the people who hire young gentlemen and ladies to teach the Indians how to read and write, and who furnish ministers houses in which to live, bread to eat and clothes to wear, while they teach all, old and young, how to live right, how to die happy, and how to go home to heaven. And these are the men whom you have been shooting, tomahawking and scalping, and whose stacks, and barns, and houses you have been burning!

“ You must learn to distinguish between an American citizen and an American politician. The citizen is doing all he can for his family, his country and his God. The politician cares nothing about anybody else, and labors only to secure to himself what he and the world call honors and riches.

It makes no difference to him how poor, and ignorant, and destitute, other people may be, or how much they suffer, nor how much he cheats, deceives and wrongs them, if he can have office and honor and wealth for himself.

“Had you scalped only Indian agents and other government officers, the country nor the world would have suffered any great loss, no, not, even, if you had included the governor and the assembly of Wisconsin, who, with but few exceptions, sold themselves, souls and bodies, to a railroad corporation. And then, if your tomahawks were not too dull, you might have amused yourselves and blest the race of man, by trying them upon the skulls of some of the Floyds, Brookses, and Kansas renegades, who have cursed our nation. But, in the name of the Great Spirit, don’t shoot, nor tomahawk, nor scalp any more of the poor, honest, industrious pale faces, who have never done you nor your fathers any harm. They are the only true friends you have. Treat all these poor prisoners well; they have always been good and kind to you; they have always been and still are your friends. Make a treaty of peace with the president, just as quick as you can, and set these captives free.

“And now, please accept my thanks for your very attentive and most respectful attention; and, if you think it wise to follow my advice, I pledge you all possible assistance in securing your full rights and all the rich blessings of peace, for all time to come.”

Immediately after the conclusion of this speech, Little Crow rose to his feet and said, " You speak well and truly. At the commencement of the war, I gave orders to have no woman or child injured; but the soldiers' lodge had many bad men in it, and they killed and scalped all they could find. When I sent for you, last week, I gave orders to have no men killed, except in battle. We did not understand the difference between the people and the government. We thought the people ruled; that they elected all the officers and had all the money. It seems strange now."

As Little Crow sat down, I raised my hand and said, " A few words more, if the noble chiefs wish to hear me."

This being interpreted, they all held up their hands, and with low, respectful bows, invited me to proceed, and I said :

" Noble chiefs, if you think ours is the people's government, you are right, so far as the bearing of its burdens are considered, for all these are laid upon the shoulders of the honest laboring classes, while the rulers refuse to touch them with even the ends of their fingers. During the last twenty years, the government has given 176,839,720 acres of the people's lands to railroad companies. These lands were worth \$442,090,800. And, besides all this, 18,000,000 of acres have been given to agricultural colleges, to give the lazy sons of government officers, and of other wealthy men, an opportunity of qualifying themselves to follow in the

footsteps of their 'illustrious fathers' in ruling and cheating the people. These rulers once attempted to steal five millions from the same people whom you have just been shooting and scalping. Some portions of those lands had been once sold to the people at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and other portions given to actual settlers for homesteads; and, after considerable improvements had been made on them, by subsequent legislation, they reverted to these wealthy corporations who manage to control the government and defraud the people.

"There are but few towns, cities or counties, in Minnesota, Wisconsin, or Iowa, that are not heavily mortgaged for the benefit of these rich corporations, controlling the legislation of both the states and the nation, and some of them mortgaged almost beyond redemption. Indeed, the five millions of people in the Upper Mississippi valley, are little more than tenants at will, subject to the beck and nod of these corporations. Taxes, oppressions of various bodies, and other species of swindling, have become so common and so enormous that the common masses of honest, hard-working people are becoming disengaged, under a sense of oppressive servitude, from which they see no hope of deliverance only by the special interposition of the God of infinite justice. The ruling class kept four millions of slaves in cruel bondage and unrighteous servitude, till the righteous indignation of the infinite God of justice is now raining blood, to be followed by

a cleansing rain of fire, upon the whole land! Ministers of the gospel, teachers of public schools, and agents of other benevolent institutions and organizations, have done what they could—laboring for the real good of the people amidst difficulties, under embarrassments, and facing opposition, upon half pay, generously contributed by the burdened masses. Had the one thousand millions of dollars, which have been squandered upon rich corporations by the United States government within the past twenty-five years, been judiciously expended in the interests of the common school system, the people, to-day, would have been intelligent, happy, and free. But this would not answer the purpose of the unprincipled aristocracy, feeling that they were born with silver spoons in their mouths, and claiming, consequently, that they, their children, and their children's children, must be fed with silver spoons, at government expense, for all coming time. Every war and every corporation makes lucrative offices for the sons of senators and rich men. Cities are incorporated, and towns, counties, and states are divided, for the purpose of creating additional offices, to be honored by the sons of aristocrats, who must be supported in some way at public expense. New offices, before unknown and still unnecessary, must be created for young striplings whose fathers are already fattening at the government's expense, that they may be supported in luxury and idleness in the same manner. Honest labor is at a heavy discount, while thieving and

robbery command high premiums. Of the thirty-six millions of population in the United States at the present time, there are, probably, less than three millions of honest, hard-working men. Work has fallen into disrepute. Cheating and stealing have become popular. And, when corporations and government officers cannot cheat the poor white man, they will cheat the poorer Indian.

“The present war is one of theft and robbery. While the poor, honest boys in blue are fighting desperately for their country, the rich, in all parts of the land, and government officers, in both the civil and the military departments, are swindling in contracts and every other way possible, and adding millions to their ill-gotten gains, at the cost of the toil, suffering and blood of the poor man’s sons.

“You say ‘the poor people make the president.’ No, my noble chiefs; here again you are mistaken. In this business, the people have really but little to do or say, except to pay the expenses of president-making. A few leading politicians get together at Washington and select some man whom they think they can most easily control in their own interests, and who will be the most willing and ready to carry out any measures they may wish adopted, and put him in nomination for the office of president. It makes but very little difference to them whether he will be an honor or a reproach to the nation, and they care but very little how much it may cost the ‘dear people’ in either treasures or blood, if so be that their own personal wishes are gratified, and

their interests secured. Two or three different clubs or bands of politicians get together, each band selecting a candidate of its own stripe and liking. When two or three men are put in nomination in this manner, each one of whom promises to carry out the wishes of those who nominated him, so that there is but little choice between them and hardly any good to be expected from either, each voter may select one of the candidates for whom to cast his ballot, or stay at home and vote for nobody. Each party then hires editors to puff its candidate, and to say all conceivable mean things about his opponents, the smaller fry of politicians are promised some petty office, and all loungers around bar-rooms and whisky shops are purchased with whisky or politicians' promises, till the ballots are cast, the result proclaimed, the successful candidate inaugurated into the presidential office; and the farce of a presidential election is again over. Then comes the distributing of the under-offices among those who have written the biggest puffs, made the loudest noise, and bought the most votes in favor of the successful candidate; and all that the 'dear people' have to do is simply to pay the bills for the farce, and let the fresh hordes of hungry officers fill their hands from what little remains in the pockets of the tax-payers.

"And even the man who votes for a president, must do so through an elector or guardian, as though he did not know enough to vote himself for whom he pleased. No, respected chiefs, the people

have but little more to do in electing a president of the United States, than they have in electing a king for the kingdom of Sardinia.

“ But, you say ‘the laws are simple, and a poor man is protected in what he gets, and that is better than the same government treats the poor Indian; for if you pale faces cheat us, we cannot sue you and get anything back.’ Not so, noble Crow. The honorable law-makers have the laws so arranged that each party must employ a lawyer to conduct and plead his case. If one white man owes another one, one dollar or ten dollars, it will cost both parties fifty dollars to have the matter settled by law. The one who gains the suit must pay his crafty lawyer ten or twenty dollars; and the one who loses it must pay his lawyer and the other costs, amounting to thirty or forty dollars. So you may see that justice has scarcely left the traces of her footsteps upon the soil.

“ Now, Mr. Sioux, if you wish to play tomahawk upon human skulls, select the heads of these shrewd lawyers, skulking politicians, beer-makers, rum-sellers and government officers, who live and grow rich by cheating poor white men and poorer Indians out of their hard earnings; but touch not these honest mothers and these little pale faces who never did you any harm. Never lay the tomahawk or the scalping-knife upon the heads of the hard-working men whose sweat makes the desert bud and blossom as the rose. ‘An honest man is the noblest work of God.’ Be careful that you do not provoke

the wrath of the Great Spirit, by soiling his crowning work on earth.

“But you say it is hard to know an honest man by his face. That is true; but ‘by their fruits ye shall know them.’ When you came to my post and bought sugar for ten cents and coffee for twenty cents per pound, and blankets for five or six dollars per pair, when the traders charged you forty or fifty dollars for your blankets, one dollar per pound for your sugar, and two dollars for your coffee, you, Indians, could see the difference, and you knew the traders had cheated you. Why, then, do you keep me here a prisoner? Traders, aided by government agents who received half the profits, cheated you out of your hard earnings. They are the proper subjects for your wrath. But just think of that poor girl, lying at the point of death, held as a prisoner, by that very people for whose mental and moral improvement and physical comfort she has devoted her time and energies, for years! But the past, with all its wrongs, is gone, never to be recalled. Let us spread the blanket of oblivion over them. But, noble Sioux, in the future, know your friends and know your enemies. Be sure that you apply the tomahawk and the scalping-knife only to the guilty, and let the innocent and the harmless go free.

“Any services which I can render you are at your command.

“And now, noble chiefs, again thanking you for

your courtesy, kindness and attention, I will close, by saying, *I am for peace.*"

Little Crow said a few words to the chiefs, at the close of which, I was dismissed. I arose and bowed myself out of the room. Old Creek took me by the arm, and said, "Let them fix it up; it is their business, not mine."

CHAPTER LXI.

PRISONER'S REFLECTIONS.

The sun was just going down when I left the council room. Strange feelings took possession of me as I walked down the street, in the company of Old Creek. Everything which I saw or heard, seemed to say "prisoner." The very old crones whom I passed, though they uttered not a word, and no sound came from their lips, looked "prisoner" in my face. The very smoke of kin-nikinic from the mouths of old lazy loungers, by the roadside and under the fences, whispered "prisoner." The little pappooses, covered with mud and dirt, gamboling in the sun, would run off at my approach, the very clattering of their feet saying they did not wish the company of a "prisoner."

I had intended to visit all the prisoners that day, but I found myself too tired to do so; and expecting Little Crow to call on me to do some writing

for him, in the morning, I told Old Creek that if he would call around with me the next day, I would go home, get some refreshments, and rest for the night. The old man accompanied me to the widow's gate, when I bade him good night, and entered the little cottage. Viola was sitting up in the bed, supported by a chair against her back. I had been absent since the morning. As I entered the room, she looked up with a smile of pleasure and of hope lighting up her countenance.

"You are getting better fast; and you will be able to move in a week or two, if you continue to improve so rapidly," said I.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "but I don't want you to be gone all day any more; sure, you won't, will you? There have been so many strange faces here to-day, and I am so tired! Oh, if I could only walk out, or even look out! But this little house is so small and so tight, that I can hardly get my breath."

It was then in the first part of September, 1862, one of the warmest Septembers known for many years. The trying circumstances of Viola can hardly be imagined — surely, they cannot be described. A delicate young lady of eighteen, naturally of a very nervous temperament, worn down by days and nights of wearing travel and wasting exposure, mourning the sad and sudden loss of both father and mother, a prisoner in the hands of wild savages, with a burning fever raging in her system for days, no physician, in a small hut crowded with

Indians, and dependent, mainly, upon the kindness and care of a poor Indian family! To be childish, was human; to endure all, so patiently, so heroically, so joyfully, was almost divine.

But her case is only an illustration of that of two hundred, or more, in that one Indian prison-camp. In some instances, the condition of others was more fearful and terrible than hers. Many of them passed days and weeks, without beholding the countenance of a single friend whom they had ever seen before their captivity. Wild Indians only cared for them, or in any way ministered to their necessities. They had been spared the tomahawk only because their wild Indian captors had not a heart to kill them, or on account of some remembered act of kindness to those into whose hands they had fallen. A few were comfortably dressed; but some were brought there in their night clothes, many with only a thin calico frock, and others had only a bed-blanket wrapped around them, wildly grasped in the hurry of forsaking their homes; and no additional supplies were possible. Their only rations were such as correspond with Indian habits, supplied by Indian hands, scanty, irregular, and nauseating to civilized life. I was unable to see them all, though I had promised myself that I would do so, and do all in my power for their relief. But I had seen enough to make my own heart sick and my own spirits sad. Viola demanded constant attention; and her, I could neither forsake nor neglect. I had taken cold, sleeping on the

cold, wet ground; my long, tedious march was telling upon my system. I had been deprived of comfortable, refreshing rest for days and nights, and my own spirits were almost ready to sink in despair, beneath the gloomy clouds that darkened the heavens. A night's rest seemed indispensable.

Taking Viola by the hand, I said, "You are doing so well that in a day or two we can carry you out under that old burr oak, and you may share its refreshing shade with old Ponto. But you will try and be patient and resigned, my dear friend, as you know that God has placed you in much more favorable circumstances than many other poor prisoners in this camp are now enjoying. I know it seems hard and dark to you; and I feel myself that strange mysteries enshroud us. But God frequently tries the faith and faithfulness of his people in different ways from those which they anticipate. You remember how your good old mother used to tell us that 'the darkest hour was just before day.' We cannot tell what agencies are now at work to effect our release. The council are all in favor of peace, only they wish to effect a settlement, in some way, by which to save themselves and their government annuities. I shall not be surprised if they wish me to go down and see the commander at Fort Ridgely to-morrow, to make some proposition for peace. How would you like that?"

With tears filling her eyes, she said, "Oh, don't go; don't leave me! If you go, I shall soon be where treaties cannot affect me. You know I

could not live, if I were left here alone with the Indians."

Chloe wept aloud, when she heard her friend, whom she loved so dearly and for whom she had done so much, express such feelings.

My next effort was to soothe the grieved feeling of the poor Indian girl, and I said to her, "You must make allowances for Viola. She is so weak that shadows appear like realities, and she hardly realizes what she says. She prizes you as one of her dearest friends. We are a thousand times thankful for your great kindness and abiding friendship to both of us, and especially for your faithful care for the poor sick girl."

And then, again turning to Viola, I continued: "I hope we shall all meet 'beyond the river,' with all our trials and troubles past. Let us trust in God. I believe that we all shall finally escape from these perils and strange scenes, unharmed; though in what way, or by what means, our deliverance will be effected, I can make no calculation. I am more concerned about your returning health, than the time or manner of our escape. If I should go to the fort, you will be perfectly safe here, and you will be well cared for. But, if you are anxious that I should remain, there are others who can go, and it will make but little difference."

"Well, I don't want you to leave me," she said. "Chloe Dusky has done everything in her power to make me comfortable and happy, and I know she

will continue to do so. I love her as a sister. I am too weak to express my thanks for her ever-faithful generous-heartedness to me. But the thought of being alone, in this wild part of the world, almost kills me."

CHAPTER LXII.

DEATH OF "OLD CREEK."

Chloe's mother came in and put a stop to conversation, by saying, " You had better take something to eat, and then go over and see Old Creek. He was taken sick immediately after getting home, and has sent for you, by that Indian, standing out there, by the side of that tree."

I stepped out and asked the Indian what the matter was. " Come quick. I don't know," he replied, and left.

Hastening over to his room, I found the old man suffering terribly from a sudden and painful bilious attack. We did everything for him in our power; but all to little or no purpose. Nothing seemed to give him any relief, and it soon became evident that he was nearing his final home. At length, however, his pains abated and he was comparatively easy. I then asked him if he felt that Jesus was his friend, and whether he was afraid to die. Speaking in a low voice, and in his lovely Dakota,

it being easier for him, his son interpreted as follows:

“When I first found you, I thought all white men hated the Indians, and no man cared for my poor people. But ten or twelve years of experience taught me there were some good pale faces. When you first told me about Jesus and the cross, I thought it must be only the story of some old woman. But when that poor sick girl told me, one day, in the boat, that Jesus was so very good that he gave his life for her, and that without him, she had no hope of heaven, I began to consider my own case. And I thought if she was a sinner and needed salvation, surely, I must be a much greater sinner. Looking right straight into my heart, I found it bad, all bad. The more I looked into it, the darker it seemed to grow, and the worse I felt. When I traded with other people, and they wronged me and cheated me, I hated them and wanted to kill them. By and by, I thought these feelings must be wicked, and that I should not hate people and wish to kill them, even if they did injure me. And I tried to make my heart better and not to have such feelings; but all did no good. Then I made up my mind to pray, and went out, in the dark, under a big oak and tried to speak to the Great Spirit. But my head and heart seemed as dark as the night; I did not know what to say, and hardly dared to say anything. Then I ventured to ask the Great Spirit to come close to me, to whisper in the ear of my heart and tell me what to

say. He seemed to be a little nearer; but I could not help thinking I was too old and had sinned too much for the Good Spirit to come into my heart. One day, I went to hear Dr. Williamson preach, and while he was preaching, all this great load rolled off my heart, and strange peace warmed my bosom.

“Some days after that, I attended a meeting at your post, when my boy was going to school, and had a talk with minister B. He told me that Jesus died for all the world, black, and white, and red; and that his blood would make the heart of a poor Indian just as white as the purest heart of the best white man in all the world. He said there was no difference, in heaven, between the white man and the Indian; and that all who believed would be saved, as Jesus was not the Savior of one nation only, but of all nations, tongues, kindreds and peoples of the whole earth. And as the preacher talked, his face seemed to shine with goodness, and something said to me that all my sins were pardoned, and that the Great Spirit was my friend. My heart leaped for joy, and I felt that I was not afraid to die. And when I thought of those persons who had injured me, I found that I loved them, and had forgiven them all.

“You have been very good to me and to my boy; and it troubles me, because I cannot pay you what I owe you. But I did all I could do for you with Little Crow, and tried hard to get you free. Oh, how I want to see that good young girl who has

fed me so many times when I was hungry, and who has sung to me so often and so sweetly! And, oh, her dear, good mother! But I shall see them in that good land where we shan't be sick any more. Tell Viola I thank her for her great goodness to me and to my boy; and that the poor old Indian loved her, and would gladly have made her free, if he could have done so. He did all he could do. Wau-pa-ket will tell you how I plead for her when we met the war party. But, I can't say any more."

I said to the good old Indian, "All your debts are paid. I feel myself more greatly indebted to you than to any other man. You have *saved our lives!* I hope and pray that you may get well again."

He made no reply, but turning his head, and seeming to be in great pain, he whispered, "Peace — all is well," and died! The days of good Old Creek were numbered. Little Creek and myself were the only persons in the room; and there, by a dim fire and in comparative loneliness, the old man passed away.

In his younger days, Old Creek had been a noble and a noted chief. He had a good heart, was possessed of a noble spirit, and never stifled his better feelings. He was always considerably in advance of his tribe in his perceptions and his aspirations. He was strongly opposed to the war, from the beginning; told Crow, plainly, the consequences that would follow, and advised all Indians, over whom he had any influence, to have nothing to do with it.

He insisted upon treating all prisoners kindly, and upon doing all possible to make them comfortable. He said to Wau-pa-ket, one day, in my hearing, "Other Day will be respected when Crow's bones will be white on the prairie."

No one knew that the old man was sick, but those at the house of Chloe's mother; and they did not suppose him dangerous, till I returned, in the morning, and told them that he was dead. The shock upon Viola was almost overpowering. Undoubtedly, all the poor old man's acts of kindness, during all our dreary marches on the prairies, and amidst all the fearful perils and the terrible sufferings, through which we had passed, came up fresh before her mind. All which it was possible for him to do for her, he had done. She had learned really to love the good old Indian, somewhat as the child loves the father. Perhaps she thought that but for him and the terrible struggle of the other poor old Indian, whose bones we had left to dry and whiten by the side of the old burr oak, our scalps would be bleaching and drying somewhere. It was but natural that her tears should flow. But when I had rehearsed to her, the old man's account of his experience, delivered his special message to her, repeated his dying words, and told her it would be well for us if we were as well prepared to receive the last message and bid farewell to earth, as he was, she became calm.

Soon as it became known that Old Creek was dead, sympathizing Indians and suffering white

prisoners gathered around, in great numbers. All felt that they had lost a true and trusty friend; and he received the noblest tribute of respect ever paid earth's worthy dead — that of grateful feelings. *Hearts* came to present *their* offerings, on that occasion.

On the following day, all that was mortal of good Old Creek was consigned to the grave. Nearly all the chiefs, who were at the Yellow Medicine, attended his funeral; and many of the prisoners came out, though they had hardly dared venture among the Indians before. Little Crow spoke, over the old man's remains, in the Dakota language, for an hour. I then spoke a few minutes in English; and he was buried, as a Christian, *in the ground*.

In a short time, after the funeral, Little Creek came in, bringing a pair of beautifully wrought slippers, a bead-basket, as large as a common traveling-satchel, and a fine work-basket, all of which, he said, his father left as presents for Viola.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

Because of differences of opinion, respecting the terms of the desired treaty, the council failed to come to an understanding till the day after Old Creek was buried. But they came to me, finally, saying, "You will write, simply, We went to war

because the government had paid us nothing for a long time, though there were large amounts due us, and we were starving; and the agents were cheating us out of all we had. But we are tired of the war, and want peace. And if they will hold a council, we will meet them. Please tell them we have two hundred prisoners, mostly women and children."

The letter was written according to instructions, and Little Crow fixed his mark to it. I also wrote a letter for Viola, who was too weak to write for herself. They selected a half-breed to act as letter-bearer. Lest the suspicions of Little Crow might be awakened, I requested Little Creek to read Viola's letter to him, and Wau-pa-ket also listened to the reading of the letters; and both declared themselves satisfied. All being completed, I handed the letters to the messenger, requesting him to see that both were placed in the hands of some officer, and, if possible, to bring back an answer to the one sent by Crow.

The messenger having left, I commenced a round of visits among the prisoners. Among the first found, were the old German and her three daughters, all sitting on the ground. One of them had a large stocking in her hands, and was knitting away with all her might. The others hastened to meet me, and shook my hand most warmly. The old woman said, "How dash you do? Won't you goes and sees that poor womans got the two shildens? She's be gone almost dead."

I stepped in and found the poor old Irish woman, with her two poor little children, lying on the ground. I spoke to her, but she did not recognize me. Taking a bottle of laudanum from my pocket, which a French woman had given me a few minutes before, we gave her a little every half hour, during the afternoon. All the women present did what they could to relieve the suffering one. As the evening shades were gathering around, she so far revived as to be able to speak, and I left, entertaining hopes of her recovery.

Wearied and sickened by the scenes of the day, I returned to the little Indian house, which I had come to call my home. When I entered, there sat Little Creek, Wau-pa-ket, Chloe and her mother, having a pleasant time, and in better spirits than I had ever seen them before. The war party had been out-voted, in the council, after some pretty hard talk; and the most enlightened and influential portions were opposed to any more fighting. The prospect of peace brought a measure of happiness to all hearts, and a smile of pleasure upon all cheeks. Viola had been lifted into a rocking-chair; and I saw, with some surprise, that the young chief from the mission, who could speak English quite well, and who was ever disposed to make a good use of his vocal organs, was playing the gallant to my sick girl. We soon had very good music from Chloe and Little Creek, though Creek's feelings were too sad for anything but a few Dakota pieces. Though Viola nor I could understand the words,

our hearts were stirred by the soft, thrilling strains of the music. It was nearly twelve o'clock, when this pleasant surprise-party broke up. It had proved, to me, a pleasant evening indeed. It was clear that Viola was recovering rapidly, and that she would be well enough to go out in a few days.

The return of the bearer of dispatches, and an answer to our official communication, were not expected in less than three days, though it was possible for a man to go to the fort and return in two days.

When leaving the council room, Little Crow exclaimed, "In three days, it is peace or war!"

"No more war!" cried out one of the chiefs.

"Before there will be any more war, you will have to walk over my dead body," said another of the leading men of the council.

"Let us kill him!" shouted several of the Black Hill Sioux.

"When you have killed me, you will find five hundred more to kill, before you can carry on the war any more, in the manner that you have been doing," responded the resolute advocate for peace.

But I am not writing a history of the massacre, but simply telling a story of the sufferings of the prisoners, illustrating the rights and the wrongs of the Indians, and the wickedness and the punishments of those who misused them. Those who are interested in the more terrible scenes of blood and torture, may find them recorded in the different histories of those eventful times. But the reader

of this narrative cannot fail to be reminded afresh of the fact that there are always two sides to wars as well as to stories. If the Indians have waged savage wars upon the whites, the whites have been guilty of dishonest and provoking treatment of the Indians. If some Indians have treated prisoners with startling, cold-blooded cruelty, others, whose names have never found a place upon the pages of history written by white men's pens, have rendered themselves deserving of the highest honors, by their noble deeds. In some instances, their humane acts will hardly find a parallel upon the records of civilized life. No sacrifices have been too great for them to make, and no perils too fearful for them to brave, in the interests of some of that race which they justly recognize as having driven them from their hunting-grounds and occasioned their greatest calamities. Wau-pa-ket's brother risked his life, and lost it, in the defense of a white man, and he a prisoner; and Pocahontas, the child of a king, placed her head between the captured captain and death. But few equals are to be found in the history of civilized life.

CHAPTER LXIV.

“CROW” AND THE PRISONERS.

But morning came, bringing with it a crushing sense of *durance vile*. Our friends were fast pass-

ing off, one after another, and leaving us just when we seemed to most need them. I could not but ask myself, and that with a quivering heart, "What will be our lot, if the commander refuses to accept terms of peace? Here we are, still prisoners. Our Indian friends who had never forsaken us, and who had weighty influence in the councils of peace and councils of war, have gone down to their graves." My spirits were saddened and gloomy. But, in the midst of my reverie, a poor, ragged woman came to the door, and said, in broken English:

"If that preach man, that gave the poor woman milk, can come over, they want him. She is dead."

"Who is dead?" I asked.

"The Irish woman and her little child. They sick again in the night, and die. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will go down, after taking a little refreshment."

After the poor woman left, Viola asked, "Who is that?"

"She is a prisoner, Viola."

"Oh, do the prisoners look like that! Are they all such poor sufferers?"

I had studiously withholden a knowledge of the real circumstances of the prisoners from Viola, lest a sense of their condition should prove too much for her weak and delicate nerves. But now she had seen one of the poor sufferers in her rags, and heard her fearful, tremulous voice. Both her suspicions and curiosity were awakened, and suspense

might be more dangerous than a plain statement of facts. So I informed her of the real condition of the prisoners not so fortunate as ourselves. Her deepest sympathies were stirred in behalf of the poor sufferers, mingled with the strongest indignation toward their cruel captors. "But," said I, "though the Indians may be disposed to do all in their power to make their prisoners comfortable, it is impossible for them to do so. They are themselves reduced almost to a state of starvation, and their condition is but little better than that of their prisoners."

"But why don't they let them go?" she asked.

"Crow well knows that his last argument with our government, and his last hope of a settlement upon favorable terms, is through his prisoners. He hopes that, to secure our release, valuable concessions will be made, and that they may escape the severe chastisement which they now fear. I am very anxious that you should get well, so that you can visit the suffering prisoners, and do what you can to comfort and encourage them."

Faithful Chloe and her kind mother took Viola from her sick bed and assisted her into a chair; and, with their help, I drew her out under the old burr oak, where she might enjoy the fresh balmy air and amuse herself with old Ponto. Then, giving Chloe directions to draw her back into the house, if she became tired, I left, to make my way to the house of the dead.

In the street, I met Little Crow and his boy.

Our conversation, naturally, soon turned upon the condition of the prisoners. I told him that their exposure was so great, and their sufferings so severe, that they could not possibly long endure them.

“I am sorry,” said he, “but what can I do? If the government will give us an honorable peace, I will set you all free and send you to your homes. But, if the general will not make peace, then we must fight it out.”

“But, Crow, we could do more for you, if we were free, than we can do as prisoners. I am not complaining of my treatment nor of that of my special friends; but many of the prisoners are already so reduced as to show very clearly that it will cost you but little to keep them in a short time.”

“Well, said he, “to morrow, we shall hear from below,” and passed on.

Crow was not the worst man who has ever lived on this earth. His heart was not untouched by the sufferings which he witnessed, nor was it a total stranger to sensations of sympathy. But he was in trying circumstances, and found himself involved in difficulties, from which he could hardly see a way of escape.

On entering the house, I found the poor woman and her little child, side by side, upon the ground, as there was no floor, cold in death. Several haggard, emaciated, most disconsolate looking women were gathered around them. After a little consul-

tation, it was decided to wrap them up in their blankets and bury them, as the best that could possibly be done for them. And I endeavored to cheer and encourage the group of saddened ones, and told them they had grounds to hope for coming deliverance, as steps were being taken toward setting them free.

With a spade, a pick and a shovel, I repaired to the further side of the garden, and, with my own hands, dug a grave for the mother and her child. While my hands were busily engaged in preparing a resting place for the dead, my imagination was most vividly and actively employed, in listening to the thoughts and gathering up the sensations of that poor mother and wife, as she lay upon the ground, in her last hours. Her husband, in the army, she knew not where—perhaps weary and faltering in the march, bleeding, groaning, dying on the battlefield, or burning with thirst or fainting with hunger, in some dreary prison! Her child, already cold in death, or gasping in its last struggles, before her own glassy eyes, with no friend present, with whom even to intrust its remains, and feeling the cold sweat of death gathering on her brow, and the shocks of dissolving nature throbbing through her heart, along her nerves and in her brain, all within the walls of an Indian prison! And then my heart throbbed bitter censures against those heartless agents and that negligent government who had inflicted such cruel wrongs upon these poor, ignorant men of the

forest, causing these scenes of horror and these pangs of anguish.

But the grave was prepared! With the assistance of the starving women, already hardly able to stand, I placed their bodies in their final resting-place, the babe in its mother's arms, and commended them to the watchful care and the protecting hand of the righteous Governor of earth and heaven. The hands of strangers, only, smoothed the turf over that grave. But in it, the dust shall slumber quietly, till the dawning of the day of reckoning, when God, their Savior, will call it up to testify against the cruel dishonesty of the age. My next effort was to stimulate the friendly Indians to do all in their power to relieve the sufferings and to supply the wants of the women and children, which I did by assuring them they would be well rewarded, at the close of the war. Many of them needed nothing of this stimulus, as their sympathies and friendly feelings prompted them to the greatest activity, and yet, this pledge gave them additional assurance and strengthened their kindly feelings.

C H A P T E R L X V .

THE DOCTOR'S INTERESTING LETTER.

Furniture, of almost all kinds, and much of which evidently once adorned some of the nicest parlors of refined civilization, with books of all descriptions

and various kinds of goods from business houses, lay scattered, here and there, along the streets, in wild confusion, broken, smashed, and besmeared with mud and dirt—the natural fruits of war. When returning to my Indian home, I casually picked up a book, attracting my attention, in which I found a letter, written just before the breaking out of the war and the sacking of the place. And as it has in it something of the spirit of the times, and illustrates the treatment which the ignorant Indian was constantly receiving from his intelligent white brethren, I will give it, verbatim and in full. It reads as follows :

“ *Dear Father and Mother:*—Your kind letter came to hand in due time. I was very glad to hear from you, and hasten to answer.

“ Whenever you write me hereafter, please put M.D. after my name on the letters, as I am now practicing medicine—an important fact which I neglected to mention in my last letter. My success, in the new business, has been truly wonderful; and many of the people reckon me as one of the most thoroughly educated physicians in the country.

“ When I first came West, I hired out, as a day laborer, at ten dollars per month. But I soon found that would not pay. Then I studied one of Moffit’s old almanacs, purchased a gross of pills at Winona, and moved up here among the Sioux and whites. I thoroughly pulverized the pills, and administered them in the form of powders. They worked like a charm! I have since become able to purchase

Thompson's work on medicine, and now I am doing a fine business. True, many of my patients die. But it is only necessary for me to say, 'Unfortunately, I was called a little too late; there was some mistake in administering the medicine; or there was a little exposure and the patient took cold;' and you know, dear father, that the mistakes of doctors, like those of stone masons, are all covered with mud. They are never seen, or they are soon forgotten.

"You tell me that Betsy Jane has married my old Sunday-school teacher, at Conscienceville, and that her husband wishes to know how I think he would succeed in business out West. Well, dear father, unless he should bend his principles and change his manner of doing business, he would starve in less than a year. Neither he nor any other honest man can maintain his integrity, and live, in this country. The farmers, I think, make the nearest approach to honesty. But the best of these must be watched, or you will find your load of wood hard and sound on the outside, but all soft and rotten on the inside; and your load of hay, good and bright externally, but coarse and musty in the center. But they come in with strong claims upon our charitable judgment.

"A large majority of them come into this country, poor, or with a limited amount of means, for the purpose of bettering their circumstances. They hardly become settled on their claims, before they find taxes pressed and forced upon them so heavily

as to demand all their surplus income, if they do not actually levy upon the real necessities of life. There are town taxes, school taxes, county taxes, and state taxes; and then some road needs to be built to Hog Hollow or Whisky Run, which must have aid from the town. A charter for some railroad to St. Paul, or some other wonderful city, is obtained. The managers, who are to handle the money, direct the business, look on and see others work and pay taxes, and who are to take the pay, claim that the road will make every man, woman and child in every town and county, through which it passes, rich, by the advance of real estate, just as soon as it is built. But they must have a little aid, in the form of town bonds, to the amount of fifty or a hundred thousand dollars from each town, to enable them to complete the grandest enterprise ever devised, in the interests of the people. The press of the county, for a sly ten thousand, will indorse and enforce all that the managers claim, and the people are induced to vote the bonds. The money is raised, the road is built, the engine, with long and heavy trains, thunders along the track, business is lively, managers pocket the income, and towns have nothing more to do, only simply to pay their bonds. And then the farmer has a market for his corn at twenty cents per bushel, while it brings seventy-five cents in the good old town of Boston. The managers of the road and their accomplices, along the line, demand only fifty-five

cents per bushel, for taking the farmer's corn to that good old market.

"If my dear brother-in-law would come West and give up his religion, he might succeed in running for some office, as he has a good education. But to succeed, in this line, he must belong to the dominant party, whose cardinal principle is, always, '*lie and stick to it.*' By adopting this principle, with shrewd management and a free use of whisky, he would be likely to secure votes enough to give him a seat in the state legislature, or in Congress; and once in either of these positions, he could easily secure enough of government scrip or railroad bonds, to ease him along through life.

"Or, if he would study law, a few days, say ten or twenty, then come West and give some judge ten dollars and a glass of whisky, he could get admitted to the bar. Law, medicine and office are the only professions that pay, in this country.

"Now, dear father, I have told you the whole truth. You can let him read this letter, and he can make up his mind accordingly. If he concludes to come, let me know and I will look around to see if I can find any openings in these professions, and will inform him.

"But I came near forgetting what the farmers call the 'agent nuisance.' That means, of course, an agent for somebody or something. In that, however, he would find no less cunning shrewdness, artful management and bold lying necessary, than

in the professions named. Some, however, get rich in the business.

“From your affectionate son,

“THAD. TAKEIN, M.D.

“P. S. Don’t forget to call me *doctor!* when you write. That will help me, greatly, in establishing my character.

“T. T.”

CHAPTER LXVI.

MARRIED WHITE MAN’S FASHION.

Another weary day was almost past, when I again found myself standing before our humble cabin. Looking down under the old burr oak, I found that Viola was no longer in the place she occupied when I left in the morning; but I found her in the house, sitting up in bed, appearing quite cheerful, and engaged in conversation with Wau-pa-ket. She assured me that she found herself able to walk into the house, leaning upon the arms of Chloe and Wau-pa-ket, and that she felt much better, in both strength and spirits. Chloe’s mother told me that Wau-pa-ket brought her a couple of nice prairie chickens; that she had eaten of them quite freely and with a good relish, and that she was gaining strength rapidly.

I had several books in my hands, which I had picked up in the street, some of a religious and historical character, and others treating upon the sci-

ence and practice of medicine. These books I placed near Viola, that she might interest herself with them when she wished, saying, "I am very glad indeed to see you improving so rapidly;" and then turning to Wau-pa-ket, I thanked the young chief for his kindness in bringing in the nice chickens, and also for his many acts of kindness to both Viola and myself.

During the day, Indians had been passing in and out of the town, and marching in squads, through the streets. But prisoners were not allowed to talk very freely with the Indians, and after poor Old Creek passed over into his happy hunting-grounds, I had no one to inform me of passing events, and was obliged to satisfy myself by guessing what passing movements indicated. So I had spent the whole day in rather a moody state of mind, assisting to bury the poor dead woman and her child, visiting prisoners in their destitution and wretchedness, and carefully balancing all movements from which to gather any indications of coming events. Yet a deep-seated, unyielding conviction seemed to hold fast upon my inner heart, that God would in some way, and that very speedily, work a way for our escape. But tired and weary, I sat down to my evening cup of tea.

I told Wau-pa-ket that if there were any stores of tea and sugar among the Indians, I would pay them a good price for them, and distribute them among the prisoners. He assured me that there were no considerable quantities in their hands, but

said there might be a little in the hands of the squaws, and that if he could find any he would get it and bring it to me. I handed him five dollars in gold and told him to buy what he could find and give it to the poor prisoners, or bring it to me and I would carry it to them.

Just then Little Creek came in, and taking Chloe by the arm, they walked out together, to enjoy the pleasant moonlight evening by themselves. Soon, Wau-pa-ket rose up, turned to Viola, shook her hand very warmly, bade her a polite "good-night," and passed out. I noticed a slight blush on Viola's cheek as Chloe's mother turned her eyes toward her.

"Well, Viola," said I, "I am really happy to see you recovering so fast. I have picked up books enough to interest you till you will be able to walk out or ride out. I saw old Jim to-day, and he looked as though he wanted to see you."

I then gave her a full account of my day's labors, experience and observations, and told her that many of the women, held as prisoners, were getting to be almost naked; and also suggested, that as it seemed quite probable that we should soon get away, that it might be well to send Chloe's mother up with some of her poorest dresses and a blanket or two. She readily consented, and said, "I wish I could go and see them myself."

In a short time, Chloe and her evening companion came in. I observed a blush on her cheeks, which seemed to say she wished to say something to me,

but was too timid to do so. She passed by and took a seat on the side of the bed, and said something to Viola in a low whisper. Viola looked up to me and, smiling, said, "Chloe and Little Creek wish to know whether you can marry them, next Sunday, white man's fashion."

I saw that Little Creek was standing at the door as though waiting for an answer, and I told her that I held the commission of *notary public*, but I doubted whether it was a case in which I could use my seal, and that they had better wait till the return of the army, or get some Indian local elder to do the job for them. But both declared that they would wait and be married white folks' fashion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE END OF THE TRUCE.

The third day of the messenger's absence came, and probably but few mornings ever brought to those connected with that Indian camp, more of mingling hopes and fears. Hope shone brightly from the eyes of some, while gloomy sadness, approaching despair, sat upon the countenances of others.

We were in the midst of one of the most beautiful landscapes in all Minnesota—the wide-spreading orchards of burr oaks extending far out in the east, its swaying willows and rolling lands and far-reaching prairies stretching away to the west,

beyond the circle of vision. The sun came up in all his beauty and brightness, casting his golden rays over all the forests and plains, making it one of the most lovely mornings that ever smiled upon human faces.

Quite early in the day, Little Crow made his appearance, with a black cloud of disappointment on his brow.

“ Well, Crow, what news?” said I.

“ Oh,” said he, “ another council. General Sibley says he wants all the prisoners, before he will do anything. If I give up all my prisoners, Sibley will come in, take us all, and hang every Indian.”

“ Oh, no, Crow,” said I; “ Sibley will do no such thing as that. You are mistaken. Sibley knows that most of the prisoners are suffering for the want of food and clothes, and that many of them are sick, and that you are unable to take care of them. I speak the more freely because I am well cared for myself, and so is Viola. But there is a very great amount of suffering among the prisoners in the camp; and some half-dozen of the half-breeds have gone down the river and informed Sibley fully respecting all the affairs. I do not know who the persons are that have given him the information—they don’t tell me—but he knows all about your camp. And I advise you to send all the prisoners, who are able to go, down to the fort. That would convince the general that you really want peace. It can do you no good to keep these starving women here, for they will all die in less than four weeks, if they are

not taken care of, and you will gain nothing by that. Indeed, such a course and such a result would terribly exasperate Sibley and all his men, and the severest punishment would be likely to fall upon you in the end."

"Well," said Crow, "there will be another council to-day, and you had better come over and see how we get along. Little Creek will tell you so."

I immediately returned to the house and informed Viola of all that had passed, thinking her sufficiently recovered to be informed of all that was going on. She wept bitterly when she learned that Sibley declined to form a treaty or hold a council, only upon such conditions as she thought the Indians would not accept. All the prisoners felt confident that if the general would meet the Indians in consultation, that their speedy liberation would be the result; but that if war was once more renewed, the hope of every prisoner must perish. My own heart felt the terrible pressure, and my own brain almost reeled from its position.

But I labored to comfort and encourage Viola, assuring her that all would yet turn out for the best.

"Our condition," said I, "is much more favorable than that of nearly all the other prisoners. When you become strong enough to walk around, there will be some opportunity of making our escape down the river. Quite a number of the prisoners have already made their escape in that way; but it will not do to make any attempt of this kind, till

you become strong. Your last move came near costing you your life. There is nothing like being patient, and making the best of our circumstances."

She dried up her tears, but said, "Oh, it is hard! But it is through the fire that we must go! and what we most need is more of the grace of God and less selfishness. I often feel, dear sir, that my heart is not sufficiently humble for the great blessings that God is constantly bestowing upon me. How kind have you, and all who have cared for me, been amidst all the trials and burdens which I have brought upon you and them. If I weep, oh, pardon me!"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

SECOND COUNCIL OF WAR.

At ten o'clock, all the chiefs and the principal Indians were in council. As it progressed, I soon saw they were to have a stormy time. Paul, a Christian Indian, took grounds for peace and denounced the war. I was not acquainted with him, and was greatly surprised by the bold and fearless manner in which he declared his views. Said he, "The lower agency Indians are a band of cut-throats, and every one of them ought to be hung. It is true, the government has cheated the Indians; but these poor people whom we are holding as prisoners are not to blame, nor were those

who have been killed on the prairie. If the Indian agents and the traders cheat you, kill them! But set these poor prisoners at liberty, treaty or no treaty. You say you have been fighting for your rights. I say no. You have been killing poor old women, and tomahawking little babes, like wild beasts."

Here the war party became enraged, and cried out "Kill him! kill him!"

"You may, if you choose," said Paul, "but you will find it different business from what it was to apply your tomahawks to the heads of twenty women and their little children, huddled together in a wagon; and you will find it to be different work from that of driving the wagon bolt through the bodies of little babies. Oh, no; when you undertake to kill me, you will find that you have a man to handle. Nor is that all. When you undertake that business, you will find that I am not the only one to be killed."

Here Paul sat down, and Little Crow made a few remarks, saying: "I wish no more war. But, if we give up all the prisoners, we must run away, or we shall all be shot. I do not justify the killing of women and children. I gave orders to kill only traders and government agents, who have cheated the Indians. But now, we wish to settle the question whether we will fight or run. We must do one or the other."

When he sat down, Cutnose arose. I saw, at once, that he was for war. War sparkled in his

eye, grinned upon his cheeks, and poured forth, in maddened wildness, from his lips. Said he: "I am for *killing* all the prisoners. Indians should not have taken a single prisoner. If I had command (looking me sternly in the face) I would kill every prisoner, in less than an hour. I could die, satisfied, if I could kill all the pale faces, in Minnesota. I took one wagonful and killed every one of them, with my own hands."

"They were poor old women and innocent children! Very brave!" cried Paul, breaking in upon the fiery war speech.

I then looked for an open outbreak and a bloody scene, but Little Crow held up his hand, and all was as still as though nothing had happened.

Wau-pa-ket then arose. He was dressed in his richest royal suit, as a chief. A costly scarlet cloak hung from his shoulders, with a beautiful red sash around his waist, a broad belt of wampum over his shoulder, a pair of richly-wrought moccasins, with bright blue leggins, on his feet, and a crown of eagle feathers on his head. He was painted red, and he really sparkled with the fringe of bright beads, hanging from his garments. And his young handsome form was in keeping with his elegant outfit.

He had no sooner arisen, than I perceived that a great interest was taken in him, and that a deep anxiety was felt respecting the position which he was to take. All eyes were immediately fixed upon

him, and perfect silence, almost the stillness of death, reigned in the hall.

Although I considered him my best friend, I did not know whether he was for war or for peace. I had not thought it advisable to approach him upon the subject, and, for reasons best known to himself, he had never introduced it to me.

He cast his eyes, from one to another, around the assembly, in such a manner as deepened the seriousness and yet seemed to say "you are all more deeply interested in this matter than I am myself." His eye rested for a moment upon each speaker, in the order in which they had spoken, till they became firmly fixed upon Cutnose, and he commenced by saying:

"You censure me for having taken prisoners, and having treated them kindly. Of all the deeds of my life, no one coming up before my memory, affords me greater satisfaction. I am proud to feel and to say to-day that I have saved from death and from cruelty all the women and children in my power. I did not come here to fight old women or young women, nor did I come to tomahawk and scalp little children, as Little Crow well understood. When you sent for me, to my far-off lodge, you said you had been abused—that the great president had stopped your pay, and you were going to fight for your rights. You wanted me to come and help you. I came, and have fought through seven hot battles. Five balls have made holes in my blankets, and two have passed through

my flesh. I don't complain; but I will fight no more, unless you all here pledge yourselves that you will fight like men. It don't take much of a man to kill and scalp a woman. But if you want peace, I am for sending all the prisoners to the fort, immediately, or setting them at liberty and permitting them to go where they please. They can do no good here.

"I once lost my way and knew not where to go. It was dark and cold. I had eaten nothing for two days, and I could find no game. I came to a poor white man's house. It was away down in Dakota. The man was gone; and there were only his wife and two little children at home. I rapped. The woman opened the door and told me to come in. She had a good fire. Supper was on the table. After I had warmed myself a few minutes, she put a chair at the end of the table by the fire, so that I could be warming and eating at the same time, and asked me to sit up and take some supper. After I had eaten my supper and was quite warm, she handed me a lamp, pointed to the stairs, and said, 'Put out the lamp, when you get into bed.' In the morning, she gave me some breakfast; and when I went away, she said, 'When you are cold and hungry, come again.'

"Now, don't you think I ought to have killed that woman, tomahawked her little children and hung their scalps to my belt! The Great Spirit said, 'Be kind to the next poor pale faces you meet, needing help!' Which course would make me

sleep the easiest? I then said to my heart, 'If I ever meet pale faces, hungry and cold, I will give them my dinner and go hungry myself.' And so I have done.

"It is my boast and my joy, that in this war, I have killed nor injured, knowingly and intentionally, neither a woman nor a child. When my band and the seven Black Hill Sioux took these prisoners, and the old man told me they were good pale faces, and my own brother-in-law, Watawa, said he was at their house, long time ago, and they gave him plenty to eat and sent plenty of bread to his squaw and pappooses, it made my heart feel warm. And when ten said kill and nine said save, I said, 'Save the good man and the young pale face squaw.' And when my poor brother, Watawa, died, and we left him by the big tree, the pale face man gave me twenty dollars, for his poor squaw. And when he came to the agency and saw the poor squaw and not many blankets, he gave her twenty dollars more, and said, after a treaty was made, he would send her flour for bread. Now, don't you want to kill him and the poor young pale face girl, who is so sick? Do you think it would be brave!

"No. When I go back to the far-off hunting grounds of the Sioux, I don't want the cry of murdered women and children to come echoing after me."

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY OF COLOR.

As Little Creek, my interpreter, was becoming fatigued, when Wau-pa-ket concluded his speech, I rose up, bowed respectfully, passed out of the house, and took a walk up the street. In my walk, I met a couple of darkies, whom I had not seen before. I was a little surprised to meet them; and feeling a little curiosity to know whether they were prisoners, accosted them by saying, " Halloo, Sam! what are you doing here? And Aunty Dinah, you are getting too far north."

" I knows it, chile," she said; " but dese drefful Ingins, I spects, is keepin' us here, to make pot pies. Lor! it does seem awful to be here, doin' nuffin but starvin' away. It does seem so curus dat de good Lord will 'low de heeden trihum ober us so. I tole de ole man to-day, we is sight better back in ole Kentuck, than ever runnin' up Norf, anyhow. But de good Lord's will be done. But it do seem too hard, and I can't help but cry. But Sam, he neber says anyting, only 'de Lord's will be done.' But I tinks, ef I was back wid our good ole massa Johnson, we'd be sight better off. I tell you, it be drefful to be taken from yer own cabin and brought up here, by dese wile Ingins, and den not 'lowed to say anyting. Ole man says, 'don't say nuffin.' I just believes in de Bible, and all dat sort of ting; but dis do seem awful

to me. And, now, are you prisoner, or is you up here to make treaty?"

"Oh, I am a prisoner; but I hope we shall all get away soon. They are in council now, down in the room; and many of them are strongly in favor of peace. Keep up good courage; the Lord will provide, auntie; and it don't do much good to complain."

Bidding the gentleman and lady of color "good by," I soon found myself once more at the little cabin, meeting Viola under the big burr oak, with old Ponto by her side. She had walked out herself—the first time that she had done so, since coming to Yellow Medicine. As I approached, she smiled, but said, "How lonesome it is here all day, with nobody to see or converse with."

CHAPTER LX X.

LETTER FROM PAUL.

"You are gaining finely, Viola; and just as soon as you fully regain your strength, you will learn something that will cheer your spirits. But so long as you are unable to walk, you are better off here than you would be anywhere else."

"Well," said she, "to-morrow, if you think it best, I will walk out a little. I think I can walk as far as the grove"—a little clump of trees, about ten rods from the door.

"But here come Wau-pa-ket and Little Creek.

Let us go into the house, and I will tell you a little news that will interest your thoughts, till to-morrow morning."

At that saying, the smile of brighter days lighted up Viola's countenance; and, though her cheeks were pale and moistened with tears, she never looked more innocent, child-like and lovely. Freedom, health and home were evidently in her mind and warming her heart. My thoughts went back to better days, when I stood behind the counter attending to the business of the trader's post, and she, the bright star of childhood, would come up to the door, singing or humming most sweetly, some good old, soul-stirring piece of music.

The company was almost at the door when we entered the house, Viola leaning on my arm, till she took her place on the side of the little cot or lounge, which Little Creek found among the ruins in the street and brought in for her. Her curiosity and hopes, of course, were excited, and she said, "Now tell me the news."

"Well, Viola, I have received a letter from Paul. It was slipped into my hand by a stranger in the council-room. I had never seen the man before, to my recollection. There were several strangers to me came in, and one of them passing close to me, pushed a letter into my left hand, as it hung down by my side. In a moment, he was out of sight in the confusion, at the close of Wau-packet's speech. I was standing up, at the time, and after pushing my hand gently into the pocket of

my coat skirt, I left, trying to keep my eye upon him. But as most of the chiefs rose to their feet when Wau-pa-ket stopped speaking, I lost all trace of him. Then I waited outside, some time, talking with a couple of darkies, whom I met in the street, keeping a sharp lookout; but I saw no more of him. After leaving my contraband friends, I read the letter, as it was directed to me, though I knew by the penmanship that it was from Paul. It suggests a plot or plan for our escape, and, singularly enough, one which I have been considering for several days. But as you are too weak to move, no plan or suggestions can be of any use, at present. But here is the letter. You can read it. It will speak for itself."

CHAPTER LXXI.

PLAN OF ESCAPE.

Just as I handed the letter to Viola, Little Creek and the young chief entered the room with Chloe Dusky, the three having been standing and talking together, at the door.

They brought the report that the council broke up without coming to any conclusion. But Wau-pa-ket said: "I did my best to induce them to set all the prisoners free and send them down to the fort. My proposition was for me to take my band and go back to our hunting-grounds, and let Crow

go down with the prisoners, and you and he settle the matter upon as favorable terms as you could obtain. But the soldiers' lodge would not consent to have you given up; and I see no escape from another fight. But you need not fear. No one will harm you. Crow is heartily tired of the war, but he can't do as he wishes. He will be over, to-night, to see you; and he says he is going to visit all the poor prisoners, to-morrow.

"All the braves, including those at the Cottonwood and the lower agency warriors, are coming up, and it is rumored that the next fight is to be here, or at the Yellow Medicine ravine. If it is likely to be here, you had better be moved further up, so as to be out of the way of harm."

"When do you expect Sibley up here?" I asked.
"I don't know. But Crow's spies are all to be here to-night, and he will then learn."

Then, turning to Viola, he said, "You are fast recovering. I expect you will soon be able to sing for us again."

She replied, "I hope so. I shall be happy to gratify you with my humble talents, if I can add to your happiness, for I feel, kind sir, that you have been very good to me, from the time that we first met. I am also thankful for the interest you have taken in the liberation of the other prisoners. If there is more fighting, do you think the prisoners will be in any danger?"

"No, only from accidents. But I think the prisoners had better be moved further up the river,

so that they may be beyond all perils. And now, Miss, I came to tender you our services. My proposition is, to take you and this gentleman, to our own home, in Dakota, beyond the reach of all war parties, and that you remain there till the war closes. If you are able to ride in my saddle, you may take my pony, and I will ride another. And I will give up the war, for I am sick of it. It is your government men who cheat and wrong the Indians, and who should be killed. But we can't get at them; and I wont fight the poor honest pale faces, who have done us no harm."

The last sentences of Wau-pa-ket were uttered with a tenderness of spirit and in gentle but firm tones of voice, clearly indicating the feelings of a superior nature, fixed upon noble purposes. In all my acquaintance and intercourse with the Indian race, I had never before been so impressed with a sense of the presence of real manly dignity. His estimation of the importance of his official position, and his felt claims to the respect and honors of authority, were by no means below the standard of Indian royalty. But that very high-toned dignity seemed to delight in noble acts of justice, and in contributing to the interests and the welfare of others. This very element of superior, self-estimated dignity in his nature, had prompted him to leave his distant cabin and to lead his braves in the defense of what he conceived to be the rights of his red brethren; and when he saw that their tomahawks fell upon only

the heads of the innocent and the honest, while the guilty and the corrupt gathered only profits from their blows, that same noble principle, governing his soul, turned his face and his footsteps homeward. A kind of unblushing boldness upon his face, an unquivering eye in his head, and a firm, steady step in his walk, proclaimed a feeling of right in his heart. If his judgment chanced to be wrong, in itself, it was right in his conception.

Viola hesitated respecting an answer. She evidently felt her embarrassed position, knowing that a rejection of his offer would be considered disrespectful, and holding in her hand a written proposition, more promising in its results, more congenial to her feelings, and from a noble friend in whom she had the most perfect confidence. I ventured to volunteer an answer for her, and said, "Wau-pa-ket, your proposition is a most noble and generous one. But Viola is still too feeble to ride on horseback. One day, in the saddle, would destroy all hopes of her recovery. But I see that you are a true friend —your heart is with us and you wish to do us good. I am confident you will be willing to adopt what may seem to be the most promising method of effecting our escape. Now, permit me to say, I think there is a better way."

"I understand. But more dangerous," he said, pointing down the river.

"Surely, all present may be trusted to keep as a profound secret, our conversation and plans on this occasion," said I.

“Oh, yes,” was the prompt response.

The old lady had stepped out, and Wau-pa-ket, Little Creek, Chloe, Viola, and myself constituted the council, on that occasion.

“Well,” said I, “our only way, I think, is down the river. We may be kept here six months, or we may be moved up into the Sioux country. I see light and life only as I turn my eyes down the river. If you two men can think this course advisable and will undertake the enterprise with us, I think Viola will be able to take a boat ride, in a week or so, and our prospect for escape will be good. What do you say, Miss Viola?”

Looking, first at me and then at our former deliverer, she said, “Gentlemen, I know not how to express my feelings of gratitude for your true friendship and your continued acts of kindness. It will afford me the highest pleasure to reward you, should it ever be in my power to do so. I have unbounded confidence in both your ability and your integrity. I shall be governed by your wisdom. Whatever may be the perils of the voyage, it will be a happy hour to me, when I step in the boat, for a trip down the river, in accordance with your wise plans and cheered by your inspiring company.”

Wau-pa-ket and Little Creek then held a short consultation in their own language, when the former said, “We will try your plan,” and then, turning to Viola, added, “If we sink, we will all go down together.”

Wau-pa-ket’s remark to Viola was made with all

the warmth of a brother's heart and the fervor of a lover's attachment.

Addressing Chloe, said I, "You will go with us?"

"Yes," was her ready and hearty reply, as she fixed her eyes firmly on Little Creek.

"Then it is a settled fact," said I, addressing myself to the two young men, "that we are to make an effort to escape down the river. If we fail, others have failed before us. But should we succeed and come out all right, I will give each of you a hundred dollars in money, and you shall have my everlasting friendship."

"And mine, too," responded Viola, looking Wau-pa-ket directly in the face.

"Your friendship is the highest bounty I could desire," said Wau-pa-ket, but adding, as he turned his eyes toward Viola, "I cannot promise you a safe passage, but I will do all in my power."

Chloe's mother, stepping into the door, brought our conversation to a close.

CHAPTER LXXII.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE PRESIDENT.

I had promised to go out, a little distance on the prairie, that evening, and see a poor old sick Indian; and noticing that Little Creek and Chloe were preparing to take a walk, and also thinking that if Viola was disposed to spend the evening with

Wau-pa-ket, the breaking of the monotony of prison life would be beneficial to her, I took up my hat to step out. So when Chloe and Little Creek left, I said to Wau-pa-ket, "If you will excuse me, I will go out to see a dying man, in his little cabin near the Big Bluff. Don't you think I will be safe in doing so?"

"Oh, yes. If you wish, I will go with you," he replied.

I thanked him, but told him that I could go alone well enough, and turning to Viola, said, "They sent for me in the early part of the day. Possibly, I may not be back till morning. But you have good company, and Chloe will be in soon," and then I passed out.

Hoping to meet Little Crow and wishing to have an interview with him alone, I passed down by his headquarters. He met me on the street. I saw, at once, the image of anxiety on his countenance and the evidence of fatigue in his movements.

"Little Crow, you seem to be very weary," was my first remark.

"Yes, I am tired," he replied, "and I can't do as I would. I wish to make peace. But the young men have been wronged so often and so badly, that they feel as though the choice was between being shot or being starved to death, and that they prefer the first, as most honorable. They can see nothing but cheating on the part of the government; and every promise that our great father makes, is soon broken. They say, 'Indians lie.' And so they do;

but the white man taught us to lie and to steal, to drink whisky and to murder. And then, they take us and hang us for doing just what they taught us to do. And they also drive us from our homes and our hunting-grounds."

"All that is too true, Crow; but still these poor prisoners are not to blame."

"I know that. But if you are given up, we have no hold upon your government. We should all be hung or be left to starve, without hunting-grounds or annuities."

"But if you should set all these prisoners free, your great father, the president, would hear of that noble deed; and as Mr. Lincoln is naturally a noble-hearted man, he will be led to make some valuable concessions to you. You know he is engaged in putting down a terrible rebellion, just now. There are so many Northern traitors, that he hardly knows who to trust; and he is in very great trouble. There are enough always ready to accept his offices and to obtain his money by any means possible for them to adopt, if it be even that of stealing."

"You think that you have a great deal of trouble. And so you have; and I am sincerely sorry for you. But you know nothing of what the president has to bear. Some people are constantly calling upon him to free the slaves; while others say they will not fight, nor help, in any way, to put down the rebellion, if he does so. Some have a few old, rotten ships; and they are very loyal, if he will buy them and pay for them ten times as much as they

are worth; but if he declines to do so, they become his enemies, and do all in their power to embarrass and perplex him. Members of Congress will vote to sustain him and to furnish supplies with which to carry on the war, till all their friends obtain good offices or secure government contracts, where they can soon make their fortunes and retire to private life, perhaps, converted into honest men; and then the congressmen will forsake him. And then, all the politicians of the country, have suddenly found themselves possessed of the special qualifications of military men, and, whether they have brains or nothing but hollow craniums, they must all be made major-generals, or they will have nothing to do with the war, unless they go down to 'Old Kentuck' and sit on neutral stools. Many of these politicians seem to have mistaken qualifications for ball-room feats, for those of ball-fields of leaden hail. With the nimble tactics of the former, they were familiar; but of the solid and substantial movements of the latter, they had but vague notions. So, you see, our good president finds himself in very trying circumstances. I told you that Mr. Lincoln was a very honest man; and so he is. But he cannot see a man's heart, hear his thoughts and read his purposes. He appoints to office such men as he supposes to be good and trusty. But have you not observed that the face of a rogue sometimes looks just about as well as that of an honest man!"

"Well," said Crow, "I suppose we have got to fight; and you prisoners must be moved as far up

the river as you can go, so that you may be out of danger."

"How long first?"

"Well, the sooner the better. The warriors will be here in a few days. The friendly Indians will go up with you."

"But, Crow, I am afraid the young girl will not be able to move."

"I am sorry; but the agency will soon be full of the war party, all on the war-path, and you will be much safer up there than you will be here. Sibley will be up here in a few days; and, if we can stop him, we will then make a treaty and set you all free."

C H A P T E R L X X I I .

VISIT AT OLD SUNDOWN'S.

"Well, Crow, I am going out to see old Sundown. He is sick, and has sent for me. Would you like to go out with me?"

"Oh, yes, anywhere, to get away from my thoughts."

We soon found our way to the old man's cabin near the bluff. A soft rap at the door caused it to open gently, and we stepped in. It was dark, and they had no candle or lamp; but there was a faint gleam of light from a few sticks, on fire, in the corner. As we entered, the old man asked, "Is that the pale face?"

“Yes,” Crow replied.

There were about a dozen in the lodge, including his squaw and their five or six children. I stepped up to the side of the old man’s couch, and, taking his hand, soon saw that he was not long for this world.

Said he, “I am dying, I think; I feel so cold.”

“Do you believe in the Bible?” said I.

“Yes,” was his answer; “but I am a great sinner.”

“Well,” said I, “Christ died for sinners. If we are willing to give up our sins, for Christ, that is all he asks. Do you understand?”

He hesitated a moment, and then said, “I know Christ died for me; but I have left him, and he won’t take me back. Do you believe in prayer?”

“Yes,” was my reply; “if you will pray for yourself, Christ will hear you.”

“Me have prayed for myself; but me is bigger and bigger sinner.”

“Well,” said I, “continue to pray, and be honest, and he will hear you. You know heaven is worth a great effort.”

“Yes,” said the poor, dying red man; “but don’t you think that if some other man should pray for me, that Jesus would hear?”

“My dying friend, the Bible says ‘the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.’ But you must have faith in God, for ‘without faith, it is impossible to please God.’ But remember, again, the Bible tells us, ‘That God so loved the

world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish; and Christ 'suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.' But this salvation is conditioned upon our personal faith in Jesus Christ. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' You must believe in him for yourself. No man can believe for you. We may pray for you, but we cannot believe for you, nor save you. You alone can believe; Christ only can save. All the angels in heaven could not save a single soul."

The poor old man looked up from his couch of death, almost bewildered, and said, "Can't Christ's mother tell him to save a poor sinner?"

"Yes, perhaps she could tell him to do so; but that would do no more good than it would for any other angel in heaven, or for any good man on earth to ask him to save you. Christ said, 'Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?' Christ's mother is in heaven, but she did not shed her blood for you when she was on earth; and there is no blood in heaven for her to shed or to be applied to your soul, for Paul says, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' And, 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission' of sins. So you see, my dear, dying friend, Christ is your only refuge. Out of Christ, there is no salvation."

"I am very weak. Will you pray for me?" said the old man.

There, in that poor Indian cabin, with the darkness of night hanging over us and wrapping its

folds around us, significant of the darkness pressing in upon the dying man's brain, we knelt down, white man and Indians, chief, humble subjects and prisoner, and humbly, but earnestly, besought Christ, the friend of sinners upon earth and the King of glory in heaven, to do that for our dying friend which all others above and below could not do—save him from his sins, and fit him for the companionship of angels before the throne.

As we rose from our knees, the old man, fixing his eyes steadily upon me for a moment, said, "What time of night is it? I will believe in Jesus' word. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Don't you believe in baptism?"

"Oh, my dear, dying friend, time is too precious to be spent in discussing subjects of minor importance. All the sacraments in the world are worthless in themselves, and can avail nothing, except Christ wash our souls in his blood. His blood, and that only, can take all our sins away. He shed that blood on Calvary's summit for us—for you. If we neglect that blood, we are lost, and lost forever. As death leaves us, judgment will find us. Prepared or unprepared, our condition will be changeless. There is no salvation in the grave. Christ himself can save souls only here, on this earth. It was here that we committed all our sins, and it was here that Christ shed his blood for sin, and here is where Christ saves penitent, believing souls from their sins. If you die unsaved, where Christ and God are you can never go."

“What,” said the man, “don’t you believe that, if I am not saved, my friends can pray me out of the bad place, after I am dead?”

“No, sir! not all the prayers of all the righteous people on earth, united with all the prayers of all the saints and angels in heaven, nor all the prayers and blood of Christ, could save a lost soul, after death. God cannot lie; and the Bible says, ‘If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie.’”

“Oh! I see that Christ, and Christ *here*, is my only hope. Then some pale faces have been telling me lies, and trying to cheat me out of my soul as well as my body. I see I must believe for one poor Indian.”

“That is all; and no one else can believe for you. Your case is now between your own soul and Jesus. Oh! try to believe! Whisper to Jesus, ‘I try to believe! I do believe! help thou mine unbelief!’”

“I do! I do! Sing, sing,” he whispered.

Four or five of the old man’s neighbors struck up and sung, in their own music and language, that good old Methodist hymn—

“And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner’s prayer.

“Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art;
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord,
I lift my helpless heart.

That weak, un-truthful breast,
The scruggings of my will,
The fears that harass me yet,
The agonies I feel."

At the close of the singing, the old man rallied somewhat, and conversed with Little Crow, a few minutes, in their own language, and then, turning to me, said, "What church do you belong to?"

"Not any one," said I. "Churches and church membership, though necessary to sustain the system of Christianity and to propagate the gospel, are not indispensable to salvation. I am striving to serve God. Perhaps I could do so better by being a member of some branch of Christ's one church, but that alone could not save me. Christ saves the heart that truly believes, whether it is in the church or out of the church."

"Well," said the old man, "I thought we must belong to some church to go to heaven, but you know better than I do. I want to learn this way, by the blood of Jesus, and you say it don't cost anything to go to heaven."

I assured him that Christ had fully paid the ransom, for he had bought us with his life. "By his stripes, we are healed." He is the Great Medicine Man, and can heal all the diseases of both body and mind. Simple faith in him will make your salvation sure."

"Then," said the poor old dying man, "I believe in Jesus! Will you pray the good Lord help me?"

After another season of prayer, we left the old

man, calmly resting in a consciousness of a Savior's presence and smiles, and again directed our steps toward the little cabin. It was nearly the break of day when we reached our homes. On parting, I took Little Crow's hand and said, "I shall not see you again, before we move, shall I?"

"I hope so," said he, "but do the best you can; and if you move, keep out of the way of all war parties, by remaining with those Yellow Medicine people. So long as you were under my control, I saw that no one harmed you. But now, you will have to look out for yourself."

I very readily perceived that he intended that I should understand my parole as ended, and that I was at liberty to run my own risks.

Finding all fast asleep in the cabin, I dropped down upon the floor, was soon, myself, oblivious to all around, and remained so, till nine o'clock in the morning. After rising and taking a cup of tea, I said to Viola, "Are you able to walk out a short distance this morning?"

She expressed herself as much pleased with the invitation, and as having felt a little restless under the severe restraints held over her, for the last two or three days. So we walked about ten rods to a little grove of oak trees. I folded my blanket to make Viola a seat; and she sat down, leaning her back against a tree, while I took a seat upon the grass.

"How did you like the letter?" said I.

"Oh, first rate. He suggests just what had been

running through my head, for many days. But I did not dare to tell you, lest you should call it one of my whims."

"I hope you will feel yourself at perfect liberty to express your feelings to me, fully and freely, so long as our present providential relations continue. Circumstances, over which neither of us had control, have seemed to make me your guardian; and, however frail, imperfect and short-coming I may be, I hope to have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done my duty, when I give up my precious charge to its rightful owner. God will never impute sin to us, so long as we conscientiously look to him for light, and honestly follow the path of right, as it opens before us."

"I hope," said she, "the good Lord will spare me to see that earnestly-longed-for day when I shall be free, and can say to you, 'well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

"But of that letter. Let us look it over and complete our plans; for I feel that I have been released from my parole. Crow and I went out to see an old sick man last evening, and did not return till near daylight, this morning. He told me that we should be obliged to move further up the river soon; that he must take the field again; that I must look out for myself, and charged me to do the best I could. The old chief is worn out with care."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

PROGRAMME FOR ESCAPING.

“So now for the plan. I propose that Little Creek go down to-night and notify Paul of our plans, and request him to meet us somewhere near the fort, above or below it, with a carriage, and we will start on Monday night. The braves will all be in, this week. There will be a great deal of confusion; and, if you are able to walk with your blanket rolled around you, you will look like a young Indian, if you do not pass for a squaw, which I think would be very satisfactory to Wau-pa-ket, don’t you?”

“Oh, yes, I presume so,” she laughingly replied. “He is so very kind to me, he has already merited my everlasting gratitude, and he is so faithful and so self-sacrificing!”

“But business before pleasure. Do you think you can walk half a mile, to Rush cove, as they call it? I have selected that as the best place, and think the other men are of the same opinion. We shall be obliged to leave old Jim. But you, poor old Ponto, shall go with us to the end of the race.”

As I spoke thus, the old dog looked up and winked, as much as to say, “I will never desert you, if you will never leave me.”

“But here comes Wau-pa-ket. Don’t blush, Viola, for you never had a truer lover. There are

many poorer heads and worse hearts upon larger thrones. But I am glad he is coming, as we may finish our arrangements."

"Please be seated with us, chief."

Wau-pa-ket took a seat near us, and, after looking around carefully, to be sure there was no other one in hearing, I said, "We have been trying to perfect our plans," and then informed him respecting the course we had thought of pursuing, all of which the chief heartily approved, even the proposition to take old Ponto with us.

Then said Wau-pa-ket, "I have a boat. It belongs to poor Watawa's wife, or squaw, and she says you may have it, in welcome. I told her you wanted to take the pale face squaw out riding," turning his head toward Viola, who replied, saying, "That's first rate. Let us have a boat ride, before we start."

"Well," said the young chief, "to allay all suspicions, I will take you out to-morrow, if you will accept of the boatman, or, as we Sioux call him, the canoe man."

"I shall be very happy to accept of a boat-ride, if my guardian friend thinks it best, and my strength is sufficient," she replied, turning her eyes toward me, as she spoke the closing sentence.

Peculiar reflections took possession of my mind for a moment. What a change one month's time had brought over us! How the pale face of the young girl now before me, contrasted with that which she presented just one month before! I

thought of the days when she and Paul went out boat-riding, on that lovely lake, down by the old post. I seemed to hear the kind voice of her mother, calling her back from her girlish sports and child-like pleasures, to the sterner duties of life. The old post was then full of life and hope. She was that day in the midst of friends, father and mother smiling upon her, and fair prospects of coming joys opening to her vision of faith. I was then surrounded by the comforts of life, and reckoning myself possessed of a sufficient amount of this world's goods to supply my wants, so long as a supply would be needed. To-day, we are both dependent upon poor Indians for our hopes of liberty and of life. What a change! But such is the history of this world! Who shall tell us what a day will bring forth!

After a moment's thought, I replied, "You have my best wishes for a pleasant sail. But you must not overtask your strength."

"I think I could walk down to that point to-day," said she, pointing to the nearest bend in the river, where the boat touched.

"Rush creek, it seems to me, will be a favorable place from which to take our departure. What do you think of it, Wau-pa-ket?"

"We can find no better, if it is not too far for Viola to walk. Very much will depend upon our success in passing ourselves off as Indians. No guards are kept out, there will be many bands coming in, and we shall have the same right to be strolling about as other Indians."

“ You can examine the place while out on your boat ride, to-morrow, and we will make our arrangements to start from there, unless you discover some obstacle, and, in that case, you will select some other. The boat can be hid in the tall bulrushes. You be there at eight o’clock, or any time after dark. Chloe and Miss Viola will go down first, and I will follow. We must contrive some way to take rations with us for a day or two.”

“ But we must all be Indians, with our lips, for it will be death for you and me, if we are discovered,” said Wau-pa-ket.

“ But how are we to get away from the old lady? Chloe says we must not let her know anything about it.”

“ Said Viola, “ I will send all my clothes, except such as I wish to wear, to Creek’s, by Chloe, and the old lady will think I am sending them to the poor women up to the prisoners’ camp, where I sent some the other day. You can take them from there, Wau-pa-ket, and hide them somewhere, some time before we start. By that time, I think, I shall be able to walk without difficulty. Chloe and I will walk out together, which will excite no suspicion, leaving the house, in our ordinary clothing, and wrapping our blankets around us, when we get over to Creek’s. I will make all necessary arrangements with Chloe to-day. And now,” she added, “ if Little Creek will go down to-night, we are all ready.”

As we rose up to leave our shady seats, I noticed

Little Creek and Chloe starting out for a walk, and suggested to Wau-pa-ket, that it would be well to call them, and to complete our arrangements. He went out and called them down. Little Creek objected to going down the river that night, or before we went, saying that it would do no good. He thought we should have no difficulty in finding the friend whom we sought, or safe points for landing, almost anywhere, if once beyond the line of Indian pickets. And so we finally concluded to go together, and plans were completed accordingly.

Our council closed and we parted, Little Creek and Chloe going out upon the prairie to enjoy their walk, and Viola and myself returning to the cabin, with the understanding that we were all to meet at the boat, on Monday evening.

The weather was truly delightful for September. The blue traces of Indian summer were visible all along the west; and the smoky atmosphere, with the soft balmy winds, told of a warmer and more congenial clime, away to the south. The late chilling nights had left their marks upon the prairies, and the deep green was losing its freshness and giving place to the rich golden hues of autumn. Scenes in nature as well as those in human life, have their changes. All around seemed to whisper of a coming hour, when the icy hand of winter would wrap her cold mantle of death over and around every green and living thing, that now beautified and enlivened hills and valleys. But from a little beyond, there came a whisper of

returning spring, with fresh flowers and quickened spirits. So like human life. We have our spring of childhood, summer of strength and manhood, and autumn's mature years, cheered by sweet southern breezes from off the fair hills and plains, where spring and autumn, flowers and fruits mingle and commingle, in sweetest harmony and endless variety.

“No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

“When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?”

Chloe's mother met us, at the door, as we returned, and said to Viola, “You must be careful. I fear you have taken cold. You white folks, I hear, going away soon. There are about fifty braves down to the river.”

Said I, “We have heard of our intended move, and must make all necessary arrangements.”

But I was so tired that I lay down, and was soon lost to everything around, in profound slumbers, from which I awoke not till breakfast was nearly ready, the next morning. On rising, I was surprised to see many strangers passing along the street. The old squaw said, “These are the braves that went down to New Ulm. They is falling back to the Yellow Medicine. I's goin' down to see them to-day.”

The old lady was possessed of one good qualification for us—she was ever ready to report all she saw or heard.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE PRISONERS' BOAT-RIDE.

"But here comes your chief, Viola. Are you ready?"

"I suppose so; but do you think we have any reason to fear these new-comers?"

"No. They all seem to come and go, fight or play, or steal or travel, just as they please."

"You will go down as far as the water with us, won't you?"

"Yes, of course. You must not be gone more than two or three hours. Be sure to be back by three o'clock."

All were soon in readiness, and we walked down to the shore, Viola leaning upon the arm of the young chief. They stepped into the boat; and, as I pushed it off, Wau-pa-ket struck up a Dakota boat song, and they quickly passed out of my sight.

Turning away from the shore, I went directly to the cabin of Sundown. I found the poor old man just closing his eyes upon the scenes of earth. He knew me, and said, "I do believe in Jesus! I do believe in Jesus! I know he has power to save! He saves me, poor Indian!"

I pressed the old man's hand; but he gave no responsive answer. After lying motionless for some time, and when we thought him gone, he opened his eyes, whispered "Jesus," and with that sweet name upon his lips, departed. He was gone. I spoke a few comforting words to the friends, and left.

This man had been a powerful and an influential Indian, in his earlier days; but old age and the present troubles had crushed the old man's spirit, and he sunk beneath the burden. He had great faith in the white man, having been a subject of mission teachings and influence, and was an earnest and sincere inquirer for truth.

On returning to the cabin, with Little Creek, Chloe and her mother, I sat down to an excellent dinner, consisting, in part, of a pot-pie and a hot stew, made of nice prairie chickens. It was a cause of regret that Viola was not present, as it was seldom that prisoners were favored with such a dinner. She had then been absent two hours; but it really seemed to have been an age, and I could hardly avoid looking down in the direction where I last saw her, to see if she was not returning. Before three o'clock, I became exceedingly anxious, in spite of all my efforts to control my feelings. But looking out, just at the appointed time, the little boat, with its precious cargo, came around the bend, moving upon the water almost as a thing of life. By four o'clock, they came walking up from the shore. All in the cabin seemed to

partake of my own feelings; and we stood together in the door, watching them, as they pursued their walk, slowly but steadily, all the way from the shore, and bade them a hearty welcome as they came within the reach of our hands. I breathed thanks to our Heavenly Father that he had enabled her to endure the ride and walk so well, and that he had returned her so safely. Both were dressed in their best suits. The young chief wore his scarlet robe; and though his cheeks were unpainted, they glowed with brightness, putting on the neatness and the manliness of civilized life. Viola's countenance was pale, contrasting beautifully with that of the young chief, flushing with health and full of life. They attracted much attention as they passed through the camping-grounds.

Chloe had a good warm dinner in readiness for them, and the old lady felt herself and her house highly honored, in entertaining an Indian chief of such high standing. After dinner, Wau-pa-ket and Viola gave us a brief account of what they had seen and learned, during their boat-ride, down the river. What seemed most deeply to impress Viola, was the fact that they saw many Indians, all well armed with guns, pitching their tents on the banks of the Medicine river, a little south of the Big river, as they called the Minnesota or Muddy river. The safe return of the young couple, themselves greatly revived in spirits, inspired all in the cabin with new life, and the afternoon passed away in social enjoyments, almost burying in forgetfulness, all sur-

rounding circumstances. A hunt for game, by the two young men, on the next day, was agreed upon, and we separated for the night.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

INDIANS PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Another day came. But what a change had come over the place! All was bustle, turmoil, and confusion. What could be the occasion! I asked Chloe, but she did not know. The old lady had not been out to collect the news. Viola and I stood at the door, looking and wondering. Reports, brought by Crow's scouts, were the latest news we had received from the fort. They said Sibley was still there. But here came men, women, and children; poor old squaws and their papoosees; some walking with papoosees on their backs, some on oxen, and some in wagons. Long trains were on the move, coming down, passing along and crossing the river. We could not imagine what it could mean. But said I, "We will keep cool, for I believe all things will come out right."

I had been wishing for an opportunity to have a little conversation with Viola, not to be heard by others. I wished to learn more particulars respecting Paul's letter, as they might have a bearing upon our future course to be taken. But no opportunity had presented. The everlasting Indian seemed to

be present, in some shape, young or old, she or he—something wrapped in blankets. Then, all Indian eyes were fixed upon the scenes without; and calling Viola's attention, I asked her, "How far did you go yesterday?"

"About three or four miles; and then we spent an hour looking at and about a little cove, down there."

"Well," said I, smiling, "I guess I will go out and see the cove myself, and perhaps I may catch a few fish."

"Oh, no," said she; "there are so many strange Indians around. I fear some of them may vent their spite on you."

"Well, if you do not want me to go, I will not, of course. But I am very anxious to know what this commotion means. What can be the cause, or the object?"

Just at that moment, about two hundred braves came in, moving most rapidly, and, wheeling to the right, they went off toward the Yellow Medicine. It then seemed evident that they were expecting a fight, and I supposed they must have seen some scouting cavalry, as it was not probable that Sibley had left the fort. Could he have known all that we knew, he might have come at any time, and, probably, would have been there long before. But he had learned some hard lessons, and was wisely making cautious and safe movements. We concluded it must be a scare. But as the day was closing, our newsbearer was prepared to give us a

little information. The old lady had returned. She said that next Monday or Tuesday, the friendly Indians and all the prisoners were to be moved up to a camp, on the prairie "And," she added, "I 'spose you'll git your liberty, soon. Crow told the braves, this morning, that if they would fight hard enough to stop the soldiers, they could make a good treaty. But, if they did not, the warriors would have to go to the Missouri."

"Where is Crow?" I asked.

"He is down at the Big Bridge. The warriors are coming in from all the country. Ten thousand are to be there in a week; and I guess there will be a big fight. Crow wants all the friendly Indians to help him."

"Well," said Chloe, "they won't. Little Creek won't fight, and he knows it."

Just then, and in the midst of a smart shower, in came the two hunters, with a nice lot of game, consisting of prairie chickens, ducks, and one large goose.

"You have done finely," said I; "this will answer our purpose nicely. Crow has sent word that all the prisoners and as many of the friendly Indians as wish to do so, will go up the river, on Monday or Tuesday. Now," winking at the two young men, "would it not be a good plan to cook up a lot of this game, and take it along with us?"

All heartily approved of this arrangement. After taking something to eat, they divided their game, leaving the larger part at our cabin. We

parted for the night, and they left for their homes.

The scenes of the following day, baffle all description. Such screeching, whooping, and yelling, it seemed to me, never before fell upon mortal ears. Bands of braves, painted up in full war style, were marching and countermarching and singing their war songs, from morning till evening. But the point of special interest was down below the bluff. There they killed a yoke of large oxen, roasted them whole, and then, each one slashed into them, helping himself, as he pleased. I walked down to the scene, in company with Wau-pa-ket and Little Creek, who took no part in the performance, further than to laugh over the ludicrous performances. A large squaw, knife in hand, rushed down, slashed out some ten or twelve pounds, hastened away, and divided it among the members of her promising family. The young sons of the forest disposed of it as voraciously as a pack of wolves. The hunting-knife was all they needed. Fingers answered for forks, and the palms of the hands for plates. The papoosees had each a small strip of cloth around them, while the squaws were partially wrapt in a kind of half blanket, all as dirty and black as though they had wiped all the kettles since Adam left the garden of Eden. Their hair was untrimmed and uncombed, and their natural features were of the coarsest type of the Indian race. Half-breeds were not

allowed to mingle with them in this great feast, though many of them were standing around.

Crow came up to me and inquired for the health of Viola. I told him that she was rapidly recovering, and that she had been out boat-riding, with our young chief.

“So I understand,” said the old man, looking at Wau-pa-ket, and smiling; “the Indian is prisoner to the pale face, this time. I am afraid we shall lose a chief and a prisoner at the same time.”

Wau-pa-ket made no reply. I smiled, and said, “Are you intending to keep us here any longer, or are we all to leave immediately?”

“You are to be removed soon. We are to hold a council and a war-dance to-morrow. Come down and see us,” was his reply.

The feast being ended, the most avaricious being unable to eat more, they commenced a war-dance. But they were too heavily loaded with beef, to move with sufficient ease and readiness to make it interesting, and we once more returned to our homes; and determining upon our line and mode of march, we separated for the night.

Morning came, and all was confusion in the camp—if possible, exceeding that of the previous day. They were marching and counter-marching in all directions; but there were no regular guards out, every man being considered a guard or on picket duty for himself. It soon became evident that the surrounding country was full of braves, and our chance for escape that night seemed a

little dubious. But that was our only chance; and we were not to hesitate or waver in our purpose, whatever the difficulties. So during the day, Chloe cooked as much of the game as she could, assisted by the old lady, who thought we were preparing for the march up the river. All the blankets were sent to Little Creek's cabin; and, in conversation with Creek, I told him we should start from his place, and to have all things collected there, and to be in readiness himself. As the shades of evening began to settle down upon us, we took all our provisions over to the same place.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

ESCAPING PRISONERS EMBARKING.

All things being in readiness, I said to Viola, "There is a great war-dance down at the river to-night. Crow asked me to come to the council; and perhaps you would like to see another peculiar Indian custom well exhibited, before we move."

The old squaw rather objected to this suggestion, saying, "I am afraid it will be too chilly for her, it is so damp, and it looks so much like rain."

I told her that we would wrap the blankets well around us, and that the evening was quite warm, though it did look like rain; that we would go down to Creek's cabin and see if everything was in readiness, as the prisoners were to start in the

morning. Indeed, a large number had been sent up that day, as I had been told.

Just at this moment, Wau-pa-ket and Creek came in, and all sat down to a very good supper, prepared by Chloe and her mother. Then followed evening prayers, according to our custom, when circumstances permitted, all present, except Chloe's mother, realizing it to be our last, together. Honest thanks ascended from grateful hearts for past and present mercies; and earnest petitions were sent up upon the wings of faith, for the future care, protection and blessings of our Heavenly Father.

The appointed time having come, and all things being in readiness, we passed out, Wau-pa-ket taking the lead, while I brought up the rear. The old lady asked Chloe, as we were leaving the door, what time she would be back. Chloe then told her mother that it was possible that we might go a part of the way that night, if we found that we should be more likely to escape the Black Hill Indians, by night than by day; that Viola wished her to accompany her for a few days; and that Little Creek would go with us, till we were past all danger.

“Well,” said the poor old lady, “do the best you can;” and we bade her “good night,” feeling our hearts really saddened, by the necessity of leaving so informally one who had been so kind to us, and in such ignorance of the real character of the separation. But this was our only course.

The big drum was beating, down the river, while we passed over to Creek's cabin. In the cabin, we put on our Indian disguise, and transformed ourselves into red men and squaws, to the best of our ability. Wau-pa-ket and Creek hung our provisions to their belts, fastened around their waists, wrapped their blankets tightly around them, and with their rifles, in Indian style, straight up before them, they passed out and down to the cove. In about an hour, they came back, having deposited the provisions and extra clothing in the rendezvous, among the rushes. Then came the fearful hour — the real "tug of war." We were to march, in Indian style, fully one half mile, in our unnatural and cumbersome uniforms, and Viola feeble from the effects of her severe sickness, and Indians yelping, whooping and barking like dogs, all around. Down by the dance, the heavens were lighted up by immense bonfires. We could not think of accepting Crow's invitation, though some of us would have been pleased to witness the performance, and we concluded to make our way directly to the cove, and to do so as quickly as possible. It was a fearful undertaking for Viola. She was just up from almost her death-bed. If one of us could have taken her by the arm, that would have assisted her greatly; but that was sure detection, and detection was certain death. She must walk the whole distance by herself, burdened with her blanket, standing as erect and walking as straight as an Indian; but there was no other way. This was our only

chance; and we might as well fail in making this attempt as to fail in making any other, or as to perish, making no attempt to save ourselves.

We were to form in line as follows: first, Little Creek, followed by Chloe, then Wau-pa-ket, followed by Viola with Ponto close by her side, while I was to take the place of a rear guard. We were to march in true Indian style, one exactly behind the other. It was agreed that no word was to be spoken, unless we were spoken to, and, in that case, Wau-pa-ket and Little Creek were to do the talking. Old Ponto was our greatest fear. But Viola plead for him so earnestly, that it almost seemed that she had a premonition of evil results, if he were abandoned, and we concluded to let him share our fortunes. He had a belt, or strap, around his neck. Viola took a black silk kerchief, and fastened one end to the strap and held the other end in her hand, and wrapping her blankets close around her and letting them hang down to her feet, Ponto was hidden from view, on one side, and the disguise was complete. We had provided ourselves with buckskin moccasins, so that we should make no noise; and all were, at last, on the march; in perfect Indian style and appearance.

We had traveled not more than sixty rods, when we met about fifty Indians, marching in the opposite direction. As they approached us, they gave the usual yelp, or whoop. Our Indian companions said a few words to them, and we were allowed to pass on. Luckily, Ponto was on the opposite side, and;

what was still more in our favor, we had not yet left the main road, and they, probably, supposed us going down to the dance. About five or six rods beyond, we came upon a dozen or more, lounging on the ground, who, no doubt, had gorged themselves on ox and exhausted their strength in the dance, and were making their way back to the agency. They challenged us and demanded who we were. Answers from our guides satisfied them, and we were permitted to pursue our way. It was beginning to rain a little, and was becoming so dark that we were in danger of falling over anything or any body, that might come in our course. But we continued our march, slowly and cautiously, till we came to the point where we were to leave the main Indian trail. We had then passed over nearly half the distance, and the remainder was along descending grounds, so that I began to feel considerably encouraged, though I did not dare to speak to Viola. Soon after taking the by-path, however, I could perceive, in the little flashes of light that now and then streamed in upon us from the bonfire still burning, that she made her way with difficulty, and I expected to find her prostrate before me, every moment. When we came close to the little cove, we were startled by a fierce yell, followed by a plunge into the water, just before us; and then all was still again. All stood perfectly quiet, hardly venturing to draw a full breath, for a few moments, when we moved down to where we expected to find the boat.

We felt considerably relieved, when we found it safe, with all the provisions and clothing undisturbed. But what meant that awful yell and startling plunge! It was evidently the voice of an Indian. But who could it be and what was he there for! The most careful observation could discover no form, nor could the most attentive listening hear any sound, indicating the presence of any human being but ourselves. Yet we hesitated and remained in perfect silence some time, before venturing to get into the boat. At length, the grip of Wau-pa-ket's hand told me that he counseled a forward movement; and he, noiselessly, got into the boat—as I afterward learned,—fixed places for Viola and Chloe, and returned, before taking me by the hand. It was so dark, that I could hardly distinguish an object one foot from my eyes, and I found my way only by keeping close up to the line, till I reached the rushes and the soft ground, and then feeling my way to the boat. But so noiseless were the two Indians, that I did not hear their movements, while spreading their blankets and getting the two girls on board; and I had supposed them, all the time, waiting and listening to learn the meaning of the yell and plunge, which had so startled us. Carefully, I crept into the boat. But so still and quietly had everything been done, that I could not feel satisfied that all were on board, till I had pressed the hand of each one and felt old Ponto's breath upon my face. I was pressed, gently, into the center of the boat; and, in another moment,

I felt that the cable had been cut and that we were floating down the river. Yet, I dared not speak. It would not answer to even ask Viola whether she were exhausted or faint. Whether, indeed, she were, already, insensible, I could not ascertain, though I sat within two feet of her. I knew only that there was an Indian in both the stem and the stern of the boat. No sound of a paddle was to be heard; and only the quiet motion of the boat told me that we were passing down the current. Suddenly, we were again startled by another yell and another plunge! This time, we perceived that it was upon the opposite side of the river. The wind, blowing toward us, made it sound as though it was at our feet.

Darkness seemed to thicken and deepen, till we could almost feel it wrapping its folds around us. My feelings became intense; and I acknowledge that I wished myself back in the cabin which we had left; and this, I afterward learned, was the feeling of all on board, at that time. But we were beyond wishes then. We could only wait. How long it was, from the time that we left the cabin, till we found ourselves floating upon the water, I cannot tell; but it seemed like an age. We had been moving down the river, not less than three hours, I judged, before we ventured to even whisper to each other. Then, for the first time in my life, I felt the force of the adage — "As secret as an Indian." Finally, I ventured to ask Viola how she was feeling. She replied, "Very tired;

but, otherwise, quite well." Carefully changing positions, a trifle, and making other little arrangement, Viola laid down, with her head in Chloe's lap, and was soon asleep, sweetly unconscious of surrounding dangers.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

SECRETED IN THE BULRUSHES.

Paddles were then employed, to the best advantage, and we made our way down the river at an increased speed, for about an hour, or until the rising of the sun. Coming to a small cove, so surrounded with tall rushes and with banks covered with large trees with thick foliage, as to completely hide us from view in all directions, we concluded to make it our camping-ground for the day, deeming it unsafe to proceed further. We could make no calculation as to the progress we had made, the river was so full of turns, and we did not dare to go out upon a bluff to take observations, nor even to kindle a fire, lest we should be discovered. So, after waking Viola, who had not aroused from her sweet slumbers, we made our breakfast upon cold provisions, and in silence, as we could not divest ourselves of the feeling that open eyes and listening ears were all around us. The morning was clear, and the sun came out, in his royal robes, sending his cheering rays over the

waters and through the leaves, and lighting up the heavens as beautifully, as though peace, harmony and happiness reigned on all the earth. But the familiarity of mosquitoes was truly annoying. From daylight to sunrise, they claimed, and insisted upon, blood relationship, as close, at least, as that of second cousins. However, as the sun came up, they retreated. After taking our refreshments, we spent a few moments in giving an account of our feelings, during our march and voyage, though all was spoken in a low whisper. I simply said, "My feelings were those of awful suspense."

Said Wau-pa-ket, "I felt as though I were bearing away some great and noble prize, and that I should surely be punished if it should slip from my hands."

Creek whispered, "It was just what I liked. I always loved adventure, and it suited me, exactly."

Chloe followed, saying, "I have always loved Viola, from the time that I first saw her; and I felt that I was doing my duty to my God and for that friend who had done more for me than all the rest of the world." She continued, with tears rolling down her cheeks, "I was an ignorant, ragged little Indian girl. Miss Viola put her clothes on me, and gave me shoes; and she and her mother gave me clothes to take to my mother. She taught me to read my Bible, and told me all about Jesus, and how he died for me, because he loved me. I was thinking if I loved any one, in all the world, enough to die for her, if it were necessary, that one was Viola. Yes, Miss Viola, I love you, and I could

not live if you were to die or be lost. This is what made me come with you. All the time that we were coming to the boat, I was praying that the good Lord would preserve us. I knew that he could do so, just as easily as he preserved the Hebrews, in the furnace of fire, or Daniel, in the den of lions. But when I heard that yell and plunge, fear seemed to take all my strength and hope away; but I whispered, 'Lord, thou wilt not let us go down to the pit,' and my strength and courage came back. When passing those Indians, on the ground, one of them put his hand on my foot, to learn whether I had on moccasins, and then said, in a low voice, 'Little squaw going to the dance.' Now, I think we are all safe; and I hope Viola will not get sick."

"Well, Viola," said I, "what can you tell us of your experience?"

"Oh," said she, "I merely closed my eyes, and kept them closed all the time. The Savior seemed to be close by my side, and I could almost feel his hand on my head, the whole distance. My heart asked him, every moment, to protect and save us all. My whole soul was perfectly quiet and undisturbed, only for one moment, when the terrible yell went clear through me. But I whispered, 'Father, thy will, not mine, be done,' and all was calm and peaceful again. After that, I hardly realized anything, till I found myself by the side of the boat. Instead of leading Ponto, he led me, keeping just out of the way of my feet, selecting

the path and holding the string straight, that I might know that all was clear. He made my walk much easier than it would have been without his guidance. I could almost hear his heart beat, at every step."

"Wau-pa-ket," said I, "what do you think occasioned that noise, and what did it mean?"

"At first," he replied, "I hardly knew what to think; but when I heard the second, I concluded it was Indians catching cat-fish, on the other side of the river, as that kind of fish are caught more readily in the night."

"Well," said I, "we must make arrangements for resting to-day, and I propose that a bed be made upon the grass, beyond the wet ground, and that Creek watch till noon, while the others sleep. Then we will have some dinner, and I will take Creek's place till dark, when we will make necessary arrangements, and renew our voyage down the river."

This plan was approved, and we made as good a bed as possible, for Viola and Chloe, on the dried grass, under a large tree, close down by the water's edge. Wau-pa-ket and Creek then made a human bridge, the first that I ever saw, and the two girls walked out onto the dry ground, laid down upon the bed, were covered with blankets, and soon fell asleep. But they had hardly lain down, before Ponto left the boat, walked out, and laid down by their feet. Wau-pa-ket and I spread the remaining blankets upon the ground, stretched ourselves

upon them, and were soon lost to everything around us, leaving Creek to both watch and pray.

Creek called us up at about one o'clock. After proper arrangements, we made a meal of our cold meat and bread, and making an examination of our stock, found that we had a sufficient amount to last us three days, with proper economy. Could we have taken daylight, it would have required less than two days to make the voyage to Mankato. But it would take more time to go by night. We could not tell what progress we made in the dark; nor would it do for us to venture outside of our hiding places by day, till we should be sure that we had passed beyond the territory held by the Indian forces. We knew of no troops below, till reaching Fort Ridgely. Paul, in his letter, said they were doing all they could do; but it was to be a delicate piece of business to find Fort Ridgely, surrounded by the safeguards of war times, and in the midst of a dark night. But we had launched our ship and set sail upon our voyage, and to move on was our only course. Neither Wau-pa-ket nor I had ever been upon that part of the river. Little Creek said he and his father had been there, and that there was no difficulty in navigating by day, but that all we could do in the night was to follow the current.

I took my stand at the watch, and went to musing on the past, present and future, while the others laid down to take another nap. There we were, five of us, scarcely daring to move, lest we might

be discovered by pursuing parties, either on the land or on the water. But such was the confusion in camp, that it was not probable that we should be missed; and Chloe's mother would not be likely to say anything, as she would think we had gone with the other prisoners. Crow seemed to be so much engaged, about what I could not find out, more than the marshaling of his forces, that I did not think he would go to learn anything respecting us. He had told me that all were to move the next day. We had obeyed orders, so far as moving was concerned. Besides, it did not seem possible that any one coming down the river should discover us. We were in a small cove, hidden from the river by tall rushes, and, on the other side, the thicket hardly admitted sunlight in the daytime. Still I found guard duty to be not the most agreeable, as I could not rid myself of the thought that the first token of recognition would most likely be a ball rattling through the head.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A NIGHT ON THE WATERS.

But night was coming. The sun had passed behind the western hills. I gently woke up the sleepers; and we took a light supper, pushed out into the stream and were again floating down with the current. Nothing could be seen, but thick rushes,

as high as a man's head, lining the shores, and almost endless trees towering above them. The bleak winds had sported music for us during the day, but at night their voices were hushed, and stern silence became the order of the evening.

Positions in rowing were reversed. Creek took the stern of the boat. The young chief took his seat by the side of Viola, and they soon entered into conversation respecting our peculiar situation. It was evident that Wau-pa-ket was beginning to realize the sacrifice he had made in giving up his band and casting his lot with white people. I could see the struggle in his breast, when I said to him : "You seem a little uneasy, young friend. Do you regret the step you have taken?"

After a moment's pause, and taking Viola's hand in his, he said, "No; from the time that I first saw you, I have felt that I could do anything in my power to save you; and it was that feeling that led me to give up all. You may think that I am not worthy the esteem of one so good. But the Great Spirit said to me, all the time, you must be saved; and I have done all in my power to save you."

Said Viola, "You are a noble fellow, and have done all that it was possible for man to do; and you shall never regret it, if it is in my power to reward you."

"Yes," said I, "my young friend shall be richly rewarded, if God spares our lives to see the day that will enable us to compensate him."

It was not quite so dark as the preceding night;

we could see the channel for a little distance, and made very good headway, for a boat so heavily laden. The rest and sleep of the day had greatly refreshed Viola, and we were, on the whole, in very good spirits.

Our boat was quite a craft of the kind; but it had, evidently, seen many a day's service. It was made of a large pine log, mechanically dug out, with a large square stern, and gently widening to the center, where it was about four and a half feet in width and about two feet in depth, keeping its breadth well up to the bows, where it rounded off with a short upward turn. It was not intended for speed; but she was about as steady as a craft could be made of one log. It did not roll any as we paddled it; and I thought it was made for a night boat. Our only danger was in running against something in the dark. She was about sixteen feet long and was loaded just enough for smooth water. Creek seemed to understand his business, as he made no noise, and the dark passing willows indicated that we were moving down the river quite rapidly. But every bush that broke, every plunge of an animal, and every flight of a bird, excited our fears and startled our nerves. Now, we heard the sharp bark of a fox; then, the coarse howl of the wolf; and again, the sharp yelp of the prairie dog, all apparently conscious of our presence and saluting us as we passed. We had matches, but such was the caution of our Indian guides that they would not allow one ignited.

Though we had indulged quite freely in low conversation, drowsiness began to creep over us, and we were prompted to look about for some additional arrangements for sleep. Somewhere about eleven o'clock, we went on shore, quietly pulled up a quantity of prairie grass, filled the spaces between the seats, and spreading the blankets on it, the two girls lay down and were soon asleep. They had hardly fallen asleep, before we heard firing up the river. Just what or where it was, we could not tell. It seemed to be some ten or more miles away, and the echo came down the river. It looked light in the east, or what we called the east, but the river was so crooked that we had been whirled out of all points of the compass. We only knew that our general course was southeast. As when crossing the isthmus of Panama, the same star was both north and south, in the same hour. The light continued to increase in the east, though we could not think it later than two o'clock in the morning. As we passed along, the shadows of the trees began to appear, and, sure enough, daylight was upon us. We were surprised that it should come so soon. We must "heave to" for another day.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A DAY ON THE ISLAND.

We began to think that we ought to be at, or below, the lower agency. But to know where we were, was the trouble. The shore presented the same appearance, and we could see neither buildings nor other improvements, by which to form an opinion. Fear of discovery hastened us out of sight; and we resolved to make camping-ground of a small island, covered with rank rushes, in the middle of the river. Pushing through the rushes, we found a small cove, where we could land; but the mosquitoes were almost intolerable. There seemed to be a thousand for each drop of blood in our veins. There were little mosquitoes, big mosquitoes, hawk-billed mosquitoes, and the regular gallinippers from Mississippi. Their bite was bad enough, but their infernal buz, buz, buzz, buzz was almost as fearful as the Indian's tomahawk and scalping-knife. But cautiously we all landed and made our bed on the island, carrying the hay on shore, the ground being damp. We were well protected from sight on all sides, but it seemed impossible to spend the day there. However, we spread out our blankets and down we lay, without breakfast, glad of the privilege of stretching ourselves once more upon the ground. We soon forgot our troubles, unless Wau-pa-ket's loud breathing occa-

sionally disturbed our slumbers. Old Ponto laid down on our feet, our only guard that time.

But for some cause, I awoke in about two hours, and, being restless, got up. My attention was attracted by the sound of guns at a distance. Close observation clearly recognized the discharge of heavy pieces, but it seemed to be a great way off. After listening some time, I called up Wau-pa-ket and Creek, but they could determine nothing definitely respecting where it was or what it could mean. We finally concluded it must be a battle somewhere, between the Indians and some squad of soldiers.

At about twelve o'clock, the girls roused up, and we made arrangements to take a cold lunch in silence. This was on the eighteenth day of September, 1862, and the weather was excessively warm and muggy. The water was foul and muddy—full of decaying matter, both vegetable and animal. But necessity knows no bounds. Thirst must be quenched; and even Viola's delicate stomach revolted in vain.

The firing ceased; and our hopes that a grand advance movement from the fort had commenced, died away.

I proposed that we go over to the main land, and that Creek ascend some bluff or climb some tree and see whether he could determine our whereabouts. But both the men sternly opposed, saying: "One night more, and we are safe; but, if we are

discovered now, all is lost." So we contented ourselves as best we could.

Viola said, "Oh, how my heart leaps to think that one day more and we will be out of the hands of our enemies! And yet, we never had better friends than we have found among the Indians." And turning her face toward Wau-pa-ket and smiling, she said, "You will forgive me?"

"Oh, yes," he said; "you have suffered enough to condemn us all. But I hope you will always condemn only the guilty and acquit the innocent."

"Of course," she said, laughingly; "but don't you think we can start before dark, to-night?"

"No!" said Creek, solemnly; "death is our portion, if we are discovered, and I think to-night we can pass below the fort. I asked 'Hole-in-the-wall,' and he said there were no Indians below the lower agency, except the spies that Crow keeps out watching the soldiers. There is nobody above St. Peter's from whom we could obtain a supply of provisions, and the lower down we go, the better, as we shall be so much nearer the settlements. New Ulm is deserted, or we might get relief at that point. But it is impossible to tell where we are, and we must be sure to go low enough before landing."

"Suppose," said Chloe, "that after we land, we are taken prisoners, what will we do?"

Wau-pa-ket said, "For one, I will not be taken prisoner," and then said a few words to Creek in his own language, who replied, "We will fight it

out. There are no large bands of Sioux down so far. With your big gun, we can handle twice our number. Are you willing to fight to the last, rather than have your scalp taken?"

"Yes," said I. "I have about thirty cartridges, which will be good for a few minutes; and if they don't get the first shot, we will take care of them."

"Oh!" said Viola, "the thought makes me feel sick! But I know we shall not be taken again. Last night, I prayed long to God that he would deliver us, and I felt a tender answer from that Friend who never forsakes. I know that God is able, and I feel that he is willing to save us. He will bring us off safely, or take us home through watery graves. Oh, Wau-pa-ket, why don't you seek the Saviour, with all your heart?" Then, opening the Bible, she read, "They that seek me early shall find me;" and with her small hand, pale and trembling, she placed the precious book in his, saying, "There is the Word of God. It is true, every mite of it. My young friend, you once saved my life, when it seemed almost sure to be lost, and I shall never forget your great kindness. Now, I should be very happy, could I be the means of saving your higher life."

Here, she stopped speaking; but Wau-pa-ket did not stop thinking. Conversation had taken a serious turn, which I did not regret; but how to approach the young man myself, I could not determine, and so I let him sit, communing with his own thoughts.

Presently, however, Viola renewed her conversation, saying, "Don't you believe in a Good Spirit?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, don't you believe in a bad spirit?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, the Good Spirit is God's Spirit in the heart, trying to make you good; and, if you will give your whole heart to the Good Spirit, he will make you good, and he will guide you always in the good way. That is what we call being saved."

The young chief said, "I would like to be a Christian, but I don't know how."

"Christ is a good teacher. You know how to do a good deed, and that is so far in the right direction; but you want to feel the need of a Savior; you must realize the necessity of a change of heart; you need to feel that the things which you once hated, now you love, and that for things in which you once took delight, you now have no desire — that you are willing to be led by the Good Spirit in all things; indeed, that you are willing to be anything that the Good Spirit may desire. The Son of God came to save them that are lost. Do you feel that you are lost, without the Good Spirit to save you?"

Said Wau-pa-ket, "I have always been afraid of the bad spirit. If to be a Christian will take away that fear, I wish to be one."

"Well," said Viola, "if you have the love of Christ in your heart, it will give you new courage

for the dangers in this world, and take away all fear of the world that is to come."

The chief replied, "You speak well, but it is all dark to me. Why did Christ die for sinners?"

"Well," replied the young teacher, "God in his wisdom made man responsible, and man lost his first estate, by sinning himself out of an earthly Eden, or heaven. Christ came to restore him to a spiritual Eden. A personal saving faith in Jesus will fill the heart with love, give a taste of heaven, and make all plain. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Now, my dear young friend, are you willing to be just what God is willing to have you be?"

After a moment's pause, Wau-pa-ket replied, "Yes, I am."

"Then," said Viola, "you are not far from the kingdom. But you must pray to God, in your heart, asking him to wash you in his blood. And you must believe. Belief, you know, is faith; and you remember I told you, in the boat, when we were out riding, the other day, that without faith it is impossible to please God. But, if we believe, in our hearts, all that God says, and love him with all our souls, he will acknowledge our relationship and give us a portion of his Spirit, which will fill our hearts with love to him and love to all mankind."

"I now begin to see," said Wau-pa-ket. "I must work with the Good Spirit, by opening my heart to let him come in."

"Yes," said the teacher, "and then he will come in and fill it with all the love it can contain, and

you will know that you are a child of God. Christ will be in you, and you will love Him."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THUNDER-STORM IN THE NIGHT.

"But my young friends, it is sundown, and we had better get something to eat and push out. There is no danger. I have been listening all day, but have heard no sound except the firing, early in the morning, up the river. I am satisfied that the whole country is entirely deserted."

Supper was finished and we had enough left for a lunch in the morning, should God spare our lives, to see the light of another day.

We were soon moving down the river again. I stood on the little island, till the last was on board, except old Ponto, whom we could not see just at that moment. The next instant he came with the cap of a Union soldier in his mouth. I let go my hold upon the boat and followed the dog across a small point, and there, in a small cove, at the head of the island, lay a dead man, in the uniform of a Union officer. It had evidently been there several days.

We started earlier than we had on previous evenings. But I felt confident that there could be no large bands of Indians below us, and, indeed, almost certain that there could be none at all. We

had heard not a gun, nor the least sound, as from a human being, since morning. I told the young men that I thought we passed the lower agency the night before, and that the soldiers had gone up the river, having started at the time we heard the firing. Still, to make all sure, I was willing to spend one night more on the river.

Wau-pa-ket took the stern and Creek the bow, for the first part of the night. It was not so dark as the first night, but it was smoky, or hazy, and, in places, the water was low. Once we ran the boat, near its full length, onto a mud bank. The mud was too soft to stand upon, and we found it a difficult job to get our craft afloat again. But we finally succeeded in doing so, and, after thanking God for our deliverance, pursued our voyage.

Everything seemed hushed to silence. Even the dogs, or prairie wolves, who had made music for us before, were scarcely heard; and, from some cause, we were almost wholly unmolested by mosquitoes.

But, in the night, it began to blow, first from the north, the wind soon veering around into the northwest. It quickly increased to a gale, and came down upon us and thickened around us, like a whirlwind. The storm roared and whistled through the willows and the trees along the shores, as though old Boreas had hired all the harps which the old Driver ever owned and strung them to the winds. Jove put in his appearance and discharged several of his heaviest bolts, passing us on the right and on the left, one of them striking a large tree

upon the shore and shivering it to shreds. One moment, the brightest robes of light were around us, the very skies seeming to open over our heads, so that we could almost look into the third heavens; the next, we were wrapped in the thickest folds of blackest darkness. Then the earth and the waters shook and trembled, as though the very foundations of creation were crumbling to pieces, drops of rain and hail came down like spent shot, and our boat danced, like an egg-shell, upon the waves. Then followed a moment's lull which seemed to say the elements were gathering up their strength and calling in their reinforcements, for a final shock. It came! Our little ark seemed to be first lifted from the waters, and then to be dashed to the river's bed!

From the commencement of the storm to that moment, not a word had been spoken. In fact, it came upon us so suddenly and so unexpectedly, and raged with such fury, that we had no time to act, and we hardly knew what to say or what to think. Then I cried out, "We cannot stand this! Let us make for the shore!" But my voice was drowned by the fearful roar of the storm and the awful crash among the trees!

Wau-pa-ket seemed to let the boat float, laboring only to keep her headed down the current, as I could see, amidst the flashes of lightning, that we were in the middle of the river, which I judged to be about sixty rods wide, at this place. I then made another effort to be heard, and cried, at the

top of my voice, "To the right shore, if you can! But not too short! Keep well down, and strike as soon as you can, without crossing the wind's course too sharply!"

"Oh, yes! I will do the best I can, but it is hard work to manage her," was the oarsman's reply.

The winds then lulled for a few moments, and we exerted ourselves to make headway for the right shore, as for dear life. But it was so dark that we could make hardly any calculations as to our progress. The thunder and lightning were fast settling down, eastward; but the winds only let go to get a fresh and a stronger hold, seemingly, for they were quickly actually lifting the water, in sheets, from the river and throwing it over us. We had shipped several seas, when I succeeded in taking my blanket from my seat and spreading it over the girls, telling Viola to lay her head in Chloe's lap.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE WRECK.

The storm seemed to be waking up afresh; yet we had not reached the bushes, nor did we seem to be nearing them very rapidly; and we were then threatened with a new danger. The water began to swash into our boat, over the northern side, and

our little craft was in danger of swamping, before we could reach the shore. The storm of wind was again at its height, blowing on our left, when Creek sang out, "Captain, I believe we are sinking!"

"Then," said I, "Creek, go to dipping out the water as fast as you can; and, Wau-pa-ket, bear to the right as hard as possible. The shore cannot be far off!" At that moment, a sharp flash of lightning revealed the bushes, within a rod of us.

Though the rain had passed, and the sky was clear in spots, the wind was still high, and continued to rage with almost unabated fury. Yet, as the stars came out, my hope gathered strength. But Creek said the water was gaining, a fact but too painfully confirmed by a consciousness of its presence, as it came creeping, higher and higher, up my legs. I was listening to the audible voice of prayer in the seat before me, when I felt the tops of the bushes brushing my head.

"Courage, friends! I believe God will save us!" I cried. The wind seemed to be subsiding.

"Lord, save us!" cried Creek. The boat received a heavy blow from something, and we were sinking beneath the waters!

The next moment, I found myself alone. I could neither see nor feel any one near me. I was, however, quite conscious, thought all could swim, and felt quite hopeful that we might reach the shore.

"Keep to the right, boys! keep to the right!" said I.

“Help! for God’s sake, help!” cried a feeble voice, in the darkness, not a great way from me.

I was keeping myself afloat by paddling with my hands, and listening to hear from my companions, thinking they might save themselves, if they did not mistake the direction to the shore.

But I soon found the four, clinging to a log or tree, one end of which seemed to be fast at the bottom, while the other was playing gently up and down in the water. As it went down, it carried all nearly under water with it, and then as it came up, lifted them out again. I told them that they were hanging to a sawyer, and as they could all swim, advised them to strike out for the shore.

“I cannot swim,” said Viola.

“Then take hold of my shoulder and I will swim with you by my side,” said I.

“And I will take the other side,” said Wau-pa-ket.

“Creek, can you and Chloe manage? If not, wait till we make the shore, and I will come back and assist Chloe,” said I.

“I can swim with Chloe on my shoulders,” exclaimed Creek.

“I can swim myself,” responded Chloe.

At that instant, the log took a sudden dip and whirl, and all lost their balance and went floundering into the water. Viola had a slight hold on my left arm and also upon Wau-pa-ket’s right arm. Just then some animal swam past us, so near to me that I felt his paws or feet touch my arms.

All were fearfully startled, and Viola let go her hold, exclaiming, "My God! what is that?" I felt the loosening of her grasp, threw my arm after her, but she was gone—where, I could not tell. I called her name several times, but could get no answer.

Creek and Chloe reported themselves safely on shore. But it was dark and nothing could be seen. Neither Wau-pa-ket nor Viola could be found, and after swimming around till almost exhausted, I made my way to the shore. How long I had been in the water, I could not tell. But I was unable to stand for some time.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE RESCUE.

Light was appearing in the east. Though almost bewildered and frantic, I still entertained the hope that Wau-pa-ket and Viola were safe somewhere. Becoming more calm, in a few moments, I began to think they must be drowned, when Creek asked, "Where is Ponto?" In our bewilderment we had entirely forgotten this trusty old friend; and, for the first time, the thought came into my mind that it was old Ponto who so frightened us in the water. Then, "Where is old Ponto?" became a leading question. I called several times, and becoming oblivious to all danger, cried out almost at the top

of my voice. But I could get no answer. Chloe wrung her hands and wept bitterly. But Creek and I commenced examining the shores, he taking the one direction and I the other. Soon I was startled by a groan, or suppressed cry from Creek. I rushed from among the willow bushes and to the point where he was standing. A little way from the shore, upon a small island of mud, were visible a pair of blankets, and what looked like Viola's hand, under the care of old Ponto. I spoke, and Ponto lifted up his head, but made no sound. I called again and again, but could get no other answer.

The sun was coming up, and we could then see his rays upon the tops of the trees. The island or bank of mud was not more than four rods from the shore, but a deep channel separated the two. Creek threw off his outer garments and struck out for the island. Reaching it, he exclaimed, "Here is Viola, still alive!"

Said I, "Lift her up out of the water quickly as possible!"

But when he attempted to raise himself upon the mud, it instantly gave way beneath him. Viola was too weak to speak or even to extend her hand, and could only watch his movements. At length, he rolled himself partly upon the mud, took hold of Viola and attempted to raise her up, but in vain. It was clear that some weight was holding her down.

I then threw off my wet outer clothing, and

crossed the channel. Coming up to the heap of mud on the other side, I discovered Wau-pa-ket, lying across her feet, with his face not more than six inches below the surface of the water; but he was cold in death! As the mud would not sustain me, I kept myself floating upon the water, till I found that Wau-pa-ket's arm was around her, and that he was holding her fast in his death-grasp. Old Ponto had dragged Viola about half way out of the water, and had sustained her to the best of his ability, though he could hardly keep himself from sinking in the mire.

Creek had succeeded in establishing himself upon the top of the island. I swam around to the side where the water was deepest, gave my hand to Creek, and by his assistance, also placed myself upon the heap of mud. I then crept down to Viola, took her by the hand, Creek took hold of my feet, and we succeeded in drawing her toward us. When sufficiently near, both took hold of her and raised her up with Wau-pa-ket still clinging to her clothes. I then gently loosened the dead man's grasp. Viola was just alive. Poor Wau-pa-ket had died with his charge in his hands!

How to get them ashore became the next question. We had neither boat nor raft, nor had we an axe with which to make one. We finally concluded to swim ashore, leaving the island in charge of Ponto, pick up floating drift-wood, construct something of a raft, paddle or pole it out, and take them off. We so informed Viola, who could evidently

understand us, but was unable to speak, and we were soon again on the shore. Chloe united her energies with ours. We quickly collected floating timbers, cut willow sprouts with our knives for fastenings, and had a frail raft constructed. Pushing out, we paddled and poled, till our raft stuck fast in the island of mud. With hard work and great difficulty, we got Viola, poor Wau-pa-ket, and faithful old Ponto, onto the raft, and then let it float, partly with the current, till we landed in a small cove or bay, twenty rods below. Taking Viola from the raft, we placed her upon a plat of grass in the sun, and left her to the immediate care of Chloe. Old Ponto was next taken ashore, for he was too far gone to help himself, and laid at Viola's feet. Then, sadly, we took the remains of Wau-pa-ket, and placed them under the branches of a willow upon the banks.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

IN THE NORWEGIAN CABIN.

After doing what little we could do for Viola, I left her in the care of Chloe and Creek, telling them that I would go out upon the bluffs and ascertain, if possible, where we were. Before passing through the timber, I came upon a large cabin. Going in, I found it to be a Norwegian claim shanty, and learned that the owners, having been absent five

weeks, returned from Mankato the day before. I also learned that we were several miles below New Ulm, that the soldiers had gone up the river, the settlers were returning, and there was a rumor that the Indians had been beaten, and all the prisoners were liberated.

After a little parleying and being presented with a wet greenback, the old lady was induced to follow me to the banks of the river. Her sympathies were immediately aroused, and she lent us all possible assistance in carrying Viola to her cabin, and placing her upon the only bed to be seen. A warm bath was quickly prepared, nearly half a bushel of hot ears of corn were placed around her in the bed, and a few drops of hot tea applied to her lips. But she could hardly open her eyes, could not give utterance to a single word, seemed nearly unconscious, the spark of life was but barely perceptible, and it seemed that poor Viola, after all her hardships, sufferings and heroism, must yield the vital spark at the very gate of deliverance. But Chloe and the old Norwegian woman were unceasing in their attention and efforts, and, after awhile, faint symptoms of returning life and consciousness were apparent. Presently, she opened her eyes and looked around the room, with a wild gaze, and uttered several partly incoherent words, indicating that she imagined herself in the little cabin of Chloe's mother. Then she swooned away, and we feared that she would breathe no more. Again, the heart beat slowly and softly for a few moments. And in this

way, the struggle between life and death, went on for several hours. Finally, life seemed to gain a more decided victory, the heart sighed deeply, as though throwing off some heavy burden, she gave us a look of recognition, and passed away into the sweet slumbers of a natural sleep. The pulse returned, though slowly and irregularly; and the deadly pallor in her countenance gave place to a light crimson, first upon her lips and then upon her cheeks.

Creek took some bread and went down to the bank of the river, in pursuit of old Ponto, with directions to bring him, if he was able to come. I handed a gold dollar to the old lady, and asked her if she would send her boy for a physician. She shook her head and said there was no physician nearer than Mankato. I then asked the old lady if she could get us something to eat, as it was then about three in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since the preceding night. The poor Indian girl had completely exhausted herself; she lay down on the floor and was quickly fast asleep.

Creek soon returned and entered the cabin, with an additional shade of sadness on his countenance. I asked him whether he brought old Ponto. He shook his head and beckoned me to the door. I followed him out and he said, "Poor old Ponto is dead. He lies stretched out on the ground just where we left him. I was afraid to tell you in the house, for fear that Viola might understand and that it would make her worse."

Though poor old Ponto was but a dog, the

announcement of his death saddened my spirits, and I felt that another was added to the list of my fallen friends.

"Are you sure?" said I.

"Oh, yes! He never moved from the place where we left him. And what will we do with poor Wau-pa-ket? He is all covered with flies, and we must do something with him to-night."

When Creek returned, the old lady had supper in readiness, prepared from her scanty stores. So I said to Creek that we would take something to eat, borrow a spade, and go down and bury him. While we were sitting at the table, Viola opened her eyes, looked at us and smiled, her first clear recognition after we brought her to the shore. I jumped from my seat, hastened to her side and said, "My dear child, do you know me?" A slight movement of her head seemed to say, "Yes, I know you yet." We gave her part of a cup of common tea, and she so far revived as to look around the room as though inquiring for her friends. Recognizing Chloe upon the floor, she seemed troubled. Said I, "She is all right—only lying down to rest." But she shook her head slightly. I stepped to Chloe and raised her a little. She roused up, and Viola seemed to realize all the joy she would have experienced had her friend been raised from the dead. Her lips moved, and in a low but audible voice she whispered, "Thank God!" And then she added with a little stronger tone of voice, "Where is Ponto?"

“We have not yet brought him up from the river,” I replied.

As she revived, I gave her a brief account of our wreck and of our pleasant retreat, in our Norwegian shanty. She seemed to be lost in reflection, a few moments, and then said to Chloe, “Where is your mother?”

I perceived by that question that she did not then fully realize her situation, but still felt that she was in the cabin of Chloe’s mother.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

BURYING THE DROWNED.

“Viola,” said I, “Creek and I are going down to the river, to be gone an hour or two. We will come back soon as we can. This kind lady and Chloe will take good care of you. You need rest; and, after you drink a little broth, I want you to try to sleep.”

She took a small swallow of broth, and laid her head down upon the pillow. Chloe took her seat by her side, to care for her while she should sleep; and Creek and I went out, and directed our footsteps toward the river, for the performance of a painful duty.

As I approached the spot where lay the remains of poor Wau-pa-ket, my feelings became indescribable. There, cold in death, and fast dissolving

back to dust, lay the remains of another true friend, who had risked and lost his life in efforts to rescue me and my friends from captivity and death. Gone was that friend, to whom, of all on earth, I had intended to give unquestionable proof of true gratitude and abiding friendship! "Oh, my God! am I not dreaming? Has not the past month been a vision? O Lord! 'what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?'"

With our spade, we opened a grave under an ash tree, in which we carefully and tenderly laid the remains of our Wau-pa-ket, closed it up, and committed all to the Great Spirit, to await orders from the skies.

Creek dug a grave for old Ponto, in which we consigned him to rest, and then we turned our faces again toward the cabin.

It was quite dark when we returned, and Viola and Chloe were fast asleep. We laid down upon the puncheon floor, and, so far as I was concerned, all was soon forgotten, and remained so, till eight o'clock the following morning, when the old lady called us to partake of a breakfast which she had prepared. The meal was rather a curiosity in itself. It was made of black bread, baked some time during the preceding year, and sour milk, stewed together. But we did it justice, though the scowls upon our faces might have suggested a transformation into tartaric acid. The good woman observed the contortions of our muscles, and cried out, with

astonishment, "Ishn't it goode? We shinks it be better as goode."

One of the old lady's six chickens, which she brought back with her, had been killed the day before, and Viola had taken a little of the broth, made from it. To-day, she was able to eat a little of the black bread and the chicken meat.

Viola being perfectly rational to-day and much more composed, I told her all about poor old Ponto's death, and also of the position in which we found her and Wau-pa-ket. Said I, "Wau-pa-ket evidently did all in his power, and that to the last, to save you. But the current seems to have swept you down till you struck the upper end of a small mud island. He succeeded in lifting you partly upon it; but became too much exhausted to extricate himself, and perished. Old Ponto seems to have kept close by you and to have exhausted his strength in efforts to haul you further upon the island, as your torn clothes clearly indicate. When we found you, he was too feeble to stand, and would have never left the spot, had we not taken him upon the raft and carried him ashore. When Creek returned, he found him dead, lying just where we left him. After burying Wau-pa-ket, we covered up old Ponto, and never were there two truer friends buried on the banks of the Minnesota river, than the two sleeping beneath the branches of that old ash tree, on the bank of that little cove.

"Now we must look around ourselves a little, and lay our plans for the future. The Indians have

been beaten, all the prisoners have been set free, and the refugees are returning to their homes. I will send Creek to Mankato and the Norwegian boy to New Ulm for assistance. Paul will be here within a week, and you must get well as fast and as soon as possible, so that you can be taken to a hotel in Mankato."

Viola wept for some time. But Chloe labored most earnestly and affectionately to comfort her, and never and nowhere did pure Christian graces shine more brightly or appear to better advantage, than on that occasion. The artless Indian girl assumed the office of teacher, while the weak, beautiful, child-like Viola, took the place of a student. Chloe commenced by saying, "Can we expect our Heavenly Father to send us nothing but sunshine and roses? Must we expect our path to be always smooth and our skies to be always cloudless? Must we not look for storms? Do you not remember how you used to sing to me when at the old post—

‘God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform?’

"In this case, God has taken the strong and spared the weak. To us this may be a mystery. But of His wisdom, we cannot doubt. From amidst the foaming waters and upon the wings of the winds, he has taken good Wau-pa-ket to the Indian's happy hunting-grounds, above the clouds. Over you, the frail one, amidst the fiercest storm, He spread his sheltering hand. He has work yet for

you to do. You cannot reward faithful Wau-pa-ket as you intended. But you may soothe the sorrows of other hearts, which may now be just as pleasing to him, and just as acceptable to God. Dear Viola, when that awful storm was raging, on the river, last night, I felt that Jesus was right by my side. In the darkest hour, I thought I could see him in the boat. A ring of light was around his head, and the thought that he had power to save me, kept my heart calm and quiet. I expected to be in heaven before now; but I felt that I could lay my head on Jesus' breast and breathe my life out sweetly there. It seems as though he had brought you back from the grave. Oh, dry up your tears and thank God for the great things that he has done for us!"

Viola said the preceding night was but a dark and dreary dream to her. She remembered that Wau-pa-ket and I took her between us and commenced swimming toward the shore. Then she was frightened by the appearance of a black bear, directly before her, and not more than three feet distant, whose two glaring eyes were looking her squarely in the face. In her fright, she let go her hold. Wau-pa-ket seized her, and placed her upon his shoulder. After that, she could only recollect once saying, "Oh, how dark!" till she recognized Creek, trying to raise her out of the mud. She could not imagine how she came to be there. She next recognized me, pulling her by both arms, and though it seemed that her arms would be drawn

from their sockets, she could not utter a word. She knew nothing more, till she recognized us at the table, and thought herself to be in the little cabin of Chloe's mother.

"I have been dreaming, but, thank God, I am awake, and free from pain now. If poor Wau-pa-ket had been saved, all would be well," were her closing words.

Said I, "Wau-pa-ket was a noble man and a faithful friend. We cannot forget him. But he is gone and, as I trust, through your influence, has gained a higher state of enjoyment than earth can afford. It is not for us to control circumstances, but to conform to them. God doeth all things well.

"I have sent Creek to Mankato, and the Norwegian boy of the house to New Ulm, for necessary supplies, together with a horse and a buggy. The man of the house is expected home, to-night, and he will bring full news of the state of affairs. I have no doubts but that soon as you are able to be moved, the way will be clear for us to go to Mankato."

Said Viola, looking me in the face, "I can hardly bring myself to realize that we are free. And do you really feel that we are no longer in danger from the Indians?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "I knew Sibley would make short work of them, if the prisoners were once out of their hands. It probably would have been better for us had we remained with the other prison-

ers; but we acted according to the light we had, and we will be thankful that in any way we have escaped the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Let us now think as little as we can of the perils and terrible scenes of the past few days, look at the mercies that have marked our footsteps, and be as cheerful as possible. That Providence whose interposition has been so marked in our behalf, will as faithfully guard our interests in time to come, as we trust the same promises and lean on the same arm."

Chloe had passed out, and as I was near her bedside, Viola, in a low voice, said, "What do you think Paul would say to find us here? How can he learn where we are? Perhaps he has heard that we are dead. Where do you suppose he is? When I look at that good old woman and see that she is white, I am afraid that I am dreaming. And I dread to shut my eyes, for then I seem to hear the Indians walking and talking all around. Am I free? Isn't it all a dream?"

"Oh no, Viola; thank God, it is not a dream! We are free! And I am confident that Paul will be here, within a week. I have written him and also 'New Jersey,' sending letters to Mankato, Fort Ridgely, and to the Yellow Medicine, and all of them have been mailed at Mankato. I also sent one to be left at Paul's hotel. He will surely be here. But it is night. You need a little refreshment and rest. I will call the women."

"Oh," said Viola, "If I could only walk! but I am so weak."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE OLD NORWEGIAN'S SURPRISE.

Just then, the door opened and an old man stepped in. He seemed very much confused. But I saw, at once, that he was the owner of the house. He sat down, looked at me, then at the sick girl, and said, "This vas mein shanty. But I shinks you shumps mein claim, maybees. Vat has yous been doin' wid mein vife?"

As the last words fell from his lips, Chloe entered the house. The poor girl had nothing but a piece of an old shawl on her head, and her appearance was truly that of a real native Indian. This seemed to be too much for the old North-sea man, and he sprang for his old musket, crying out, "Me shinks you bees one Indian!"

Fortunately, the old lady put in her presence just at this point, with her arms full of sticks, and her inch-board slippers going "slap, slap," on the stones at the door.

Addressing his better-half, in rather a coarse and angry tone, he said, "I doshn't understands dish!"

The old woman laughed and then said a few words to the old man in her native language. His countenance quickly changed, and he arose and welcomed me and Chloe with a warm shake of the hand. He then stepped to the bedside of Viola, and, in broken English, said, "I hopes you vill be

ables to goes to yous house in a few days, well as ush," and wept like a child.

After he had taken a little refreshment, I inquired of him respecting the news. He confirmed the report that the Indians had been driven to Dakota, and said that two thousand soldiers were pursuing them. About two hundred prisoners were released at the upper agency, some of whom were starved to mere skeletons.

"How long hash yous been gittin' away?"

"About three days, or nights, as we did not travel any by daylight."

The old man said he waited at Mankato till he was quite sure the Indians had gone, but that he was so fearful that some one would jump his claim, that he hastened back quicker than he otherwise would have done. He was obliged to return immediately with his brother's horse and wagon, which he borrowed to take the old lady and their goods down, and that accounted for his absence when we found his cabin. The boy also returned from New Ulm, that evening, bringing the report that he could obtain neither supplies nor other assistance from that point. So we all retired to rest, and to await Creek's return and report from below.

Another day came. Viola, though no worse, gave no marked indications of special improvement. The peculiar state of excitement through which her mind was passing, was not calculated to improve her strength. She seemed to be expect-

ing Paul from some point on the river below. But I assured her that he would come from the seat of war on the river above, wherever that might be.

The old lady sacrificed another of her chickens for Viola's special benefit, and every possible effort was made to make her comfortable and to promote her recovery. At noon, we placed her in a chair, in which we carried her out under the shadow of a beautiful tree, and the fresh invigorating air seemed to cheer up her spirit wonderfully. But the effects of the late terrible shock upon her nerves were not to be removed in a day.

That evening she was able to sit up unassisted a short time, in the old lady's rocking-chair, and to eat a little of the nicely broiled chicken.

Just as the sun was going down, a team was seen approaching in the distance. It proved to be Creek, with a horse, an old buggy and a small boy. Their services had been secured by depositing one hundred dollars with the owner, with the further condition that I must take the team with the boy back within a week, and pay fifty dollars for their services, or fifty in addition to the one hundred deposited as security, and keep the horse and buggy as a purchase. The groceries were unloaded, the old horse put up and fed in the log stable, and after thanking God for his preserving care and additional mercies, all retired to rest for another night.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY.

After another night on the puncheons, and breakfast in the morning, old "Santa Anna" was bridled, harnessed, and geared up in real hoosier style. The boy said the old horse was good for anything and sure in any place. So we put Viola into the buggy and drove out on the prairie, about three miles, passing through a small piece of timber.

We were greatly surprised by the wonderful change which a few days had brought over the face of nature. While we had been struggling with the darkness and the raging elements on the river, nature had been putting on her most lovely robes everywhere, upon both prairies and woodlands. All seemed really to correspond with the change which had come over our circumstances, and the earth below with the heavens above, clad in the beautiful garments of the morning, were singing an anthem in harmony with our feelings. The internal and the external do not always correspond, nor is enjoyment always to be measured by visible surroundings. Our change, more than that of nature, was internal and relative. We were free, and the way was open for our return to the scenes, homes and interests of former days. Our hearts were full of gladness; our spirits were buoyant with hope.

But externally, we presented, truly, a sad appearance. The scanty garments upon our backs were borrowed from the old Norwegian woman and other members of the family. I was wrapped up in the old man's overcoat, and Viola, the rose-bud of promise at the old trading-post, was clad in the old woman's flannel dress, with a strip of red flannel tied around her head. What shattered and faded wrecks of what we once were!

It was drawing near noon, and we turned old Santa Anna homeward. Viola declared that she was so much better that she should be ready to start for New Ulm or Mankato, if she only had a dress to wear. I told her that I had ordered Creek to get materials for clothes suitable for traveling in, and that as soon as she was able to assist Chloe, they could make up such garments as they needed, and closed by saying, "All we are waiting for is your returning health. Soon we will bid adieu to the banks of the old muddy river, of which we have seen enough."

"Well," replied Viola, "you will not be under the necessity of waiting long, for I think I am doing finely, considering that it is but three days since, as you say, I was so near the other shore that a breath would have taken me over. But just look at me, my dear friend! What would Paul think, if he should see me, wrapped up in this blanket and these old clothes, and with this old flannel rag on my head? I should frighten him so that he would never want to see me again."

“Viola, leaving the joke out of the question, do you think your external appearance will make any difference with Paul, if that generous heart of yours still beats in unwavering and undiminished love for him? What matter whether a blanket, an alpaca, or an Italian silk covers the external, if the heart be right within?”

“Well, to tell the honest convictions of my conscience, I don’t think it would make much difference with Paul. But the difference would be with me. It doesn’t seem as though I could see him in such a plight.”

“Why? You are not to blame. I should think you would like it all the better. He would appreciate your noble nature all the more, when he came to see for himself what you have been called to endure. He must hereafter call you not simply his darling, but his noble heroine.”

“Not much of a heroine, I should think — sick ever since we were driven out of, or fled from, the old post.”

“Well, my young friend, you have appeared much more like a hero in your weak condition and trying circumstances, than many a general, of high-sounding name, has done on the battle-field.”

“How long do you suppose it will be before Paul will get here?”

“I don’t know. He may come any time; and it may be some days before he hears from us. You remember that in his last note he requested us to come down the river, and to notify him, in

some way. Now, I think he will go up with the army, and as soon as he learns that we are not with the other prisoners, he will come down to the lower agency. I have written to the lower agency, and, as the people are following the army, Creek says some one will take the letters along also. It is now four days since the Indians were driven back; and if Paul turned around immediately when he found that we were not there, he may be here to-night. But that is a mere chance. You may rest assured, however, that Paul is not idle. He will ride day and night, till he finds us; for he is a noble fellow, well worthy of even your hand and heart. But here we are, at the woods; and there is the Norwegian's old cow. How good it seems to see a cow grazing in the timber, and to know that she is free from the startling yelp of the wild Indians! doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes; and yet there is more of the real man in some Indians than I ever supposed, before my recent experience."

"Yes, Viola; we never lose anything by being kind to any one, even if it be to a poor Indian."

I saw tears in her eyes. They were the tears of true gratitude. But she was too weak for any review, and I changed the conversation, as the little boy drove us through the woods, toward the claim hut, about a mile distant. But we found a very good road, running from the prairie past the cabin to the river, where there had been a ferry previous to the Indian war, something like a mile below the point where we came ashore from our wreck.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE JOYFUL MEETING.

As we were passing along, I noticed the fresh tracks of a horse in the mud, and said, to Viola, "Some one has passed down the road, since we went out this morning." Coming to a muddy place, I asked the boy to get out and ascertain how many horses had passed through. He did so, came back and said, "Two; it may be three."

"Any buggy-wheel tracks?"

"No; only horse tracks."

"Well," said Viola, "you seem to be startled. You said there were no Indians. What does it mean?"

"Oh, no. There are no Indians, but white men," said I, laughing.

She settled back, remained quiet, a minute or two, and then said, "Do you think it possible that Paul can be here?"

"Yes, possible, but not very probable. But my good little boy, hurry up old Santa, for we are getting to be a little in haste."

In a few minutes we came out into the little clearing. As we rode along by the side of an old Virginia fence, I could see the heads of horses over the tops of the bushes, between the road and the shanty. I began to feel a little curious to know what was going on, but thought it probable that

some of the country people, returning to their claims along the river banks, having heard of our condition, had called to see us. Still, I felt that it might be persons in whom we should feel a deeper interest, and so I said to Viola, "You are quite weak; and now, no matter who we may find at the shanty, don't be disturbed. Just laugh and act yourself, as freely as though you were dressed in the latest fashion and the gayest style."

Coming to the fence, I got out and let down the bars, and the little boy, supporting Viola, drove through and on toward the cabin. After putting up the bars, I followed on behind the buggy through the corn, about twenty rods, till we came to the shanty. As the horse stopped, I stepped up to help or take Viola from the carriage; but, to my surprise, there stood a young officer, in full uniform! He touched his cap, and the next moment, caught Viola in his arms! I had scarcely time to think, before two cavalry men, one with straps upon his shoulders, made me their prisoner, each seizing one of my hands! The first salutation that fell upon my ears was, "An' it's yourself that's alive! Yet, after all, ye has done nobly. It's not for the likes of me to be dictatin' to your honor; but ye deserves a crown. An' ye has brought the sweet bit of an angel safe through. Sorrow take the hathen! Ye has had a hard time; but ye is a rale hero!"

I was almost overcome; but as soon as I could command my feelings, I said, "'New Jersey' and

Pat! How glad I am to see you. I am truly thankful that so kind a Providence has preserved us to see each other's faces once more!"

Then turning to greet Paul, we were surprised to find that neither he nor Viola were to be seen. I had been so completely surprised and bewildered, that I did not notice what had transpired around me. As Viola fell into Paul's arms, her weak nerves were overpowered, and she fainted. He had borne her into the cabin, placed her on the bed, and was bathing her temples in cold water, and Chloe was making a free use of the camphor bottle, when I entered the room.

"Come, Viola," said I, "you are all right. Don't lie there. We will put you in the old lady's chair."

We raised her up, and her feelings found relief in a flood of tears. As her strength and consciousness returned, she looked up into Paul's face with so much of heaven in her eyes, and with such an angel-like confidence in her countenance, that I almost felt that I was standing upon holy ground. And probably the scene was as nearly like one in heaven as mortal eyes are often permitted to see.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

SKETCHES OF PERSONAL HISTORY.

"New Jersey," Pat, and myself walked out and took seats by the side of the cabin, where "New

Jersey" gave a brief account of their wanderings from the time they left us on the prairie. After three days of hard strugglings and wanderings, by night as well as by day, they arrived at St. Peter's. There he wrote a letter, giving a short account of what had occurred, and directed it to Paul Randolph, Mankato, Minnesota. They then joined the army, with the full determination of fighting the redskins, till the last one had fallen or fled from the state. They were immediately sent to Fort Ridgely, where Sibley kept them some time, and had "New Jersey" commissioned; and while there, he also wrote another letter to Paul. After some weeks, they were sent to the upper agency, where they had a brush with the Indians at the ravine, on the morning that we heard the firing, and from there, they were marched to the prisoners' camp. Not finding us with the prisoners, they reported to their commander and were permitted to move down to the lower agency. When passing the upper agency, they inquired for us, and were sent to the house of Chloe's mother. From her, they learned that we spent several days there, and that we left the night before the other prisoners were ordered away. She said the night was very dark and she could not tell which way we went; but she thought, from what Chloe told her, that we had gone up the river. Wau-pa-ket, Little Creek, and her daughter, she said, had not been seen since the dance. She told them that Crow called to see me the next morning. She informed

Crow that we had all gone up with the prisoners. He replied: "May be so, but I think they gone away and Viola taken big prisoner. But we have not time to see about that now. Sibley is coming, and we must fight." That was the last that she had seen or heard of us or of Crow, and they could learn nothing respecting us from any other source.

On they hastened, stopping hardly long enough to water their horses at any point, till they reached the lower agency. There, though they inquired diligently and saw several parties who had come in from different directions, they could hear nothing from us. Tarrying hardly long enough to bait and refresh their horses and to take a little hard tack themselves, they hastened forward to New Ulm, and stopped over night. There they heard that a party of refugees were wrecked down by the Norway ferry. "Then," said he, "we gave a boy who said he was acquainted with this family and that he saw their boy in town yesterday, a dollar to pilot us to this place."

"Well," said I, "it was fortunate that we sent the boy to New Ulm, though it did not seem that any good was accomplished by it at the time."

Paul came to the door, grasped my hand most warmly, and said, "Well, captain, how do you do?"

"All right," said I, "only a little tired. How is my charge getting along?"

"Oh, finely, after recovering from her first surprise. She feels quite comfortable, only she insists that it is all a dream. So I told her that she had

better lie down and rest awhile. Now, sir, how did you get down here?"

I told them all. When giving them an account of our captivity, and especially when describing the sufferings of Viola, the three strong men trembled in every joint and wept like children. It seemed as though Paul could hardly sustain himself.

After listening to the recital, said Paul, "Let us return thanks to God for his wonderful providences and his great mercies. Surely, his goodness is past finding out. He holds us in the hollow of his hand!"

So out there, by the side of that cabin, we knelt down upon the ground, and breathed heartfelt thanks into the ear of our Heavenly Father, that he had brought us safely through so many and such fearful dangers, again to see each other's faces and to grasp each other's hands. Paul made special mention of the great changes which had occurred since we parted at the old post, and feeling references to friends who had fallen amidst the struggles and in the storms. His prayer was full of sympathy, full of gratitude, full of heaven.

CHAPTER XC.

THE WEDDING.

A few days were passed at the cabin; Viola improved in health and spirits rapidly; necessary ar-

rangements were made; and we moved out into a neighboring town. There the services of a dress-maker were secured, and a marked change quickly came over the appearance of Viola and her ever-faithful Chloe, and they came out in the latest and most improved style.

A long-looked-for day came at last. Happy friends gathered together in the beautiful parlor of one of the finest hotels in all the West. Paul and Viola, Creek and Chloe, "New Jersey," Pat and the "Cap" were among the number. The minister of the gospel, who stands before the holy altar and proclaims the seal of heaven, was in his place. The day was cloudless; gentle breezes were stirring the atmosphere; countenances were bright and cheerful; and all nature seemed as gay and lovely as though storms never gathered in the skies, wars never raged on earth, and hearts never sorrowed amidst the beatings of time. Paul never looked more manly, and the charm of innocence never glowed more brightly upon the cheeks of Viola; while Creek and Chloe sat gracefully blushing in the flowers of civilization, cultivated upon desert soil, and watered by the gentle dews of grace. As, by contrast, the storms of earth and the perils of time will seem to sweeten the quiet and to deepen the feeling of safety, in heaven, so the dreary march, the terrible battle, and the crashing tempest, reflected additional brightness upon the heavens, painted the cheeks in brighter colors, and thrilled

the heart with deeper emotions of manliness, gratitude, faith, and hope, on that day.

Paul and Viola stood up, hand in hand, and the servant of God pronounced them "*husband and wife!*" in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The work was done, and the "two were one."

Creek and Chloe followed. Their wish was granted; and "in white man's fashion" their solemn vows were sealed.

Paul, with his bride, started immediately on a wedding tour East, and after spending some six or eight weeks in Boston, and visiting several other prominent cities, returned to the West.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE RECEPTION PARTY.

On their return, their old friends were honored with a most generous and welcome entertainment. Paul had disposed of considerable of his estate in Virginia, and purchased a fine tract of country and other desirable property, in California. By the death of an uncle, he had also inherited quite a fortune, so that he could command, in all, about five hundred thousand dollars.

On the evening of his reception party, and when in the midst of the entertainments, he called the

company to order, and addressed them briefly, as follows :

“ *My Dear Friends*, I feel that I can never compensate you for your kindness to me, and your daring courage, heroic fortitude and unyielding perseverance, in protecting and defending my dearest interests. The life of that one who seemed to hold my very destiny in her frail constitution, rested for weeks, amidst the perils of the battle, the fugitive’s march, the prison and the wreck, in your hands. True to the highest principles of integrity, regardless alike of sacrifice and of danger, counting not even your own lives dear unto yourselves, you have brought her safely, triumphantly through all. It becomes my highest privilege and my crowning joy, in the name and in behalf of that dear saved one, to tender you, each and all, a resting place, for the remainder of life, with us, in our Pacific home. And, now, Pat, beginning with you, what do you say?”

Said Pat, “ Be jabbers, an’ isn’t it just what I’s lookin’ for, ever since I came to ’Mirika? I knows tisn’t a gentleman likes yourself is bad to the orphan, and so ye won’t.”

Paul took him by the hand, and Viola stepped up, and with a smile of joy upon her cheek, said, “ Pat, you will always find a good home and a warm welcome with us.”

Then said Paul, “ Creek and Chloe, what say you?”

Chloe seized both of Viola’s hands and said,

" You know I will go to-day, if Creek will go, too!"

Said Creek, " A position has been offered me in the mission. But, Chloe, I will go with our friends, if you wish to do so. We can worship the same God in California whom we have worshipped and who has protected us, in Minnesota. And I am sure we can find no better friends than those who have led us to the Savior, and taught us how to hope and live for heaven."

Tears rolled down Creek's sunburned cheeks most freely. Paul took him by the hand, and said, " Creek, you are a noble fellow. And for giving up your nation and friends in efforts to protect and save my dear one, I hope you will never have occasion to regret."

Next came " New Jersey." He thanked Paul, politely and heartily, for his generosity, but said he, " I have other engagements, and shall be obliged to decline your princely offer."

" New Jersey" had been up to the old post. The most of his stock of goods had been sold on credit; and it would require no little time and labor to collect his demands, after such a complete derangement of all the business relations of the country. But said he, " The old post is there, having withstood every blast, though without barn or other outbuildings, for what the Indians did not destroy, the 'Cap's' oil shattered to atoms and the fire consumed to ashes. But the old post must not be given up now."

Paul handed him a check for one thousand dollars, and added, "You must never want."

"Now, captain," said Paul, "comes the most delicate question of all, and one which I think you and Viola must settle. You have, indeed, proved yourself to be a father to the fatherless, and a protector of the helpless. You have immortal claims upon my gratitude and the highest favors in my power to bestow. But a reward for your kindness must come from a higher power and from a more liberal hand. In the feelings of Viola, you have almost taken the place of both father and mother, and she declines to be separated from you, if arrangements can possibly be made so as to prevent it. What do you say, captain?"

"To your hands and to your heart, as the only one worthy of such a prize, I yield all the interest that I have in the dear one whose presence and smiles have made my earthly home a paradise. May no cloud ever again darken her sky, nor thorn mingle with the flowers along the path which her feet shall tread. But I must remain in the land of the Dakotas — at least, for awhile."

"I promised your fair one, when in the darkest hour, at the old German cabin, that I would stand by her and protect her, if God spared my life, till I could commit her to the hands of the only one on earth who had a right to claim her for his bride. This I have done, and my fidelity I have kept, to the best of my ability. But in all this, I have done nothing more than my duty. True, I have lost my

property. But, thank God, I have preserved my honor and my fair name, unsoiled."

Viola then stepped forward, took her old friend by the hand and said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! May we finally meet on that bright shore, where clouds never gather, storms never rage, and friends never part!"

Said Paul, "We are sorry to leave you. But if it must be so—it is ours to submit. May God be with you!"

CHAPTER XCII.

THE CONCLUSION.

"But," said Paul, "I have one more solemn duty to discharge. Viola's father and mother must be buried in the little village cemetery, and suitable marble slabs be set up to mark their resting place. And then poor Wau-pa-ket must have a respectable sleeping place and a marble slab; and faithful old Ponto must not be forgotten. We will leave Mrs. Creek and Mrs. Randolph here, while Creek and Pat will accompany me first to the old post." But then, turning to Viola, he said, "Perhaps you also would like to see their precious dust deposited in its last resting place. If you desire, I shall be happy to so arrange that you can do so."

Said I, "Viola, it is quite chilly; your health is delicate. It could do you nor any one else any

real good, for you to go; and I think it will be better for you to remain here."

"Then," said Paul, addressing me, "will you and 'New Jersey' take the carriage with me?"

We took seats by his side, and rode over to the old post. The remains of poor Joe and those of his sainted wife were taken from the rude grave, in which they had slumbered during our wanderings, and deposited in the little village cemetery. We dropped unbidden tears on their coffins and their graves, and left them to the guard of angels to wait the roll-call of the resurrection.

Leaving "New Jersey" at the post, where he is still doing a good business, Paul and I rode over to the Minnesota. What remained of the noble Wau-pa-ket, we saw honorably consigned to a becoming resting-place, in the cemetery at New Ulm; and assigning old Ponto a favorable position to watch the flowing waters of the muddy river, we went back to our hotel, to receive a hearty greeting from Viola and Chloe.

Paul and Viola, Creek and Chloe, with faithful Pat, are enjoying life and serving God in their sunny Pacific home, rendered bright and cheerful by the atmosphere of love and the spirit of devotion; while the "Western Man," in his Wisconsin cottage, is looking out toward the setting sun.

THE END.







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